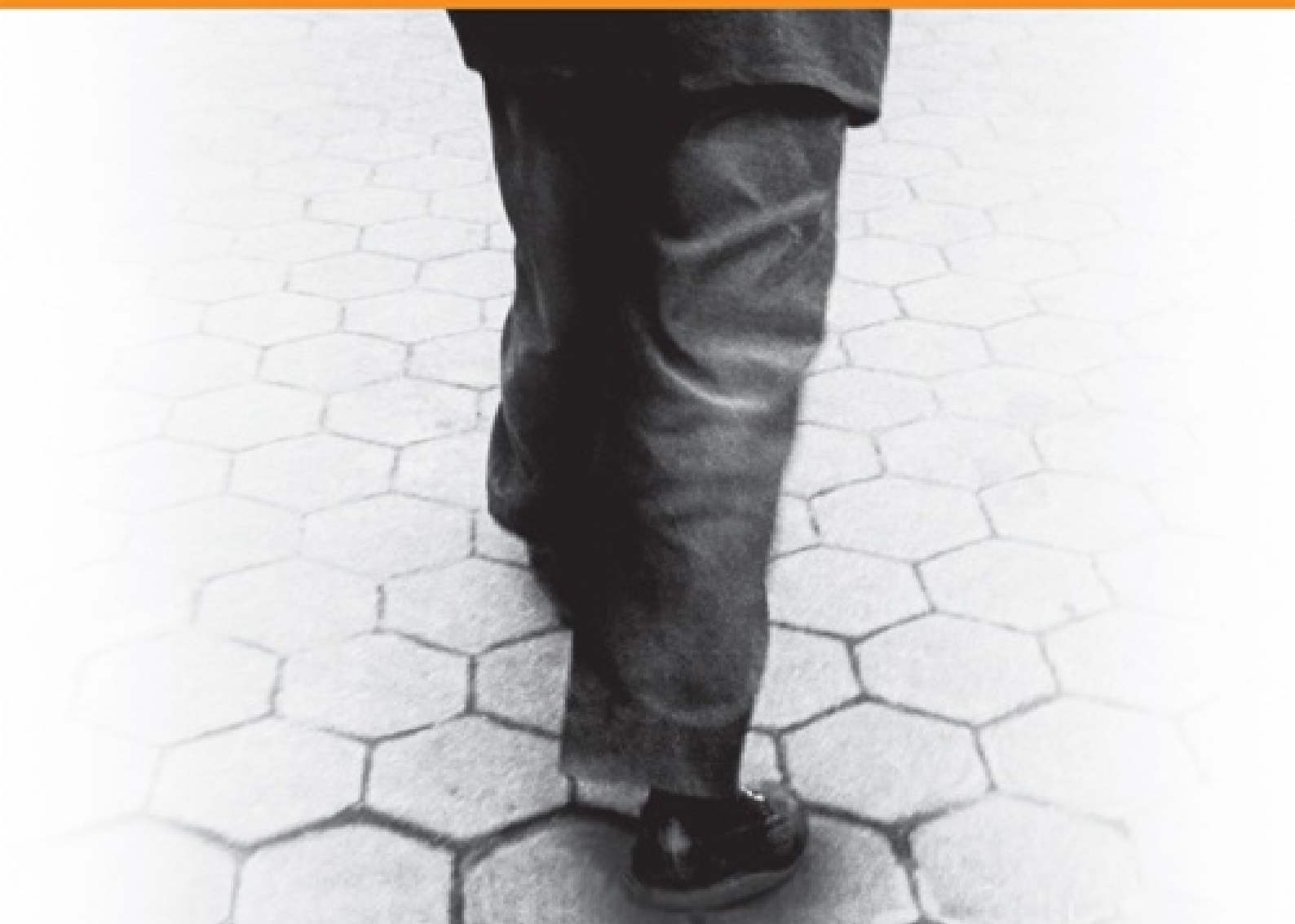




*Collected  
Poems*

Allen  
Ginsberg



ALLEN  
GINSBERG  
COLLECTED  
POEMS  
1947–1997



 HarperCollins e-books

*Collected Poems 1947–1997* is a compilation of the texts of  
*Collected Poems 1947–1980*, *White Shroud: Poems 1980–1985*,  
*Cosmopolitan Greetings: Poems 1986–1992*, and  
*Death & Fame: Poems 1993–1997*.

The Estate would like to express gratitude to Eliot Katz for his dedication and assistance in preparation of this manuscript, Danny Mulligan at HarperCollins for attentive coordinating, and Jeffrey Posternak at the Wylie Agency for his tireless intermediation.

# Contents

## COLLECTED POEMS 1947–1980

*Author's Preface, Reader's Manual*

### I. EMPTY MIRROR: GATES OF WRATH (1947–1952)

In Society

The Bricklayer's Lunch Hour

Two Sonnets

On Reading William Blake's "The Sick Rose"

The Eye Altering Alters All

A Very Dove

Vision 1948

Do We Understand Each Other?

The Voice of Rock

Refrain

A Western Ballad

The Trembling of the Veil

A Meaningless Institution

A Mad Gleam

Complaint of the Skeleton to Time

Psalm I

An Eastern Ballad

Sweet Levinsky

Psalm II

Fie My Fum

Pull My Daisy

The Shrouded Stranger

Stanzas: Written at Night in Radio City

After All, What Else Is There to Say?  
Sometime Jailhouse Blues  
Please Open the Window and Let Me In  
“Tonight all is well”  
Fyodor  
Epigram on a Painting of Golgotha  
“I attempted to concentrate”  
Metaphysics  
In Death, Cannot Reach What Is Most Near  
This Is About Death  
Hymn  
Sunset  
Ode to the Setting Sun  
Paterson  
Bop Lyrics  
A Dream  
Long Live the Spiderweb  
The Shrouded Stranger  
An Imaginary Rose in a Book  
Crash  
The Terms in Which I Think of Reality  
The Night-Apple  
Cézanne’s Ports  
The Blue Angel  
Two Boys Went Into a Dream Diner  
A Desolation  
In Memoriam: William Canastra, 1922–1950  
Ode: My 24th Year  
How Come He Got Canned at the Ribbon Factory  
The Archetype Poem  
A Typical Affair  
A Poem on America

After Dead Souls  
Marijuana Notation  
Gregory Corso's Story  
I Have Increased Power  
Walking home at night  
"I learned a world from each"  
"I made love to myself"  
A Ghost May Come  
"I feel as if I am at a dead end"  
An Atypical Affair  
345 W. 15th St.  
A Crazy Spiritual  
Wild Orphan

II. THE GREEN AUTOMOBILE (1953–1954)

The Green Automobile  
An Asphodel  
My Alba  
Sakyamuni Coming Out from the Mountain  
Havana 1953  
Green Valentine Blues  
Siesta in Xbalba  
Song ("The weight of the world")  
In back of the real  
On Burroughs' Work  
Love Poem on Theme by Whitman  
Over Kansas

III. HOWL, BEFORE & AFTER: SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA (1955–1956)

Malest Cornifici Tuo Catullo  
Dream Record: June 8, 1955  
"Blessed be the Muses"  
Howl  
Footnote to Howl

A Strange New Cottage in Berkeley

A Supermarket in California

Four Haiku

Sunflower Sutra

Transcription of Organ Music

Sather Gate Illumination

America

Fragment 1956

Afternoon Seattle

Tears

Scribble

In the Baggage Room at Greyhound

Psalm III

Many Loves

Ready to Roll

#### IV. REALITY SANDWICHES: EUROPE! EUROPE: (1957–1959)

POEM Rocket

Squeal

Wrote This Last Night

Death to Van Gogh's Ear!

Europe! Europe!

The Lion for Real

The Names

At Apollinaire's Grave

Message

To Lindsay

To Aunt Rose

American Change

'Back on Times Square, Dreaming of Times Square'

Laughing Gas

Funny Death

My Sad Self

Ignu

Battleship Newsreel

V. KADDISH AND RELATED POEMS (1959–1960)

Kaddish: Proem, Narrative, Hymmn, Lament, Litany and Fugue

Mescaline

Lysergic Acid

I Beg You Come Back & Be Cheerful

Psalm IV

To an Old Poet in Peru

Aether

Magic Psalm

The Reply

The End

Man's glory

Fragment: The Names II

VI. PLANET NEWS: TO EUROPE AND ASIA (1961–1963)

Who Will Take Over the Universe

Journal Night Thoughts

Television Was a Baby Crawling Toward That Deathchamber

This Form of Life Needs Sex

Sunset S.S. Azemour

Seabattle of Salamis Took Place off Perama

Galilee Shore

Stotras to Kali Destroyer of Illusions

To P.O.

Heat

Describe: The Rain on Dasaswamedh Ghat

Death News

Vulture Peak: Gridhakuta Hill

Patna-Benares Express

Last Night in Calcutta

Understand That This Is a Dream



Angkor Wat

The Change: *Kyoto-Tokyo Express*

VII. KING OF MAY: AMERICA TO EUROPE (1963–1965)

Nov. 23, 1963: Alone

Why Is God Love, Jack?

Morning

Waking in New York

After Yeats

I Am a Victim of Telephone

Today

Message II

Big Beat

Café in Warsaw

The Moments Return

Kral Majales

Guru

Drowse Murmurs

Who Be Kind To

Studying the Signs

Portland Coliseum

VIII. THE FALL OF AMERICA (1965–1971)

*Thru the Vortex West Coast to East (1965–1966)*

Beginning of a Poem of These States

Carmel Valley

First Party at Ken Kesey's with Hell's Angels

Continuation of a Long Poem of These States

These States: into L.A.

A Methedrine Vision in Hollywood

Hiway Poesy: L.A.-Albuquerque-Texas-Wichita

Chances "R"

Wichita Vortex Sutra

Auto Poesy: On the Lam from Bloomington

Kansas City to Saint Louis  
Bayonne Entering NYC  
Growing Old Again  
Uptown  
The Old Village Before I Die  
Consulting I Ching Smoking Pot Listening to the Fugs Sing Blake  
*Zigzag Back Thru These States (1966—1967)*  
Wings Lifted over the Black Pit  
Cleveland, the Flats  
To the Body  
Iron Horse  
City Midnight Junk Strains  
A Vow  
Autumn Gold: New England Fall  
Done, Finished with the Biggest Cock  
Holy Ghost on the Nod over the Body of Bliss  
Bayonne Turnpike to Tuscarora  
An Open Window on Chicago  
Returning North of Vortex  
Wales Visitation  
Pentagon Exorcism  
Elegy Che Guevara  
War Profit Litany  
*Elegies for Neal Cassady (1968)*  
Elegy for Neal Cassady  
Chicago to Salt Lake by Air  
Kiss Ass  
Manhattan Thirties Flash  
Please Master  
A Prophecy  
Bixby Canyon  
Crossing Nation

Smoke Rolling Down Street

Pertussin

Swirls of black dust on Avenue D

Violence

Past Silver Durango Over Mexic Sierra-Wrinkles

On Neal's Ashes

Going to Chicago

Grant Park: August 28, 1968

Car Crash

*Ecologues of These States (1969–1971)*

Over Denver Again

Imaginary Universes

Rising over night-blackened Detroit Streets

To Poe: Over the Planet, Air Albany–Baltimore

Easter Sunday

Falling Asleep in America

Northwest Passage

Sonora Desert-Edge

Reflections in Sleepy Eye

Independence Day

In a Moonlit Hermit's Cabin

Rain-wet asphalt heat, garbage curbed cans overflowing

Death on All Fronts

Memory Gardens

Flash Back

Graffiti 12th Cubicle Men's Room Syracuse Airport

After Thoughts

G. S. Reading Poesy at Princeton

Friday the Thirteenth

Anti-Vietnam War Peace Mobilization

Ecologue

Guru Om

“Have You Seen This Movie?”

Milarepa Taste

Over Laramie

*Bixby Canyon to Jessore Road (1971)*

Bixby Canyon Ocean Path Word Breeze

Hum Bom!

September on Jessore Road

IX. MIND BREATHS ALL OVER THE PLACE (1972–1977)

*Sad Dust Glories (1972–1974)*

Ayers Rock/Uluru Song

Voznesensky’s “Silent Tingling”

These States: to Miami Presidential Convention

Xmas Gift

Thoughts Sitting Breathing

“What would you do if you lost it?”

Who

Yes and It’s Hopeless

Under the world there’s a lot of ass, a lot of cunt

Returning to the Country for a Brief Visit

Night Gleam

What I’d Like to Do

On Illness

News Bulletin

On Neruda’s Death

Mind Breaths

Flying Elegy

Teton Village

Sweet Boy, Gimme Yr Ass

Jaweh and Allah Battle

Manifesto

Sad Dust Glories

*Ego Confessions (1974–1977)*

Ego Confession  
Mugging  
Who Runs America?  
Thoughts on a Breath  
We Rise on Sun Beams and Fall in the Night  
Written on Hotel Napkin: Chicago Futures  
Hospital Window  
Hadda Be Playing on the Jukebox  
Come All Ye Brave Boys  
Sickness Blues  
Gospel Noble Truths  
Rolling Thunder Stones  
Cabin in the Rockies  
Reading French Poetry  
Two Dreams  
C'mon Jack  
Pussy Blues  
Don't Grow Old  
"Junk Mail"  
"You Might Get in Trouble"  
Land O'Lakes, Wisc.  
"Drive All Blames into One"  
Land O'Lakes, Wisconsin: Vajrayana Seminary  
For Creeley's Ear  
Haunting Poe's Baltimore  
Contest of Bards  
I Lay Love on My Knee  
Stool Pigeon Blues  
Punk Rock Your My Big Crybaby  
Love Replied

X. PLUTONIAN ODE (1977–1980)

What's Dead

Grim Skeleton  
Ballade of Poisons  
Lack Love  
Father Guru  
Manhattan May Day Midnight  
Adapted from Neruda's "Que despierte el leñador"  
Nagasaki Days  
Plutonian Ode  
Old Pond  
Blame the Thought, Cling to the Bummer  
"Don't Grow Old"  
Love Returned  
December 31, 1978  
Brooklyn College Brain  
Garden State  
Spring Fashions  
Las Vegas: Verses Improvised for El Dorado H.S. Newspaper  
To the Punks of Dawlish  
Some Love  
Maybe Love  
Ruhr-Gebiet  
Tübingen-Hamburg Schlafwagen  
Love Forgiven  
Verses Written for Student Antidraft Registration Rally 1980  
Homework  
After Whitman & Reznikoff  
Reflections at Lake Louise  
τεθνῆκην δ' ὀλίγω 'πιδευῆς φαίνομ' ὀλαία  
Fourth Floor, Dawn, Up All Night Writing Letters  
Ode to Failure  
Birdbrain!  
Eroica

“Defending the Faith”

Capitol Air

Appendix for *Collected Poems 1947–1980*

*Notes*

*Epigraphs from Original Editions*

*Dedications*

*Acknowledgments*

*Introduction by William Carlos Williams to Empty Mirror*

*Introduction by William Carlos Williams to Howl*

*Author’s Cover Writ*

*Index of Proper Names*

WHITE SHROUD: POEMS 1980–1985

*Acknowledgments*

Porch Scribbles

Industrial Waves

Those Two

Homage Vajracarya

Why I Meditate

Love Comes

Old Love Story

Airplane Blues

Do the Meditation Rock

The Little Fish Devours the Big Fish

Happening Now?

A Public Poetry

“What You Up To?”

Maturity

“Throw Out the Yellow Journalists of Bad Grammar & Terrible Manner”

Going to the World of the Dead

Irritable Vegetable

Thoughts Sitting Breathing II  
What the Sea Throws Up at Vlissingen  
I Am Not  
I'm a Prisoner of Allen Ginsberg  
221 Syllables at Rocky Mountain Dharma Center  
Fighting Phantoms Fighting Phantoms  
Arguments  
Sunday Prayer  
Brown Rice Quatrains  
They're All Phantoms of My Imagining  
White Shroud  
Empire Air  
Surprise Mind  
Student Love  
The Question  
In My Kitchen in New York  
It's All So Brief  
I Love Old Whitman So  
Written in My Dream by W. C. Williams  
One Morning I Took a Walk in China  
Reading Bai Juyi—I. II. III. IV. V *China Bronchitis* VI. VII.  
*Transformation of Bai's "A Night in Xingyang"*  
Black Shroud  
World Karma  
Prophecy  
Memory Cousins  
Moral Majority  
The Guest  
After Antipater  
Jumping the Gun on the Sun  
Cadillac Squawk  
Things I Don't Know



## *Notes*

### COSMOPOLITAN GREETINGS: POEMS 1986–1992

*Acknowledgments*

*Preface: Improvisation in Beijing*

*Prologue: Visiting Father & Friends*

You Don't Know It

On the Conduct of the World Seeking Beauty Against Government

Hard Labor

Velocity of Money

Sphincter

Spot Anger

London Dream Doors

Cosmopolitan Greetings

Fifth Internationale

Europe, Who Knows?

Graphic Winces

Imitation of K.S.

I Went to the Movie of Life

When the Light Appears

On Cremation of Chögyam Trungpa, Vidyadhara

Nanao

Personals Ad

Proclamation

To Jacob Rabinowitz

Grandma Earth's Song

Salutations to Fernando Pessoa

May Days 1988

Numbers in U.S. File Cabinet

Return of Kral Majales

Elephant in the Meditation Hall  
Poem in the Form of a Snake That Bites Its Tail  
Mistaken Introductions  
CIA Dope Calypso  
N.S.A. Dope Calypso  
Just Say Yes Calypso  
Hum Bom!  
Supplication for the Rebirth of the Vidyadhara  
After the Big Parade  
Big Eats  
Not Dead Yet  
Yiddishe Kopf  
John  
A Thief Stole This Poem  
Lunchtime  
Deadline Dragon Comix  
After Lalou  
Get It?  
Angelic Black Holes  
Research  
Put Down Your Cigarette Rag  
Violent Collaborations  
Calm Panic Campaign Promise  
Now and Forever  
Who Eats Who?  
The Charnel Ground  
Everyday  
Fun House Antique Store  
News Stays News  
Autumn Leaves  
In the Benjo  
American Sentences

## *Notes*

### DEATH & FAME: POEMS 1993–1997

*Acknowledgments*

*Foreword*

New Democracy Wish List

Peace in Bosnia-Herzegovina

After the Party

After Olav H. Hauge

These knowing age

C'mon Pigs of Western Civilization Eat More Grease

Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush

Tuesday Morn

God

Ah War

Excrement

New Stanzas for *Amazing Grace*

City Lights City

Newt Gingrich Declares War on “McGovernik Counterculture”

Pastel Sentences (Selections)

Nazi Capish

Is About

The Ballad of the Skeletons

“You know what I’m saying?”

Bowel Song

Popular Tunes

Five A.M.

Power

Anger

Multiple Identity Questionnaire

Don't Get Angry with Me  
Swan Songs in the Present  
Gone Gone Gone  
Reverse the rain of Terror  
Sending Message  
No! No! It's Not the End  
Bad Poem  
Homeless Complaynt  
Happy New Year Robert & June  
Diamond Bells  
Virtual Impunity Blues  
Waribashi  
Good Luck  
Some Little Boys Dont  
Jacking Off  
Think Tank Rhymes  
Song of the Washing Machine  
World Bank Blues  
Richard III  
Death & Fame  
Sexual Abuse  
Butterfly Mind  
A fellow named Steven  
Half Asleep  
Objective Subject  
Kerouac  
Hepatitis Body Itch ...  
Whitmanic Poem  
American Sentences 1995–1997  
Variations on Ma Rainey's See See Rider  
Sky Words  
Scatological Observations

My Team Is Red Hot  
Starry Rhymes  
Thirty State Bummers  
“I have a nosebleed ...”  
“Timmy made a hot milk”  
“This kind of Hepatitis can cause ya”  
“Giddy-yup giddy-yup giddy-yap”  
“Turn on the heat & take a seat”  
Bop Sh’bam  
Dream  
Things I’ll Not Do (Nostalgias)

*Afterword*

*Notes*

*Index of Titles, First Lines, and Original Book Sources*

About the Author

ALSO BY ALLEN GINSBERG

Copyright

About the Publisher

## COLLECTED POEMS 1947–1980



*“Things are symbols of themselves.”*

Portions of this work have appeared in the following Allen Ginsberg books:

*Airplane Dreams*. House of Anasi, Toronto/City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1968.

*Angkor Wat*. Fulcrum Press, London, 1968.

*As Ever: Collected Correspondence Allen Ginsberg & Neal Cassady*. Creative Arts Book Company, Berkeley, 1977.

*Empty Mirror, Early Poems*. Totem/Corinth, New York, 1961.

*The Fall of America, Poems of These States 1965–1971*. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1973.

*The Gates of Wrath: Rhymed Poems, 1948–1951*. Grey Fox Press, 1972.

*Howl & Other Poems*. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1956.

*Indian Journals*. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1970.

*Iron Horse*. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1974.

*Journals: Early Fifties Early Sixties*. Grove Press, New York, 1977.

*Kaddish and Other Poems, 1958–1960*. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1978.

*Mind Breaths: Poems 1972–1977*. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1978.

*Planet News*. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1968.

*Plutonian Ode: Poems 1977–1980*. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1982.

*Poems All Over the Place: Mostly Seventies*. Cherry Valley Editions, Cherry Valley, NY, 1978.

*Reality Sandwiches: 1953–1960*. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1963.

*Sad Dust Glories: Poems Work Summer in Woods 1974*. Workingmans Press, 1975.

*Straight Hearts' Delight: Love Poems & Selected Letters*, by Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky. Edited by Winston Leyland. Gay Sunshine Press, 1980.

To  
Naomi Ginsberg  
1894–1956

Louis Ginsberg  
1896–1976



## Author's Preface, Reader's Manual

### *Arrangement of Text*

Herein author has assembled all his poetry books published to date rearranged in straight chronological order to compose an autobiography. *Collected Poems* includes seven volumes published in City Lights Pocket Poets series: *Howl*, *Kaddish*, *Reality Sandwiches*, *Planet News*, *The Fall of America*, *Mind Breaths*, and *Plutonian Ode*, backbone of three decades' writing.

Books circulated less widely by delicate small presses (excepting song experiments in *First Blues*) fill gaps in the sequence. Youthful poetries were printed in *Empty Mirror* and *The Gates of Wrath*. Three odd books, *Angkor Wat*, *Iron Horse* and *Airplane Dreams*, interleaf poems of the 1960s. *Poems All Over the Place* flash on spots of time from President Kennedy's assassination day, through 1972 Presidentiad, to author's meditation practice in his fiftieth year.

Among half-dozen poems taken from prose journal and letter books, one singular rhapsody, "The Names," falls into place, with motifs from "Howl" particularized in 1958.

"Many Loves" manuscript, detailing first erotic encounter with a lifelong friend, not printed till now for reasons of prudence and modesty, completes a sequence of writing that included "Sunflower Sutra" and "America," Berkeley 1956.

### *Advantages of Chronological Order*

*The Gates of Wrath's* imperfect literary rhymes are interspersed with *Empty Mirrors* raw-sketch practice poems. Disparate simultaneous early styles juxtaposed aid recognition of a grounded mode of writing encouraged by Dr. Williams, "No ideas but in things."

"A Strange New Cottage in Berkeley" precedes "A Supermarket in California" because it was composed on top of the same page, originally one poem in two parts, here rejoined.

Travel poems Calcutta-Saigon-Angkor Wat-Japan, 1963, mixed

through three separate books, now cohere in sequence.

Cross-country Auto Poesy chronicle starts 1965 at Northwest border (*The Fall of America*), continues through Wichita vortex East (*Planet News*), recrosses U.S.A. Oakland to New York (*Iron Horse*) and tarries 1966 East, returns via Chicago North of vortex 1967, and comes back through Northwest passage 1969 (*The Fall of America*).

\* \* \*

Reader exploring *Collected Poems* mass of writing will find Contents divided into ten sections, roughly indicating time, geography, and motif or “season” of experience.

Reader may further observe poetic energy as cyclic, the continuum a panorama of valleys and plateaus with peaks of inspiration every few years. This chain of strong-breath’d poems links “The Song of the Shrouded Stranger of the Night,” 1949, with “The Green Automobile,” 1953, “Siesta in Xbalba,” 1954, “Howl,” “Sunflower Sutra” and “Many Loves,” 1955–1956, “The Names,” 1958, “Kaddish,” 1959, “TV Baby,” 1960, “The Change,” 1963, “Kral Majales,” 1965, “Wichita Vortex Sutra,” 1966, “Wales Visitation,” 1967, “On Neal’s Ashes,” 1968, “September on Jessore Road,” 1971, “Mind Breaths,” 1973, “Father Death Blues,” 1976, “Contest of Bards,” 1977, “Plutonian Ode,” 1978, “Birdbrain!” and “Capitol Air,” 1980.\*

### *Texture of Texts*

“First thought, best thought.” Spontaneous insight—the sequence of thought-forms passing naturally through ordinary mind—was always motif and method of these compositions.

Syntax punctuation Capitalization remain idiosyncratic, retaining the variable measure of nervous systematics. In many poems, semi-irregular indentation of verse conforms to divisions of original notation or spacings of first thought-speech mindfully recollected. “Mind is shapely, Art is shapely.”

Nevertheless some touches are added here and there, adjustments made after years of reading works aloud, changes few and far between. Defective passages or words are excised from several poems, including “Sunflower Sutra” and “Wales Visitation.” Author has altered a dozen or more phrases that consistently annoyed him over

years, eliminated half-dozen foggy adjectives or added a half-dozen factual epithets to clear up the sense of dated verses, notably in “America.”

Typographical errors, misalignment of verse on pages of previous printings, and unintended grammatic quirks are corrected. Apparent solecisms were judged, approved or cast out.

### *Assembled Appendixes*

“Notes” transmit cultural archetypes to electronic laser TV generations that don’t read Dostoyevsky Buddha bibles. Karma wants understanding, Moloch needs noting. Mini-essays hint further reading for innocent-eyed youths. Author took opportunity to verify ephemera in his poetry, interpret recurrent reference images for peers and elders.

Dante, Milton, Blake and Smart footnotes were made by scholars. Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley wrote extensive commentaries for Percy Shelley’s posthumous collections. Wordsworth and Eliot favored readers by composing their own notes; their practice had precedents.

The back of this book preserves old title-page “Epigraphs” and “Dedications,” artifacts of original pamphlets which played their part in the drama of breakthrough from closed form to open form in American poetry. A small-press culture revolution helped change hyper-industrialized public consciousness from provincial wartime nationalist-history-bound egoic myopia to panoramic awareness of planet news, eternal view of both formal charm and empty nature of local identity. “Acknowledgments” alphabetize an extravagant list of publications that first printed these poems throughout three decades of explosive humor during which legal censorship broke down. Present gratitudes find place here. Artisans who collaborated on this volume are specified. William Carlos Williams’s “Introductions” to two early books are retained, as well as “Author’s Writ,” jacket-blurb prose-poetries once composed as précis for each book.

“Index of Proper Names” is designed to make this large volume “user friendly.” *Collected Poems* may be read as a lifelong poem including history, wherein things are symbols of themselves. Cross-reference between texts and notes can serve as rough concordance to the book’s mythic actualities, from Cassady to CIA to Sakyamuni. “Index of Proper Names” and “Index of Titles, First Lines, and Original

Book Sources” complete the work.

ALLEN GINSBERG

*New York City*  
*June 26, 1984*

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\* “White Shroud,” 1983, dream epilogue to “Kaddish” and title poem of book subsequent to *Collected Poems*, is late work of true inspiration in this sequence.

I

**EMPTY MIRROR:**

**GATES OF WRATH**

***(1947–1952)***

**In Society**

I walked into the cocktail party  
room and found three or four queers  
talking together in queertalk.  
I tried to be friendly but heard  
myself talking to one in hiptalk.  
“I’m glad to see you,” he said, and  
looked away. “Hmn,” I mused. The room  
was small and had a double-decker  
bed in it, and cooking apparatus:  
icebox, cabinet, toasters, stove;  
the hosts seemed to live with room  
enough only for cooking and sleeping.  
My remark on this score was understood  
but not appreciated. I was  
offered refreshments, which I accepted.  
I ate a sandwich of pure meat; an  
enormous sandwich of human flesh,  
I noticed, while I was chewing on it,  
it also included a dirty asshole.

More company came, including a  
fluffy female who looked like  
a princess. She glared at me and  
said immediately: “I don’t like you,”  
turned her head away, and refused

to be introduced. I said, "What!"  
in outrage. "Why you shit-faced fool!"  
This got everybody's attention.  
"Why you narcissistic bitch! How  
can you decide when you don't even  
know me," I continued in a violent  
and messianic voice, inspired at  
last, dominating the whole room

*Dream New York-Denver, Spring 1947*

### **The Bricklayer's Lunch Hour**

Two bricklayers are setting the walls  
of a cellar in a new dug out patch  
of dirt behind an old house of wood  
with brown gables grown over with ivy  
on a shady street in Denver. It is noon  
and one of them wanders off. The young  
subordinate bricklayer sits idly for  
a few minutes after eating a sandwich  
and throwing away the paper bag. He  
has on dungarees and is bare above  
the waist; he has yellow hair and wears  
a smudged but still bright red cap  
on his head. He sits idly on top  
of the wall on a ladder that is leaned  
up between his spread thighs, his head  
bent down, gazing uninterestedly at  
the paper bag on the grass. He draws  
his hand across his breast, and then  
slowly rubs his knuckles across the  
side of his chin, and rocks to and fro  
on the wall. A small cat walks to him  
along the top of the wall. He picks  
it up, takes off his cap, and puts it  
over the kitten's body for a moment.  
Meanwhile it is darkening as if to rain  
and the wind on top of the trees in the  
street comes through almost harshly.

*Denver, Summer 1947*

## Two Sonnets

*After Reading Kerouac's Manuscript*

The Town and the City

I

I dwelled in Hell on earth to write this rhyme,  
I live in stillness now, in living flame;  
I witness Heaven in unholy time,  
I room in the renowned city, am  
Unknown. The fame I dwell in is not mine,  
I would not have it. Angels in the air  
Serenade my senses in delight.  
Intelligence of poets, saints and fair  
Characters converse with me all night.  
But all the streets are burning everywhere.  
The city is burning these multitudes that climb  
Her buildings. Their inferno is the same  
I scaled as a stupendous blazing stair.  
They vanish as I look into the light.

II

Woe unto thee, Manhattan, woe to thee,  
Woe unto all the cities of the world.  
Repent, Chicagos, O repent; ah, me!  
Los Angeles, now thou art gone so wild,  
I think thou art still mighty, yet shall be,  
As the earth shook, and San Francisco fell,  
An angel in an agony of flame.  
City of horrors, New York so much like Hell,  
How soon thou shalt be city-without-name,  
A tomb of souls, and a poor broken knell.  
Fire and fire on London, Moscow shall die,  
And Paris her livid atomies be rolled  
Together into the Woe of the blazing bell—  
All cities then shall toll for their great fame.

*New York, Spring 1948*

## On Reading William Blake's "The Sick Rose"

Rose of spirit, rose of light,  
Flower whereof all will tell,  
Is this black vision of my sight  
The fashion of a prideful spell,  
Mystic charm or magic bright,  
O Judgement of fire and of fright?

What everlasting force confounded  
In its being, like some human  
Spirit shrunk in a bounded  
Immortality, what Blossom  
Gathers us inward, astounded?  
Is this the sickness that is Doom?

*East Harlem, June-July 1948*

## The Eye Altering Alters All

Many seek and never see,  
anyone can tell them why.  
O they weep and O they cry  
and never take until they try  
unless they try it in their sleep  
and never some until they die.  
I ask many, they ask me.  
This is a great mystery.

*East Harlem, June-July 1948*

## A Very Dove

A very Dove will have her love  
ere the Dove has died;  
the spirit, vanity approve,  
will even love in pride;

and cannot love, and yet can hate,  
spirit to fulfill;  
the spirit cannot watch and wait,



the Hawk must have his kill.

There is a Gull that rolls alone  
over billows loud;  
the Nightingale at night will moan  
under her soft shroud.

*East Harlem, July 1948*

### **Vision 1948**

Dread spirit in me that I ever try  
With written words to move,  
Hear thou my plea, at last reply  
To my impotent pen:  
Should I endure, and never prove  
Yourself and me in love,  
Tell me, spirit, tell me, O what then?

And if not love, why, then, another passion  
For me to pass in image:  
Shadow, shadow, and blind vision.  
Dumb roar of the white trance,  
Ecstatic shadow out of rage,  
Power out of passage.  
Dance, dance, spirit, spirit, dance!

Is it my fancy that the world is still,  
So gentle in her dream?  
Outside, great Harlems of the will  
Move under black sleep:  
Yet in spiritual scream,  
The saxophones the same  
As me in madness call thee from the deep.

I shudder with intelligence and I  
Wake in the deep light  
And hear a vast machinery

Descending without sound,  
Intolerable to me, too bright,  
And shaken in the sight  
The eye goes blind before the world goes round.

*East Harlem, July 1948*

### **Do We Understand Each Other?**

My love has come to ride me home  
To our room and bed.  
I had walked the wide sea path,  
For my love would roam  
In absence long and glad  
All through our land of wrath.  
We wandered wondrously  
I, still mild, true and sad,  
But merry, mad and free  
My love was. Look! yet come love hath.  
Is this not great gentility?

I only remembered the ocean's roll,  
And islands that I passed,  
And, in a vision of death and dread,  
A city where my soul  
Visited its vast  
Passage of the dead.  
My love's eternity  
I never entered, when, at last  
"I blush with love for thee,"  
My love, renewed in anger, said.  
Is this not great gentility?

Over the road in an automobile  
Rode I and my gentle love.  
The traffic on our way was wild;  
My love was at the wheel,  
And in and out we drove.  
My own eyes were mild.

How my love merrily  
Dared the other cars to rove:  
“But if they stop for me,  
Why, then, I stop for them, my child.”  
Is this not great gentility?

*East Harlem, July 1948*

### **The Voice of Rock**

I cannot sleep, I cannot sleep  
until a victim is resigned;  
a shadow holds me in his keep  
and seeks the bones that he must find;  
and hoveled in a shroudy heap  
dead eyes see, and dead eyes weep,  
dead men from the coffin creep,  
nightmare of murder in the mind.

Murder has the ghost of shame  
that lies abed with me in dirt  
and mouths the matter of my fame.  
With voice of rock, and rock engirt,  
a shadow cries out in my name;  
he struggles for my writhing frame;  
my death and his were not the same,  
what wounds have I that he is hurt?

This is such murder that my own  
incorporeal blood is shed,  
but shadow changes into bone,  
and thoughts are doubled in my head;  
for what he knows and I have known  
is, like a crystal lost in stone,  
hidden in skin and buried down,  
blind as the vision of the dead.

*Paterson, August 1948*

### **Refrain**

The air is dark, the night is sad,  
I lie sleepless and I groan.  
Nobody cares when a man goes mad:  
He is sorry, God is glad.  
Shadow changes into bone.

Every shadow has a name;  
When I think of mine I moan,  
I hear rumors of such fame.  
Not for pride, but only shame,  
Shadow changes into bone.

When I blush I weep for joy,  
And laughter drops from me like stone:  
The aging laughter of the boy  
To see the ageless dead so coy.  
Shadow changes into bone.

*Paterson, August 1948*

## A Western Ballad



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### A Western Ballad

When I died, love, when I died  
my heart was broken in your care;  
I never suffered love so fair  
as now I suffer and abide  
when I died, love, when I died.

When I died, love, when I died  
I wearied in an endless maze  
that men have walked for centuries,  
as endless as the gate was wide  
when I died, love, when I died.

When I died, love, when I died

there was a war in the upper air:  
all that happens, happens there;  
there was an angel at my side  
when I died, love, when I died.

*Paterson, August 1948*

### **The Trembling of the Veil**

Today out of the window  
the trees seemed like live  
organisms on the moon.

Each bough extended upward  
covered at the north end  
with leaves, like a green

hairy protuberance. I saw  
the scarlet-and-pink shoot-tips  
of budding leaves wave

delicately in the sunlight,  
blown by the breeze,  
all the arms of the trees  
bending and straining downward

at once when the wind  
pushed them.

*Paterson, August 1948*

### **A Meaningless Institution**

I was given my bedding, and a bunk  
in an enormous ward,  
surrounded by hundreds of weeping,  
decaying men and women.

I sat on my bunk, three tiers up  
next to the ceiling,  
looking down the gray aisles.  
Old, crippled, dumb people were

bent over sewing. A heavy girl  
in a dirty dress  
stared at me. I waited  
for an official guide to come

and give me instructions.  
After awhile, I wandered  
off down empty corridors  
in search of a toilet.

*Dream, Paterson, Fall 1948*

### **A Mad Gleam**

Go back to Egypt and the Greeks,  
Where the Wizard understood  
The spectre haunted where man seeks  
And spoke to ghosts that stood in blood.

Go back, go back to the old legend;  
The soul remembers, and is true:  
What has been most and least imagined,  
No other, there is nothing new.

The giant Phantom is ascending  
Toward its coronation, gowned  
With music unheard, but unending:  
Follow the flower to the ground.

*New York, January 1949*

### **Complaint of the Skeleton to Time**

Take my love, it is not true,

So let it tempt no body new;  
Take my lady, she will sigh  
For my bed where'er I lie;  
Take them, said the skeleton,  
But leave my bones alone.

Take my raiment, now grown cold,  
To give to some poor poet old;  
Take the skin that hoods this truth  
If his age would wear my youth;  
Take them, said the skeleton,  
But leave my bones alone.

Take the thoughts that like the wind  
Blow my body out of mind;  
Take this heart to go with that  
And pass it on from rat to rat;  
Take them, said the skeleton,  
But leave my bones alone.

Take the art which I bemoan  
In a poem's crazy tone;  
Grind me down, though I may groan,  
To the starkest stick and stone;  
Take them, said the skeleton,  
But leave my bones alone.

*Early 1949*

## **Psalm I**

These psalms are the workings of the vision haunted mind and not  
that reason which never changes.

I am flesh and blood, but my mind is the focus of much lightning.

I change with the weather, with the state of my finances, with the  
work I do, with my company.

But truly none of these is accountable for the majestic flaws of mind  
which have left my brain open to hallucination.



All work has been an imitation of the literary cackle in my head.  
This gossip is an eccentric document to be lost in a library and  
rediscovered when the Dove descends.

*New York, February 1949*

### **An Eastern Ballad**

I speak of love that comes to mind:  
The moon is faithful, although blind;  
She moves in thought she cannot speak.  
Perfect care has made her bleak.

I never dreamed the sea so deep,  
The earth so dark; so long my sleep,  
I have become another child.  
I wake to see the world go wild.

*1945–1949*

### **Sweet Levinsky**

Sweet Levinsky in the night  
Sweet Levinsky in the light  
do you giggle out of spite,  
or are you laughing in delight  
sweet Levinsky, sweet Levinsky?

Sweet Levinsky, do you tremble  
when the cock crows, and dissemble  
as you amble to the gambol?  
Why so humble when you stumble  
sweet Levinsky, sweet Levinsky?

Sweet Levinsky, why so tearful,  
sweet Levinsky don't be fearful,  
sweet Levinsky here's your earful  
of the angels chirping cheerfully  
Levinsky, sweet Levinsky,  
sweet Levinsky, sweet Levinsky.

*New York, Spring 1949*

## **Psalm II**

Ah, still Lord, ah, sweet Divinity  
Incarnate in our grave and holy substance,  
Circumscribed in this hexed endless world  
Of Time, that turns a triple face, from Hell,  
Imprisoned joy's incognizable thought,  
To mounted earth, that shudders to conceive,  
Toward angels, borne unseen out of this world,  
Translate the speechless stanzas of the rose  
Into my poem, and I vow to copy  
Every petal on a page; perfume  
My mind, ungardened, and in weedy earth;  
Let these dark leaves be lit with images  
That strike like lightning from eternal mind,  
Truths that are not visible in any light  
That changes and is Time, like flesh or theory,  
Corruptible like any clock of meat  
That sickens and runs down to die  
With all those structures and machinery  
Whose bones and bridges break and wash to sea  
And are dissolved into green salt and coral.

A Bird of Paradise, the Nightingale  
I cried for not so long ago, the poet's  
Phoenix, and the erotic Swan  
Which descended and transfigured Time,  
And all but destroyed it, in the Dove  
I speak of now are here, I saw it here,  
The Miracle, which no man knows entire,  
Nor I myself. But shadow is my prophet,  
I cast a shadow that surpasses me,  
And I write, shadow changes into bone,  
To say that still Word, the prophetic image  
Beyond our present strength of flesh to bear,  
Incarnate in the rain as in the sea,  
Watches after us out of our eyes.

What a sweet dream! to be some incorruptible  
Divinity, corporeal without a name,  
Suffering metamorphosis of flesh.

Holy are the Visions of the soul  
The visible mind seeks out for marriage,  
As if the sleeping heart, agaze, in darkness,  
Would dream her passions out as in the Heavens.  
In flesh and flesh, imperfect spirits join  
Vision upon vision, image upon image,  
All physical and perishing, till spirit  
Driven mad by Time, a ghost still haunted  
By his mortal house, goes from the tomb  
And drops his body back into the dirt.  
I fear it till my soul remembers Heaven.  
My name is Angel and my eyes are Fire!  
O wonder, and more than wonder, in the world!  
Now I have built my Love a sepulchre  
Of whitened thoughts, and sat a year in ash,  
Grieving for the lost entempled dead,  
And Him who appeared to these dead eyes,  
And Him my wakened beating mind remembered,  
And Love that moved in substance clear as bone,  
With beautiful music, at the fatal moment,  
And clock stopped by its own, or hidden, hand.  
These are the hollow echoes of His word.

Ah, but to have seen the Dove of still  
Divinity come down in silken light of summer sun  
In ignorance of the body and bone's madness.  
Light falls and I fail! My youth is ending,  
All my youth, and Death and Beauty cry  
Like horns and motors from a ship afar,  
Half heard, an echo in the sea beneath,  
And Death and Beauty beckon in the dawn,  
A presage of the world of whitening shadows  
As another pale memorial.  
Ah! but to have seen the Dove, and then go blind.

I will grow old a grey and groaning man,  
Hour after hour, with each hour a thought,  
And with each thought the same denial. Am I to spend  
My life in praise of the idea of God?  
Time leaves no hope, and leaves us none of love;  
We creep and wait, we wait and go alone.  
When will the heart be weary of its own  
Indignity? Or Time endured destroy  
The last such thoughts as these, the thoughts of Dove?  
Must ravenous reason not be self-consumed?  
Our souls are purified of Time by Time,  
And ignorance consumes itself like flesh.

Bigger and bigger gates, Thou givest, Lord,  
And vaster deaths, and deaths not by my hand,  
Till, in each season, as the garden dies,  
I die with each, until I die no more  
Time's many deaths, and pass toward the last gates,  
Till come, pure light, at last to pass through pearl.  
Take me to thy mansion, for I house  
In clay, in a sad dolor out of joy.

Behold thy myth incarnate in my flesh  
Now made incarnate in Thy Psalm, O Lord.

*New York, March 1949*

### **Fie My Fum**

Pull my daisy,  
Tip my cup,  
Cut my thoughts  
For coconuts,

Bone my shadow,  
Dove my soul,  
Set a halo  
On my skull,

Ark my darkness,  
Rack my lacks,  
Bleak my lurking,  
Lark my looks,

Start my Arden,  
Gate my shades,  
Silk my garden,  
Rose my days,

Whore my door,  
Stone my dream,  
Milk my mind  
And make me cream,

Say my oops,  
Ope my shell,  
Roll my bones,  
Ring my bell,

Pope my parts,  
Pop my pot,  
Poke my pap,  
Pit my plum.

*New York, Spring 1949*

### **Pull My Daisy**

Pull my daisy  
tip my cup  
all my doors are open  
Cut my thoughts  
for coconuts  
all my eggs are broken  
Jack my Arden  
gate my shades  
woe my road is spoken

Silk my garden  
rose my days  
now my prayers awaken

Bone my shadow  
dove my dream  
start my halo bleeding  
Milk my mind &  
make me cream  
drink me when you're ready  
Hop my heart on  
harp my height  
seraphs hold me steady  
Hip my angel  
hype my light  
lay it on the needy

Heal the raindrop  
sow the eye  
bust my dust again  
Woe the worm  
work the wise  
dig my spade the same  
Stop the hoax  
what's the hex  
where's the wake  
how's the hicks  
take my golden beam

Rob my locker  
lick my rocks  
leap my cock in school  
Rack my lacks  
lark my looks  
jump right up my hole  
Whore my door  
beat my boor  
eat my snake of fool

Craze my hair  
bare my poor  
asshole shorn of wool

Say my oops  
ope my shell  
bite my naked nut  
Roll my bones  
ring my bell  
call my worm to sup  
Pope my parts  
pop my pot  
raise my daisy up  
Poke my pap  
pit my plum  
let my gap be shut

*Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac & Neal Cassady  
New York, Spring-Fall 1949*

### **The Shrouded Stranger**

Bare skin is my wrinkled sack  
When hot Apollo humps my back  
When Jack Frost grabs me in these rags  
I wrap my legs with burlap bags

My flesh is cinder my face is snow  
I walk the railroad to and fro  
When city streets are black and dead  
The railroad embankment is my bed

I sup my soup from old tin cans  
And take my sweets from little hands  
In Tiger Alley near the jail  
I steal away from the garbage pail

In darkest night where none can see

Down in the bowels of the factory  
I sneak barefoot upon stone  
Come and hear the old man groan

I hide and wait like a naked child  
Under the bridge my heart goes wild  
I scream at a fire on the river bank  
I give my body to an old gas tank

I dream that I have burning hair  
Boiled arms that claw the air  
The torso of an iron king  
And on my back a broken wing

Who'll go out whoring into the night  
On the eyeless road in the skinny moonlight  
Maid or dowd or athlete proud  
May wanton with me in the shroud

Who'll come lie down in the dark with me  
Belly to belly and knee to knee  
Who'll look into my hooded eye  
Who'll lie down under my darkened thigh?

*New York, 1949–1951*

### **Stanzas: Written at Night in Radio City**

If money made the mind more sane,  
Or money mellowed in the bowel  
The hunger beyond hunger's pain,  
Or money choked the mortal growl  
And made the groaner grin again,  
Or did the laughing lamb embolden  
To loll where has the lion lain,  
I'd go make money and be golden.



Nor sex will salve the sickened soul,  
Which has its holy goal an hour,  
Holds to heart the golden pole,  
But cannot save the silver shower,  
Nor heal the sorry parts to whole.  
Love is creeping under cover,  
Where it hides its sleepy dole,  
Else I were like any lover.

Many souls get lost at sea,  
Others slave upon a stone:  
Engines are not eyes to me,  
Inside buildings I see bone.  
Some from city to city flee,  
Famous labors make them lie;  
I cheat on that machinery,  
Down in Arden I will die.

Art is short, nor style is sure:  
Though words our virgin thoughts betray,  
Time ravishes that thought most pure,  
Which those who know, know anyway;  
For if our daughter should endure,  
When once we can no more complain,  
Men take our beauty for a whore,  
And like a whore, to entertain.

The city's hipper slickers shine,  
Up in the attic with the bats;  
The higher Chinamen, supine,  
Wear a dragon in their hats:  
He who seeks a secret sign  
In a daze or sicker doze  
Blows the flower superfine;  
Not a poppy is a rose.

If fame were not a fickle charm,

There were far more famous men:  
May boys amaze the world to arm,  
Yet their charms are changed again,  
And fearful heroes turn to harm;  
But the shambles is a sham.  
A few angels on a farm  
Fare more fancy with their lamb.

No more of this too pretty talk,  
Dead glimpses of apocalypse:  
The child pissing off the rock,  
Or woman withered in the lips,  
Contemplate the unseen Cock  
That crows all beasts to ecstasy;  
And so the Saints beyond the clock  
Cry to men their dead eyes see.

Come, incomparable crown,  
Love my love is lost to claim,  
O hollow fame that makes me groan;  
We are a king without a name:  
Regain thine angel's lost renown,  
As, in the mind's forgotten meadow,  
Where brightest shades sleep under stone,  
Man runs after his own shadow.

*New York, March 1949*

### **After All, What Else Is There to Say?**

When I sit before a paper  
    writing my mind turns  
in a kind of feminine  
    madness of chatter;  
but to think to see, outside,  
in a tenement the walls  
    of the universe itself  
I wait: wait till the sky  
    appears as it is,

wait for a moment when  
the poem itself  
is my way of speaking out, not  
declaiming of celebrating, yet,  
but telling the truth.

*New York, Early 1949*

### **Sometime Jailhouse Blues**

Sometime I'll lay down my wrath,  
As I lay my body down  
Between the ache of breath and breath,  
Golden slumber in the bone.

Thought's a stone, though sweet or sorry,  
Run-down from an uphill climb:  
Money, money, work and worry,  
And all the aimless toil of Time.

Sometime I look up in light  
And see the weary sun go West;  
Sometime I see the moon at night  
Go hidden in her cloudy rest.

Sometime tears of death will blind  
All that was worldly, wise or fair,  
And visioned by the death of mind  
My ghost will wander in the air,

And gaze upon a ghostly face,  
Not knowing what was fair or lost,  
Remembering not what flesh lay waste,  
Or made him kind as ghost to ghost.

*Brooklyn, April 24, 1949*

### **Please Open the Window and Let Me In**

Who is the shroudy stranger of the night,  
Whose brow is mouldering green, whose reddened eye  
Hides near the window trellis in dim light,  
And gapes at old men, and makes children cry?

Who is the laughing walker of the street,  
The alley mummy, stinking of the bone,  
To dance unfixed, though bound in shadow feet,  
Behind the child that creeps on legs of stone?

Who is the hungry mocker of the maze,  
And haggard gate-ghost, hanging by the door,  
The double mummer in whose hooded gaze  
World has beckoned unto world once more?

*Paterson, May 1949*

**Tonite all is well...** What a  
terrible future. I am twenty-three,  
year of the iron birthday,  
gate of darkness. I am ill,  
I have become physically and  
spiritually impotent in my madness this month.  
I suddenly realized that my head  
is severed from my body;  
I realized it a few nights ago  
by myself,  
lying sleepless on the couch.

*Paterson, Summer 1949*

### **Fyodor**

The death's head of realism  
and superhuman iron mask  
that gapes out of *The Possessed*,  
sometimes: Dostoievski.  
My original version of D.

before I read him, as the dark  
haunted-house man, wild, agèd,  
spectral Russian. I call him  
Dusty now but he is  
Dostoyevsky What premonitions  
I had as a child.

*Paterson, June 1949*

### **Epigram on a Painting of Golgotha**

On a bare tree in a hollow place,  
A blinded form's unhaloed face;  
Sight, where Heaven is destroyed,  
The hanging visage of the void.

*New York, Summer 1949*

"The road to a true philosophy of life seems to lie in humbly  
recording diverse readings of its phenomena."

—*Thos. Hardy*

**I attempted to concentrate**  
the total sun's rays in  
each poem as through a glass,  
but such magnification  
did not set the page afire.

*New York, Summer 1949*

### **Metaphysics**

This is the one and only  
firmament; therefore  
it is the absolute world.  
There is no other world.  
The circle is complete.  
I am living in Eternity.

The ways of this world  
are the ways of Heaven.

*New York, Mid-1949*

### **In Death, Cannot Reach What Is Most Near**

We know all about death that  
we will ever know because  
we have all experienced  
the state before birth.  
Life seems a passage between  
two doors to the darkness.  
Both are the same and truly  
eternal, and perhaps it may  
be said that we meet in  
darkness. The nature of time  
is illuminated by this  
meeting of eternal ends.

It is amazing to think that  
thought and personality  
of man is perpetuated in  
time after his passage  
to eternity. And one time  
is all Time if you look  
at it out of the grave.

*New York, Mid-1949*

### **This Is About Death**

Art recalls the memory  
of his true existence  
to whoever has forgotten  
that Being is the one thing  
all the universe shouts.

Only return of thought to  
its source will complete thought.

Only return of activity  
to its source will complete  
activity. Listen to that.

*Mid-1949*

## Hymn

No hyacinthine imagination can express this clock of meat bleakly  
pining for its sweet immaterial paradise which I have celebrated in  
one gone dithyramb after another and have elevated to that highest  
place in the mind's angelical empyrean which shall in the course of  
hot centuries to come come to be known as the clock of light:

the very summa and dove of the unshrouding of finality's joy whence  
cometh purely pearly streams of reves and honey-thoughts and all  
like dreamy essences our hearts therefrom so filled with such  
incomparable and crownly creaminess one never knew whence it  
came,

whether from those foul regions of the soul the ancients named  
Malebolge or the Dank or the icicle-like crystal roads of cloudless  
sky called Icecube or Avenue where the angels late fourteen there  
convened hang on and raptly gaze on us singing down

in mewling voices liturgies of milk and sweet cream sighing no longer  
for the strawberries of the world whence in pain and wit's despair  
they had ascended stoops of light up the celestial fire escape no  
more to sit suffering as we do one and all on the thorn

nor more we shall when the final gate is opened and the Diamond  
Seraph armed with 3 forks of lightning 7 claps of thunder 11 bursts  
of laughter and a thousand tears rolling down his silken cheeks  
bares his radiant breast and asks us in the Name of the Lord to  
share that Love in Heaven which on Earth was so disinherited.

*September 1949*

## Sunset

The whole blear world  
of smoke and twisted steel  
around my head in a railroad  
car, and my mind wandering  
past the rust into futurity:

I saw the sun go down  
in a carnal and primeval  
world, leaving darkness  
to cover my railroad train  
because the other side of the  
world was waiting for dawn.

*New York-Paterson, November 1949*

## **Ode to the Setting Sun**

*The Jersey Marshes in rain, November evening,  
seen from Susquehanna Railroad*

The wrathful East of smoke and iron  
Crowded in a broken crown;  
The Archer of the Jersey mire  
Naked in a rusty gown;  
Railroad creeping toward the fire  
Where the carnal sun goes down.

Apollo's shining chariot's shadow  
Shudders in the mortal bourn;  
Amber shores upon the meadow  
Where Phaëthon falls forlorn  
Fade in somber chiaroscuro,  
Phantoms of the burning morn.

Westward to the world's blind gaze,  
In funeral of raining cloud,  
The motionless cold Heavens blaze,  
Born out of a dying crowd;  
Daybreak in the end of days,  
Bloody light beneath the shroud.

In vault dominion of the night  
The hosts of prophecy convene,  
Till, empire of the lark alight,  
Their bodies waken as we dream,



And put our raiment on, and bright  
Crown, still haloed though unseen.

Under the earth there is an eye  
Open in a sightless cave,  
And the skull in Eternity  
Bares indifference to the grave:  
Earth turns, and the day must die,  
And the sea accepts the wave.

My bones are carried on the train  
Westward where the sun has gone;  
Night has darkened in the rain,  
And the rainbow day is done;  
Cities age upon the plain  
And smoke rolls upward out of stone.

*New York-Paterson, November 1949–1950*

### **Paterson**

What do I want in these rooms papered with visions of money?  
How much can I make by cutting my hair? If I put new heels on my  
shoes, bathe my body reeking of masturbation and sweat, layer  
upon layer of excrement  
dried in employment bureaus, magazine hallways, statistical cubicles,  
factory stairways,  
cloakrooms of the smiling gods of psychiatry;  
if in antechambers I face the presumption of department store  
supervisory employees,  
old clerks in their asylums of fat, the slobs and dumbbells of the ego  
with money and power  
to hire and fire and make and break and fart and justify their reality  
of wrath and rumor of wrath to wrath-weary man,  
what war I enter and for what a prize! the dead prick of commonplace  
obsession,  
harridan vision of electricity at night and daylight misery of thumb-

sucking rage.

I would rather go mad, gone down the dark road to Mexico, heroin  
dripping in my veins,  
eyes and ears full of marijuana,  
eating the god Peyote on the floor of a mudhut on the border  
or laying in a hotel room over the body of some suffering man or  
woman;  
rather jar my body down the road, crying by a diner in the Western  
sun;  
rather crawl on my naked belly over the tincans of Cincinnati;  
rather drag a rotten railroad tie to a Golgotha in the Rockies;  
rather, crowned with thorns in Galveston, nailed hand and foot in Los  
Angeles, raised up to die in Denver,  
pierced in the side in Chicago, perished and tombed in New Orleans  
and resurrected in 1958 somewhere on Garret Mountain,  
come down roaring in a blaze of hot cars and garbage,  
streetcorner Evangel in front of City Hall, surrounded by statues of  
agonized lions,  
with a mouthful of shit, and the hair rising on my scalp,  
screaming and dancing in praise of Eternity annihilating the sidewalk,  
annihilating reality,  
screaming and dancing against the orchestra in the destructible  
ballroom of the world,  
blood streaming from my belly and shoulders  
flooding the city with its hideous ecstasy, rolling over the pavements  
and highways  
by the bayoux and forests and derricks leaving my flesh and my bones  
hanging on the trees.

*New York, November 1949*

## **Bop Lyrics**

When I think of death  
I get a goofy feeling;

Then I catch my breath:  
Zero is appealing,  
Appearances are hazy.  
Smart went crazy,  
Smart went crazy.

\*

A flower in my head  
Has fallen through my eye;  
Someday I'll be dead:  
I love the Lord on high,  
I wish He'd pull my daisy.  
Smart went crazy,  
Smart went crazy.

\*

I asked the lady what's a rose,  
She kicked me out of bed.  
I asked the man, and so it goes,  
He hit me on the head.  
Nobody knows,  
Nobody knows,  
At least nobody's said.

\*

The time I went to China  
To lead the boy scout troops,  
They sank my ocean liner,  
And all I said was "Oops!"

\*

All the doctors think I'm crazy;  
The truth is really that I'm lazy:  
I made visions to beguile 'em

Till they put me in th'asylum

\*

I'm a pot and God's a potter,  
And my head's a piece of putty.  
Ark my darkness,  
Lark my looks,  
I'm so lucky to be nutty.

*New York, March-December 1949*

### **A Dream**

I waked at midmost in the night,  
Dim lamp shuddering in the bell,  
House enwracked with natal light  
That glowed as in a ghostly shell.

I rose and darked the hornlike flare,  
And watched the shadows in the room  
Crawl on walls and empty air  
Through the window from the moon.

I stared in phantom-attic dark  
At such radiant shapes of gloom,  
I thought my fancy and mind's lark  
So cried for Death that He had come.

As sleepy-faced night walkers go,  
Room to room, and down the stair,  
Through the labyrinth to and fro,  
So I paced sleepless in nightmare.

I walked out to the city tower,  
Where, as in a stony cell,  
Time lay prisoned, and twelfth hour  
Complained upon the midnight bell.

I met a boy on the city street,  
Fair was his hair, and fair his eyes,  
Walking in his winding sheet,  
As fair as was my own disguise.

He walked his way in a white shroud,  
His cheek was whiter than his gown.  
He looked at me, and spoke aloud,  
And all his voice was but a groan:

“My love is dreaming of me now,  
For I have dreamed him oft so well  
That in my ghostly sleep I go  
To find him by the midnight bell.

And so I walk and speak these lines  
Which he will hear and understand.  
If some poor wandering child of time  
Finds me, let him take my hand,

And I will lead him to the stone,  
And I will lead him through the grave,  
But let him fear no light of bone,  
And let him fear no dark of wave,

And we will walk the double door  
That breaks upon the ageless night,  
Where I have come, and must once more  
Return, and so forsake the light.”

The darkness that is half disguised  
In the Zodiac of my dream  
Gazed on me in his bleak eyes,  
And I became what now I seem.

Once my crown was silk and black;  
I have dreamed, and I awake.  
Now that time has wormed my cheek,  
Horns and willows me bespeak.

*Paterson, December 1949*

### **Long Live the Spiderweb**

Seven years' words wasted  
waiting on the spiderweb:  
    seven years' thoughts  
harkening the host,  
    seven years' lost  
sentience naming images,  
narrowing down the name  
to nothing,  
    seven years':  
fears  
in a web of ancient measure;  
the words dead  
flies, a crop  
of ghosts,  
    seven years':  
the spider is dead.

*Paterson, Spring 1950*

### **The Shrouded Stranger**

1

The Shroudy Stranger's reft of realms.  
Abhorred he sits upon the city dump.  
His broken heart's a bag of shit.  
The vast rainfall, an empty mirror.

2

*A Dream*

He climbed over the rim

of the huge tower  
looking down afraid,  
descended the escarpment

over sheaves of rock,  
crossed railyard gullies  
and vast river-bridges  
on the groundward slope

under an iron viaduct,  
coming to rivulet  
in a still meadow  
by a small wood

where he stood trembling  
in the naked flowers,  
and walked under oak  
to the house of folk.

3

I dreamed I was dreaming again  
and decided to go down the years  
looking for the Shrouded Stranger.  
I knew the old bastard  
was hanging around somewhere.  
I couldn't find him for a while;  
went looking under beds,  
pulling mattresses off,  
and finally discovered him  
hiding under the springs  
crouched in the corner:

met him face to face at last.  
I didn't even recognize him.

"I'll bet you didn't think

it was me after all,” he said.

4

*Fragmenta Monumenti*

It was to have a structure, it  
was going to tell a story;  
it was to be a mass of images  
moving on a page, with  
a hollow voice at the center;  
it was to have told of Time  
and Eternity; to have begun  
in the rainfall’s hood and moon,  
and ended under the street light  
of the world’s bare physical  
appearance; begun among vultures  
in the mountains of Mexico,  
traveled through all America  
and ended in garbage on River Street;  
its first line was to be  
“Be with me Shroud, now—”  
and the last “—naked  
on broken bottles  
between the brick walls,”  
being THE VISION OF THE SHROUDED STRANGER OF THE NIGHT.

*Paterson-New York, 1949-September 1950*

**An Imaginary Rose in a Book**

Oh dry old rose of God,  
that with such bleak perfume  
changed images to blood  
and body to a tomb,

what fragrance you have lost,  
and are now withered mere  
crimson myth of dust  
and recollection sere



of an unfading garden  
whereof the myriad life  
and all that flock in blossom,  
none other met the knife.

*Paterson, Early 1950*

## **Crash**

There is more to Fury  
Than men imagine  
Who drive a pallid jury  
On a pale engine.

In a spinning plane,  
A false machine,  
The pilot drops in flame  
From the unseen.

*Paterson, Early 1950*

## **The Terms in Which I Think of Reality**

a.  
Reality is a question  
of realizing how real  
the world is already.

Time is Eternity  
ultimate and immovable;  
everyone's an angel.

It's Heaven's mystery  
of changing perfection:  
absolutely Eternity

changes! Cars are always  
going down the street,  
lamps go off and on.

It's a great flat plain;  
we can see everything  
on top of the table.

Clams open on the table,  
lambs are eaten by worms  
on the plain. The motion

of change is beautiful,  
as well as form called  
in and out of being.

b.  
Next: to distinguish process  
in its particularity with  
an eye to the initiation

of gratifying new changes  
desired in the real world.  
Here we're overwhelmed

with such unpleasant detail  
we dream again of Heaven.  
For the world is a mountain

of shit: if it's going to  
be moved at all, it's got  
to be taken by handfuls.

c.  
Man lives like the unhappy  
whore on River Street who  
in her Eternity gets only

a couple of bucks and a lot  
of snide remarks in return  
for seeking physical love

the best way she knows how,  
never really heard of a glad  
job or joyous marriage or

a difference in the heart:  
or thinks it isn't for her,  
which is her worst misery.

*Paterson, Spring 1950*

### **The Night-Apple**

Last night I dreamed  
of one I loved  
for seven long years,  
but I saw no face,  
only the familiar  
presence of the body:  
sweat skin eyes  
feces urine sperm  
saliva all one  
odor and mortal taste.

*Paterson, Spring 1950*

### **Cézanne's Ports**

In the foreground we see time and life  
swept in a race  
toward the left hand side of the picture  
where shore meets shore.

But that meeting place  
isn't represented;  
it doesn't occur on the canvas.

For the other side of the bay  
is Heaven and Eternity,  
with a bleak white haze over its mountains.

And the immense water of L'Estaque is a go-between  
for minute rowboats.

*Paterson, Summer 1950*

### **The Blue Angel**

Marlene Dietrich is singing a lament  
for mechanical love.  
She leans against a mortarboard tree  
on a plateau by the seashore.

She's a life-sized toy,  
the doll of eternity;  
her hair is shaped like an abstract hat  
made out of white steel.

Her face is powdered, whitewashed and  
immobile like a robot.  
Jutting out of her temple, by an eye,  
is a little white key.

She gazes through dull blue pupils  
set in the whites of her eyes.  
She closes them, and the key  
turns by itself.

She opens her eyes, and they're blank  
like a statue's in a museum.  
Her machine begins to move, the key turns  
again, her eyes change, she sings

—you'd think I would have thought a plan

to end the inner grind,  
but not till I have found a man  
to occupy my mind.

*Dream, Paterson, Mid-1950*

### **Two Boys Went Into a Dream Diner**

and ate so much the bill was five dollars,  
but they had no idea  
what they were getting themselves into,  
so they shoveled

garbage into a truck in the alley  
to make up for the food.  
After about five minutes, wondering  
how long they would have

to work off what it cost, they asked  
the diner owner when  
their penance or pay would be over.  
He laughed.

Little did they realize—they were  
so virginal—  
that a grown worker works half a day  
for money like that.

*Paterson, Mid-1950*

### **A Desolation**

Now mind is clear  
as a cloudless sky.  
Time then to make a  
home in wilderness.

What have I done but  
wander with my eyes

in the trees? So I  
will build: wife,  
family, and seek  
for neighbors.

Or I  
perish of lonesomeness  
or want of food or  
lightning or the bear  
(must tame the hart  
and wear the bear).

And maybe make an image  
of my wandering, a little  
image—shrine by the  
roadside to signify  
to traveler that I live  
here in the wilderness  
awake and at home.

*Paterson, Mid-1950*

**In Memoriam:**  
**William Cannastra, 1922–1950**

He cast off all his golden robes  
and lay down sleeping in the night,  
and in a dream he saw three fates  
at a machine in a shroud of light.

He yelled “I wait the end of Time;  
be with me, shroud, now, in my wrath!  
There is a lantern in my grave,  
who hath that lantern all light hath.”

Alas! The prophet of this dream  
is sunken in the dumbing clime:  
much is finished, much forgotten

in the wrack and wild love of time.

It's death that makes man's life a dream  
and heaven's splendor but a wave;  
light that falls into the sea  
is swallowed in a starving cave.

Skin may be visionary till the crystal  
skull is coaled in aged shade,  
but underground the lantern dies,  
shroud must rot, and memory fade.

Who talks of Death and Angel now,  
great angel darkened out of grace?  
The shroud enfolds your radiant doom,  
the silent Parcae change the race,

while the man of the apocalypse  
shall with his wrath lie ever wed  
until the sexless womb bear love,  
and the grave be weary of the dead,

tragic master broken down  
into a self-embodied tomb,  
blinded by the sight of death,  
and woven in the darkened loom.

*Paterson, September 1950*

### **Ode: My 24th Year**

Now I have become a man  
and know no more than mankind can  
and groan with nature's every groan,  
transcending child's blind skeleton  
and all childish divinity,  
while loomed in consanguinity

the weaving of the shroud goes on.

No two things alike; and yet  
first memory dies, then I forget  
one carnal thought that made thought grim:  
but that has sunk below time's rim  
and wonder ageing into woe  
later dayes more fatal show:  
Time gets thicker, light gets dim.

And I a second Time am blind,  
all starlight dimmed out of the mind  
that was first candle to the morn,  
and candelabra turned to thorn.  
All is dream till morn has rayed  
the Rose of night back into shade,  
Messiah firmament reborn.

Now I cannot go be wild  
or harken back to shape of child  
chrystal born into the aire  
circled by the harte and bear  
and agelesse in a greene arcade,  
for he is down in Granite laid,  
or standing on a Granite stair.

No return, where thought's completed;  
let that ghost's last gaze go cheated:  
I may waste my days no more  
pining in spirituall warre.  
Where am I in wilderness?  
What creature bore my bones to this?  
Here is no Eden: this is my store.

*September 1950–1951*

**How Come He Got Canned at the Ribbon Factory**



*Chorus of Working Girls*

There was this character come in  
to pick up all the broken threads  
and tie them back into the loom.

He thought that what he didn't know  
would do as well as well did, tying  
threads together with real small knots.

So there he was shivering in his shoes,  
showing his wish to be a god of all the knots  
we tended after suffering to learn them up.

But years ago we were employed by Mr. Smith  
to tie these knots which it took us all  
of six months to perfect. However he showed

no sign of progress learning how after five  
weeks of frigid circumstances of his own  
making which we made sure he didn't break

out of by freezing up on him. Obviously  
he wasn't a real man anyway but a goop.

*New York, Late 1950*

**The Archetype Poem**

Joe Blow has decided  
he will no longer  
    be a fairy.  
He involves himself  
in various snatches  
    and then hits  
a nut named Mary.

He gets in bed with her  
and performs  
as what in his mind  
would be his usual  
okay job,  
which should be solid  
as a rock  
but isn't.

What goes wrong here?  
he says  
to himself. I want  
to take her  
but she doesn't want  
to take me.

I thought I was  
giving her \* \* \*  
and she was giving  
me a man's  
position in the world.

Now suddenly she lays  
down the law.  
I'm very tired, she says,  
please go.

Is this it? he thinks.  
I didn't want it  
to come to that but  
I've got to get out  
of this situation.  
So the question  
resolves itself: do  
you settle for her  
or go? I wouldn't  
give you a nickel,

you aren't much of a doll  
anyway. And he

picks up his pride  
and puts on his pants  
—glad enough  
to have pants to wear—  
and goes.

Why is it that versions  
of this lack  
of communication are  
universal?

*New York, Late 1950*

### **A Typical Affair**

Living in an apartment with a gelded cat  
I found a maiden—and left her there.  
I seek a better bargain; and that aunt,  
that aunt of hers was an awful nuisance.

Seriously, between us, I think I did right  
in all things by her. And I'll see her again,  
and we'll become friendly (not lovers) because  
I have to work with her in the shoestore.

She knows, too. And it will be interesting  
tomorrow to see how she acts. If she's  
friendly (or even loving) I will resist:  
albeit so politely she'll think she has

been complimented. And one night  
drunk maybe we'll have a ball.

*Paterson, December 1950*

## **A Poem on America**

America is like Russia.  
Acis and Galatea sit by the lake.  
We have the proletariat too.

Acis and Galatea sit by the lake.  
Versilov wore a hair shirt  
and dreamed of classical pictures.

The alleys, the dye works,  
Mill Street in the smoke,  
melancholy of the bars,  
the sadness of long highways,  
negroes climbing around  
the rusted iron by the river,  
the bathing pool hidden  
behind the silk factory  
fed by its drainage pipes;  
all the pictures we carry in our mind

images of the thirties,  
depression and class consciousness  
transfigured above politics  
filled with fire  
with the appearance of God.

*Early 1951*

## **After Dead Souls**

Where O America are you  
going in your glorious  
automobile, careening  
down the highway  
toward what crash  
in the deep canyon  
of the Western Rockies,  
or racing the sunset

over Golden Gate  
toward what wild city  
jumping with jazz  
on the Pacific Ocean!

*Spring 1951*

### **Marijuana Notation**

How sick I am!  
    that thought  
always comes to me  
    with horror.  
Is it this strange  
    for everybody?  
But such fugitive feelings  
have always been  
    my métier.

Baudelaire—yet he had  
great joyful moments  
    staring into space,  
looking into the  
    middle distance,  
contemplating his image  
    in Eternity.  
They were his moments  
    of identity.  
It is solitude that  
produces these thoughts.

It is December  
almost, they are singing  
    Christmas carols  
in front of the department  
stores down the block on  
    Fourteenth Street.

*New York, November 1951*

## Gregory Corso's Story

The first time I went  
to the country to New Hampshire  
when I was about eight  
there was a girl  
I always used to paddle with a plywood stick.

We were in love,  
so the last night there  
we undressed in the moonlight  
and showed each other our bodies,  
then we ran singing back to the house.

*December 10, 1951*

## I Have Increased Power

over knowledge of death.  
(See also Hemingway's  
preoccupation.) My  
dreamworld and realworld  
become more and more  
distinct and apart.  
I see now that what  
I sought in X seven years  
ago was mastery or  
victimage played out  
naked in the bed.

Renewal of nostalgia  
for lost flair of those days,  
lost passions ...

    Trouble with  
me now, no active life  
in realworld. And Time,  
as realworld, appearing vile,  
as Shakespeare says:  
ruinous, vile, dirty Time.

As to knowledge of death:  
and life itself as without  
consummation foreseeable  
in ideal joy or passion  
(have I exaggerated the  
terror of catastrophe?  
reality can be joy or terror—  
and have I exaggerated the joy?):  
life as vile, as painful,  
as wretched (this pessimism  
which was X's jewel),  
as grim, not merely bleak:  
the grimness of chance. Or as  
Carl wrote, after bughouse,  
    “How often have I  
    had occasion to see  
    existence display  
    the affectations  
    of a bloodthirsty  
    negro homosexual.”

*December 1951*

### **Walking home at night,**

reaching my own block  
    I saw the Port Authority  
Building hovering over  
    the old ghetto side  
of the street I tenement  
    in company with obscure  
Bartlebys and Judes,  
    cadaverous men,  
shrouded men, soft white  
fleshed failures creeping  
in and out of rooms like  
    myself. Remembering  
    my attic, I reached  
my hands to my head and hissed,  
“Oh, God how horrible!”

*New York, December 1951*

I learned a world from each  
one whom I loved;  
so many worlds without  
a Zodiac.

*New York, December 1951*

I made love to myself  
in the mirror, kissing my own lips,  
saying, "I love myself,  
I love you more than anybody."

*New York, December 30, 1951*

### **A Ghost May Come**

Elements on my table—  
the clock.  
All life reduced to this—  
its tick.  
Dusty's modern lamp,  
all shape, space and curve.  
Last attempts at speech.  
And the carved  
serpentine knife of Mexico,  
with the childish  
eagle head on the handle.

*New York, December 30, 1951*

I feel as if I am at a dead  
end and so I am finished.  
All spiritual facts I realize  
are true but I never escape  
the feeling of being closed in



and the sordidness of self,  
the futility of all that I  
have seen and done and said.  
Maybe if I continued things  
would please me more but now  
I have no hope and I am tired.

*New York, Early 1952*

### **An Atypical Affair**

—Long enough to remember the girl  
who proposed love to me in the neon  
light of the Park Avenue Drugstore  
(while her girl friends walked  
giggling in the night) who had  
such eerie mental insight into my  
coldness, coupled with what seemed  
to me an untrustworthy character,

and who died a few months later,  
perhaps a month after I ceased  
thinking of her, of an unforeseen  
brain malignancy. By hindsight,  
I should have known that only such  
a state of deathliness could bare  
in a local girl such a luminous  
candor. I wish I had been kinder.  
This hindsight is the opposite,  
after all, of believing that even  
in the face of death man can be  
no more than ordinary man.

*New York, January 1952*

### **345 W. 15th St.**

I came home from the movies with nothing on my mind,  
Trudging up 8th Avenue to 15th almost blind,  
Waiting for a passenger ship to go to sea.  
I live in a roominghouse attic near the Port Authority,

An enormous City warehouse    slowly turning brown  
Across from which old brownstones'    fire escapes hang down  
On a street which should be Russia    outside the Golden gates  
Or back in the middle ages    not in United States.

I thought of my home in the suburbs, my father who wanted me  
home,  
My aunts in the asylum    myself in Nome or Rome.  
I opened the door downstairs & Creaked up the first flight.  
A Puerto Rican in the front room    was laughing in the night.

I saw from the second stairway the homosexual pair  
That lived in different cubicles    playing solitaire,  
And I stopped on the third landing and said hello to Ned,  
A crooked old man like Father Time    who drank all night in bed.

I made it up to the attic room    I paid \$4.50 for.  
There was a solitary    cockroach on my door.  
It passed me by. I entered.    Nothing of much worth  
Was hung up under the skylight.    I saw what I had on earth.

Bare elements of Solitude:    table, chair & clock;  
Two books on top of the bedspread,    Jack Woodford and Paul de  
Kock.  
I sat down at the table    & read a holy book  
About a super City    whereon I cannot look.

What misery to be guided    to an eternal clime  
When I yearn for sixty    minutes of actual time.  
I turned on the Radio    voices strong and clear  
described the high fidelity    of a set without a peer.

Then I heard great musicians    playing the Mahogany Hall  
Up to the last high chorus. My neighbor beat on the wall.  
I looked up at the Calendar    it had a picture there  
Showing two pairs of lovers    and all had golden hair.

I looked into the mirror to check my worst fears.  
My face is dark but handsome It has not loved for years.  
I lay down with the paper to see what Time had wrought:  
Peace was beyond vision, war too much for thought.

Only the suffering shadow of Dream Driven Boy, 16  
Looked in my eyes from the Centerfold after murdering High School  
Queen.

I stripped, my head on the pillow eyes on the cracked blue wall.  
The same cockroach or another continued its upward crawl.

From what faint words, what whispers did I lie alone apart?  
What wanted consummation? What sweetening of the heart?  
I wished that I were married to a sensual thoughtful girl.  
I would have made a wedded workmanlike tender churl.

I wished that I were working for \$10,000 a year.  
I looked all right in business suits but my heart was weak with fear.  
I wished I owned an apartment uptown on the East Side,  
So that my gentle breeding nurtured, had not died.

I wished I had an Aesthetic worth its weight in gold.  
The myth is still unwritten. I am getting old.  
I closed my eyes and drifted back in helpless shame  
To jobs & loves wasted Disillusion itself was lame.

I closed my eyes and drifted the shortening years ahead,  
Walk home from the movies lone long nights in bed,  
Books, plays, music, spring afternoons in bars,  
The smell of old Countries, the smoke of dark cigars.

*February 1952*

[According to biographer Bill Morgan, the actual address where this

poem was written was 346 West 15th Street.—The Allen Ginsberg Trust, May 2006]

### **A Crazy Spiritual**

A faithful youth  
with artificial legs  
drove his jalopy  
through the towns of Texas.

He got sent out  
of the Free Hospital  
of Galveston, madtown  
on the Gulf of Mexico

after he recovered.  
They gave him a car  
and a black mongrel;  
name was Weakness.

He was a thin kid  
with golden hair  
and a frail body  
on wire thighs,

who never traveled  
and drove northward  
timid on the highway  
going about twenty.

I hitched a hike  
and showed him the road.  
I got off at Small Town  
and stole his dog.

He tried to drive away,

but lost control,  
rode on the pavement  
near a garage,

and smashed his doors  
and fenders on trees  
and parked cars,  
and came to a halt.

The Marshal came,  
stopping everything  
pulled him out  
of the wreck cursing.

I watched it all  
from the lunch cart,  
holding the dog  
with a frayed rope.

“I’m on my own  
from the crazyhouse.  
Has anybody  
seen my Weakness?”

What are they saying?  
“Call up the FBI.  
Crazy, ha? What  
is he a fairy?

He must do funny  
things with women,  
we bet he \* \* \*  
them in the \* \* \*.”

Poor child meanwhile

collapsed on the ground  
with innocent expression  
is trying to get up.

Along came a Justice  
of the Supreme Court,  
barreling through town  
in a blue limousine.

He stopped by the crowd  
to find out the story,  
got out on his pegleg  
with an angry smile.

“Don’t you see  
he has no legs?  
That’s you fools  
what crazy means.”

He picked the boy  
up off the ground.  
The dog ran to them  
from the lunch cart.

He put them both in  
the back seat of his car  
and stood in the square  
hymning at the crowd:

“Rock rock rock  
for the tension  
of the people  
of this country

rock rock rock

for the craziness  
of the people  
of America

tension is a rock  
and god will  
rock our rock

craziness is a rock  
and god will  
rock our rock

Lord we shall all  
be sweet again.”

He showed his wooden leg  
to the boy, saying:  
“I promise to drive you  
home through America.”

*Paterson, April 1952*

## **Wild Orphan**

Blandly mother  
takes him strolling  
by railroad and by river  
—he’s the son of the absconded  
hot rod angel—  
and he imagines cars  
and rides them in his dreams,

so lonely growing up among  
the imaginary automobiles  
and dead souls of Tarrytown

to create

out of his own imagination  
the beauty of his wild  
forebears—a mythology  
he cannot inherit.

Will he later hallucinate  
his gods? Waking  
among mysteries with  
an insane gleam  
of recollection?

The recognition—  
something so rare  
in his soul,  
met only in dreams  
—nostalgias  
of another life.

A question of the soul.  
And the injured  
losing their injury  
in their innocence  
—a cock, a cross,  
an excellence of love.

And the father grieves  
in flophouse  
complexities of memory  
a thousand miles  
away, unknowing  
of the unexpected  
youthful stranger  
bumming toward his door.

*New York, April 13, 1952*



## II

### THE GREEN

### AUTOMOBILE

*(1953–1954)*

#### The Green Automobile

If I had a Green Automobile  
I'd go find my old companion  
in his house on the Western ocean.  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

I'd honk my horn at his manly gate,  
inside his wife and three  
children sprawl naked  
on the living room floor.

He'd come running out  
to my car full of heroic beer  
and jump screaming at the wheel  
for he is the greater driver.

We'd pilgrimage to the highest mount  
of our earlier Rocky Mountain visions  
laughing in each other's arms,  
delight surpassing the highest Rockies,

and after old agony, drunk with new years,  
bounding toward the snowy horizon  
blasting the dashboard with original bop

hot rod on the mountain

we'd batter up the cloudy highway  
where angels of anxiety  
careen through the trees  
and scream out of the engine.

We'd burn all night on the jackpine peak  
seen from Denver in the summer dark,  
forestlike unnatural radiance  
illuminating the mountaintop:

childhood youthtime age & eternity  
would open like sweet trees  
in the nights of another spring  
and dumbfound us with love,

for we can see together  
the beauty of souls  
hidden like diamonds  
in the clock of the world,

like Chinese magicians can  
confound the immortals  
with our intellectuality  
hidden in the mist,

in the Green Automobile  
which I have invented  
imagined and visioned  
on the roads of the world

more real than the engine  
on a track in the desert  
purer than Greyhound and

swifter than physical jetplane.

Denver! Denver! we'll return  
    roaring across the City & County Building lawn  
    which catches the pure emerald flame  
        streaming in the wake of our auto.

This time we'll buy up the city!  
    I cashed a great check in my skull bank  
    to found a miraculous college of the body  
        up on the bus terminal roof.

But first we'll drive the stations of downtown,  
    poolhall flophouse jazzjoint jail  
    whorehouse down Folsom  
        to the darkest alleys of Larimer

paying respects to Denver's father  
    lost on the railroad tracks,  
    stupor of wine and silence  
        hallowing the slum of his decades,

salute him and his saintly suitcase  
    of dark muscatel, drink  
    and smash the sweet bottles  
        on Diesels in allegiance.

Then we go driving drunk on boulevards  
    where armies march and still parade  
    staggering under the invisible  
        banner of Reality—

hurtling through the street  
    in the auto of our fate  
    we share an archangelic cigarette

and tell each other's fortunes:

fames of supernatural illumination,  
bleak rainy gaps of time,  
great art learned in desolation  
and we beat apart after six decades ...

and on an asphalt crossroad,  
deal with each other in princely  
gentleness once more, recalling  
famous dead talks of other cities.

The windshield's full of tears,  
rain wets our naked breasts,  
we kneel together in the shade  
amid the traffic of night in paradise

and now renew the solitary vow  
we made each other take  
in Texas, once:  
I can't inscribe here... .

• • • • •  
• • • • •

How many Saturday nights will be  
made drunken by this legend?  
How will young Denver come to mourn  
her forgotten sexual angel?

How many boys will strike the black piano  
in imitation of the excess of a native saint?  
Or girls fall wanton under his spectre in the high  
schools of melancholy night?

While all the time in Eternity  
in the wan light of this poem's radio  
we'll sit behind forgotten shades  
hearkening the lost jazz of all Saturdays.

Neal, we'll be real heroes now  
in a war between our cocks and time:  
let's be the angels of the world's desire  
and take the world to bed with us before we die.

Sleeping alone, or with companion,  
girl or fairy sheep or dream,  
I'll fail of lacklove, you, satiety:  
all men fall, our fathers fell before,

but resurrecting that lost flesh  
is but a moment's work of mind:  
an ageless monument to love  
in the imagination:

memorial built out of our own bodies  
consumed by the invisible poem—  
We'll shudder in Denver and endure  
though blood and wrinkles blind our eyes.

So this Green Automobile:  
I give you in flight  
a present, a present  
from my imagination.

We will go riding  
over the Rockies,  
we'll go on riding  
all night long until dawn,

then back to your railroad, the SP  
your house and your children  
and broken leg destiny  
you'll ride down the plains

in the morning: and back  
to my visions, my office  
and eastern apartment  
I'll return to New York.

*New York, May 22–25, 1953*

### **An Asphodel**

O dear sweet rosy  
unattainable desire  
... how sad, no way  
to change the mad  
cultivated asphodel, the  
visible reality ...

and skin's appalling  
petals—how inspired  
to be so lying in the living  
room drunk naked  
and dreaming, in the absence  
of electricity ...  
over and over eating the low root  
of the asphodel,  
gray fate ...

rolling in generation  
on the flowery couch  
as on a bank in Arden—  
my only rose tonight's the treat  
of my own nudity.

*Fall 1953*

### **My Alba**

Now that I've wasted  
five years in Manhattan  
life decaying  
talent a blank

talking disconnected  
patient and mental  
sliderule and number  
machine on a desk

autographed triplicate  
synopsis and taxes  
obedient prompt  
poorly paid

stayed on the market  
youth of my twenties  
fainted in offices  
wept on typewriters

deceived multitudes  
in vast conspiracies  
deodorant battleships  
serious business industry

every six weeks whoever  
drank my blood bank  
innocent evil now  
part of my system

five years unhappy labor  
22 to 27 working  
not a dime in the bank  
to show for it anyway

dawn breaks it's only the sun  
the East smokes O my bedroom  
I am damned to Hell what  
alarmclock is ringing

*New York, 1953*

### **Sakyamuni Coming Out from the Mountain**

*Liang Kai, Southern Sung*

He drags his bare feet  
    out of a cave  
        under a tree,  
eyebrows  
    grown long with weeping  
        and hooknosed woe,  
in ragged soft robes  
    wearing a fine beard,  
        unhappy hands  
clasped to his naked breast—  
    humility is beatness  
        humility is beatness—  
faltering  
    into the bushes by a stream,  
        all things inanimate  
but his intelligence—  
    stands upright there  
        tho trembling:  
Arhat  
    who sought Heaven  
        under a mountain of stone,  
sat thinking  
    till he realized  
        the land of blessedness exists  
in the imagination—  
    the flash come:  
        empty mirror—  
how painful to be born again  
    wearing a fine beard,  
        reentering the world



a bitter wreck of a sage:  
    earth before him his only path.  
        We can see his soul,  
he knows nothing  
    like a god:  
        shaken  
meek wretch—  
    humility is beatness  
        before the absolute World.

*New York Public Library, 1953*

### **Havana 1953**

I  
The night café—4 A.M.  
    Cuba Libre 20c:  
        white tiled squares,  
triangular neon lights,  
    long wooden bar on one side,  
        a great delicatessen booth  
on the other facing the street.  
    In the center  
        among the great city midnight drinkers,  
by Aldama Palace  
    on Gómez corner,  
        white men and women  
with standing drums,  
    mariachis, voices, guitars—  
        drumming on tables,  
knives on bottles,  
    banging on the floor  
        and on each other,  
with wooden clacks,  
    whistling, howling,  
        fat women in strapless silk.

Cop talking to the fat-nosed girl  
    in a flashy black dress.  
    In walks a weird Cézanne

vision of the nowhere hip Cuban:  
tall, thin, check gray suit,  
gray felt shoes,  
blaring gambler's hat,  
Cab Calloway pimp's mustachio  
—it comes down to a point in the center—  
rushing up generations late talking Cuban,  
pointing a gold-ringed finger  
up toward the yellowed ceiling,  
other cigarette hand pointing  
stiff-armed down at his side,  
effeminate:—he sees the cop—  
they rush together—they're embracing  
like long lost brothers—  
fatnose forgotten.

Delicate chords  
from the negro guitarino  
—singers at El Rancho Grande,  
drunken burlesque  
screams of agony,  
VIVA JALISCO!  
I eat a catfish sandwich  
with onions and red sauce  
20¢.

II  
A truly romantic spot,  
more guitars, Columbus Square  
across from Columbus Cathedral  
—I'm in the Paris Restaurant  
adjacent, best in town,  
Cuba Libres 30¢—  
weatherbeaten tropical antiquity,  
as if rock decayed,  
unlike the pure  
Chinese drummers of black stone  
whose polished harmony can still be heard

(Procession of Musicians) at the Freer,  
this with its blunt cornucopias and horns  
of conquest made of stone—  
a great dumb rotting church.

Night, lights from windows,  
high stone balconies  
on the antique square,  
green rooms  
paled by fluorescent houselighting,  
a modern convenience.

I feel rotten.  
I would sit down with my servants and be dumb.  
I spent too much money.  
White electricity  
in the gaslamp fixtures of the alley.  
Bullet holes and nails in the stone wall.  
The worried headwaiter  
standing amid the potted palms in cans  
in the fifteen-foot wooden door looking at me.  
Mariachi harmonica artists inside  
getting around to Banjo on My Knee yet.  
They dress in wornout sharpie clothes.

Ancient streetlights down the narrow Calle I face,  
the arch, the square,  
palms, drunkenness, solitude;  
voices across the street,  
baby wail, girl's squeak,  
waiters nudging each other,  
grumble and cackle of young boys' laughter  
in streetcorner waits,  
perro barking off-stage,  
baby strangling again,  
banjo and harmonica,  
auto rattle and a cool breeze—

Sudden paranoid notion the waiters are watching me:  
     Well they might,  
         four gathered in the doorway  
 and I alone at a table  
     on the patio in the dark  
         observing the square, drunk.  
 25¢ for them  
     and I asked for “Jalisco”—  
         at the end of the song  
 oxcart rolls by  
     obtruding its wheels  
         o’er the music o’ the night.

*Christmas 1953*

### Green Valentine Blues



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### Green Valentine Blues

I went in the forest to look for a sign  
 Fortune to tell and thought to refine;  
 My green valentine, my green valentine,  
 What do I know of my green valentine?

I found a strange wild leaf on a vine  
 Shaped like a heart and as green as was mine,  
 My green valentine, my green valentine,  
 How did I use my green valentine?

Bodies I've known and visions I've seen,  
Leaves that I gathered as I gather this green  
Valentine, valentine, valentine, valentine;  
Thus did I use my green valentine.

Madhouse and jailhouses where I shined  
Empty apartment beds where I pined,  
O desolate rooms! My green valentine,  
Where is the heart in which you were outlined?

Souls and nights and dollars and wine,  
Old love and remembrance—I resign  
All cities, all jazz, all echoes of Time,  
But what shall I do with my green valentine?

Much have I seen, and much am I blind,  
But none other than I has a leaf of this kind.  
Where shall I send you, to what knowing mind,  
My green valentine, my green valentine?

Yesterday's love, tomorrow's more fine?  
All tonight's sadness in your design.  
What does this mean, my green valentine?  
Regret, O regret, my green valentine.

*Chiapas, 1954*

## **Siesta in Xbalba**

AND

## **Return to the States**

*For Karena Shields*

I  
Late sun opening the book,  
    blank page like light,  
invisible words unscrawled,  
    impossible syntax

of apocalypse—  
    Uxmal: Noble Ruins  
No construction—

let the mind fall down.

—One could pass valuable months  
and years perhaps a lifetime  
doing nothing but lying in a hammock  
reading prose with the white doves  
    copulating underneath  
and monkeys barking in the interior  
    of the mountain  
and I have succumbed to this  
    temptation—

‘They go mad in the Selva—’  
    the madman read  
and laughed in his hammock

    eyes watching me:  
unease not of the jungle  
    the poor dear,  
can tire one—  
    all that mud  
and all those bugs ...  
    ugh... .

Dreaming back I saw  
an eternal kodachrome  
souvenir of a gathering  
of souls at a party,  
crowded in an oval flash:  
cigarettes, suggestions,  
laughter in drunkenness,  
broken sweet conversation,

acquaintance in the halls,  
faces posed together,  
stylized gestures,  
odd familiar visages  
and singular recognitions  
that registered indifferent  
greeting across time:  
Anson reading Horace  
with a rolling head,  
white-handed Hohnsbean  
camping gravely  
with an absent glance,  
bald Kingsland drinking  
out of a huge glass,  
Dusty in a party dress,  
Durgin in white shoes  
gesturing from a chair,  
Keck in a corner waiting  
for subterranean music,  
Helen Parker lifting  
her hands in surprise:  
all posturing in one frame,  
superficially gay  
or tragic as may be,  
illumined with the fatal  
character and intelligent  
actions of their lives.

And I in a concrete room  
    above the abandoned  
labyrinth of Palenque  
    measuring my fate,  
wandering solitary in the wild  
    —blinking singleminded  
at a bleak idea—  
    until exhausted with  
its action and contemplation  
    my soul might shatter  
at one primal moment's

sensation of the vast  
movement of divinity.

As I leaned against a tree  
    inside the forest  
expiring of self-begotten love,  
I looked up at the stars absently,  
    as if looking for  
something else in the blue night  
    through the boughs,  
and for a moment saw myself  
    leaning against a tree ...

... back there the noise of a great party  
    in the apartments of New York,  
half-created paintings on the walls, fame,  
    cocksucking and tears,  
money and arguments of great affairs,  
    the culture of my generation ...

my own crude night imaginings,  
my own crude soul notes taken down  
    in moments of isolation, dreams,  
piercings, sequences of nocturnal thought  
    and primitive illuminations

—uncanny feeling the white cat  
    sleeping on the table  
will open its eyes in a moment  
    and be looking at me—

One might sit in this Chiapas  
recording the apparitions in the field  
    visible from a hammock  
looking out across the shadow of the pasture  
in all the semblance of Eternity



... a dwarfed thatch roof  
down in the grass in a hollow slope  
under the tall crowd of vegetation  
    waiting at the wild edge:  
the long shade of the mountain beyond  
    in the near distance,  
its individual hairline of trees  
traced fine and dark along the ridge  
    against the transparent sky light,  
rifts and holes in the blue air  
    and amber brightenings of clouds  
disappearing down the other side  
    into the South ...

    palms with lethargic feelers  
rattling in presage of rain,  
    shifting their fronds  
in the direction of the balmy wind,  
    monstrous animals  
sprayed up out of the ground  
    settling and unsettling  
as in water ...  
    and later in the night  
a moment of premonition  
when the plenilunar cloudfilled sky  
    is still and small.

So spent a night  
    with drug and hammock  
at Chichén Itzá on the Castle:—

    I can see the moon  
moving over the edge of the night forest  
    and follow its destination  
through the clear dimensions of the sky  
    from end to end of the dark  
circular horizon.

High dim stone portals,  
entablatures of illegible scripture,  
bas-reliefs of unknown perceptions:  
and now the flicker of my lamp  
and smell of kerosene on dust-  
strewn floor where ant wends  
its nightly ritual way toward great faces  
worn down by rain.  
In front of me a death's head  
half a thousand years old  
—and have seen cocks a thousand  
old grown over with moss and batshit  
stuck out of the wall  
in a dripping vaulted house of rock—  
but death's head's here  
on portal still and thinks its way  
through centuries the thought  
of the same night in which I sit  
in skully meditation  
—sat in many times before by  
artisan other than me  
until his image of ghostly change  
appeared unalterable—  
but now his fine thought's vaguer  
than my dream of him:  
and only the crude skull figurement's  
gaunt insensible glare is left  
with broken plumes of sensation,  
headaddresses of indecipherable intellect  
scattered in the madness of oblivion  
to holes and notes of elemental stone,  
blind face of animal transcendence  
over the sacred ruin of the world  
dissolving into the sunless wall of a blackened room  
on a time-rude pyramid rebuilt  
in the bleak flat night of Yucatán  
where I come with my own mad mind to study  
alien hieroglyphs of Eternity.

A creak in the rooms scared me.

Some sort of bird, vampire or swallow,  
flees with little paper wingflap  
around the summit in its own air unconcerned  
with the great stone tree I perch on.

Continual metallic  
whirr of chicharras,  
then lesser chirps  
of cricket: 5 blasts  
of the leg whistle.  
The creak of an opening  
door in the forest,  
some sort of weird birdsong  
or reptile croak.

My hat woven of henequen  
on the stone floor  
as a leaf on the waters,  
as perishable;  
my candle wavers continuously  
and will go out.

Pale Uxmal,  
unhistoric, like a dream,  
Tulum shimmering on the coast in ruins;  
Chichén Itzá naked  
constructed on a plain;  
Palenque, broken chapels in the green  
basement of a mount;  
lone Kabah by the highway;  
Piedras Negras buried again  
by dark archaeologists;  
Yaxchilan  
resurrected in the wild,  
and all the limbo of Xbalba still unknown—

floors under roofcomb of branch,  
foundation to ornament  
tumbled to the flowers,  
pyramids and stairways  
raced with vine,  
limestone corbels  
down in the river of trees,  
pillars and corridors  
sunken under the flood of years:

Time's slow wall overtopping  
all that firmament of mind,  
as if a shining waterfall of leaves and rain  
were built down solid from the endless sky  
through which no thought can pass.  
A great red fat rooster  
mounted on a tree stump  
in the green afternoon,  
the ego of the very fields,  
screams in the holy sunlight!

—was looking back  
with eyes shut to  
where they crawled  
like ants on brown old temples  
building their minute ruins  
and disappearing into the wild  
leaving many mysteries  
of deathly volition  
to be divined.

I alone know the great crystal door  
to the House of Night,  
a legend of centuries  
—I and a few Indians.

And had I mules and money I could find

the Cave of Amber  
and the Cave of Gold  
rumored of the cliffs of Tumbala.

I found the face of one  
of the Nine Guardians of the Night  
hidden in a mahogany hut  
in the Area of Lost Souls  
—first relic of kind for that place.  
And I found as well a green leaf  
shaped like a human heart;  
but to whom shall I send this  
anachronistic valentine?

Yet these ruins so much  
woke me to nostalgia  
for the classic stations  
of the earth,  
the ancient continent  
I have not seen  
and the few years  
of memory left  
before the ultimate night  
of war—

As if these ruins were not enough,  
as if man could go  
no further before heaven  
till he exhausted  
the physical round  
of his own mortality  
in the obscure cities  
hidden in the aging world

... the few actual  
ecstatic conscious souls  
certain to be found,

familiars ...  
returning after years  
to my own scene  
transfigured:  
to hurry change  
to hurry the years  
bring me to my fate.

So I dream nightly of an embarkation,  
captains, captains,  
iron passageways, cabin lights,  
Brooklyn across the waters,  
the great dull boat, visitors, farewells,  
the blurred vast sea—  
one trip a lifetime's loss or gain:

as Europe is my own imagination  
—many shall see her,  
many shall not—  
though it's only the old familiar world  
and not some abstract mystical dream.

And in a moment of previsioning sleep  
I see that continent in rain,  
black streets, old night, a  
fading monument...  
And a long journey unaccomplished  
yet, on antique seas  
rolling in gray barren dunes under  
the world's waste of light  
toward ports of childish geography  
the rusty ship will  
harbor in ...

What nights might I not see  
penniless among the Arab  
mysteries of dirty towns around

the casbahs of the docks?  
Clay paths, mud walls,  
the smell of green cigarettes,  
creosote and rank salt water—  
dark structures overhead,  
shapes of machinery and facade  
of hull: and a bar lamp  
burning in the wooden shack  
across from the dim  
mountain of sulphur on the pier.

Toward what city  
will I travel? What wild houses  
do I go to occupy?  
What vagrant rooms and streets  
and lights in the long night  
urge my expectation? What genius  
of sensation in ancient  
halls? what jazz beyond jazz  
in future blue saloons?  
what love in the cafés of God?

I thought, five years ago  
sitting in my apartment,  
my eyes were opened for an hour  
seeing in dreadful ecstasy  
the motionless buildings  
of New York rotting  
under the tides of Heaven.

There is a god  
dying in America  
already created  
in the imagination of men  
made palpable  
for adoration:  
there is an inner  
anterior image

of divinity  
beckoning me out  
to pilgrimage.

O future, unimaginable God.

*Finca Tacalapan de San  
Leandro, Palenque,  
Chiapas, Mexico 1954–San Francisco 1955*

## II

Jump in time  
to the immediate future,  
another poem:

return to the old land  
penniless and with  
a disconnected manuscript,  
the recollection of a few  
sensations, beginning:

logboat down Río Michol  
under plantain  
and drifting trees  
to the railroad,

darkness on the sea  
looking toward the stations  
of the classic world—

another image descending  
in white mist  
down the lunar highway  
at dawn, above  
Lake Catemaco on the bus



—it woke me up—  
the far away likeness  
    of a heavenly file  
of female saints  
    stepping upward  
on miniature arches  
    of a gold stairway  
into the starry sky,  
    the thousands of little  
saintesses in blue hoods  
    looking out at me  
and beckoning:  
    SALVATION!  
    It's true,  
simple as in the image.

Then the mummies  
in their Pantheon  
    at Guanajuato—  
a city of Cortesian  
    mines in the first  
crevasse of the Sierras,  
    where I rested—

for I longed to see their  
    faces before I left:  
these weren't mythical rock  
    images, tho stone  
—limestone effigies out  
    of the grave, remains  
of the fatal character—

newly resurrected,  
    grasping their bodies  
with stiff arms, in soiled  
    funeral clothes;  
twisted, knock-kneed,  
    like burning

screaming lawyers—  
what hallucinations  
of the nerves?—

indecipherable-sexed;  
one death-man had  
raised up his arms  
to cover his eyes,  
significant timeless  
reflex in sepulchre:

apparitions of immortality  
consumed inward,  
waiting openmouthed  
in the fireless darkness.  
Nearby, stacked symmetrically,  
a skullbone wall ending  
the whitewashed corridor  
under the graveyard  
—foetid smell reminiscent  
of sperm and drunkenness—  
the skulls empty and fragile,  
numerous as shells,  
—so much life passed through  
this town ...

The problem is isolation  
—there in the grave  
or here in oblivion of light.

Of eternity we have  
a numbered score of years  
and fewer tender moments  
—one moment of tenderness  
and a year of intelligence  
and nerves: one moment of pure  
bodily tenderness—

I could dismiss Allen with grim  
pleasure.

Reminder: I knelt in my room  
on the patio at San Miguel  
at the keyhole: 2 A.M.

The old woman lit a candle.  
Two young men and their girls  
waited before the portal,  
news from the street. She  
changed the linen, smiling.

What joy! The nakedness!  
They dance! They talk  
and simper before the door,  
they lean on a leg,  
hand on a hip, and posture,  
nudity in their hearts,  
they clap a hand to head  
and whirl and enter,  
pushing each other,  
happily, happily,  
to a moment of love... .

What solitude I've  
finally inherited.

Afterward fifteen hours  
on rubbled single lane,  
broken bus rocking along  
the maws and continental crags  
of mountain afternoon,  
the distant valleys fading,  
regnant peaks beyond  
to days on the Pacific  
where I bathed—

then riding, fitful,  
    gazing, sleeping  
through the desert  
    beside a wetback  
sad-faced old-man-  
    youth, exhausted  
to Mexicali

    to stand  
near one night's dark shack  
    on the garbage cliffs  
of bordertown overhanging  
    the tin house poor  
man's village below,  
    a last night's  
timewracked brooding  
    and farewell,  
the end of a trip.

—Returning  
    armed with New Testament,  
critic of horse and mule,  
    tanned and bearded  
satisfying Whitman, concerned  
    with a few Traditions,  
metrical, mystical, manly  
... and certain characteristic flaws

—enough!

The nation over the border  
grinds its arms and dreams  
    of war: I see  
the fiery blue clash  
    of metal wheels  
clanking in the industries  
    of night, and

detonation of infernal bombs

... and the silent downtown  
of the States  
in watery dusk submersion.

*Guanajuato-Los Angeles, 1954*

## **Song**

The weight of the world  
is love.  
Under the burden  
of solitude,  
under the burden  
of dissatisfaction

the weight,  
the weight we carry  
is love.

Who can deny?  
In dreams  
it touches  
the body,  
in thought  
constructs  
a miracle,  
in imagination  
anguishes  
till born  
in human—

looks out of the heart  
burning with purity—  
for the burden of life  
is love,

but we carry the weight  
    wearily,  
and so must rest  
in the arms of love  
    at last,  
must rest in the arms  
    of love.

No rest  
    without love,  
no sleep  
    without dreams

of love—  
    be mad or chill  
obsessed with angels  
    or machines,  
the final wish  
    is love  
—cannot be bitter,  
    cannot deny,  
cannot withhold  
    if denied:

the weight is too heavy

    —must give  
for no return  
    as thought  
is given  
    in solitude  
in all the excellence  
    of its excess.

The warm bodies  
    shine together

in the darkness,  
    the hand moves  
to the center  
    of the flesh,  
the skin trembles  
    in happiness  
and the soul comes  
    joyful to the eye—

yes, yes,  
    that's what  
I wanted,  
    I always wanted,  
I always wanted,  
    to return  
to the body  
    where I was born.

*San Jose, 1954*

### **In back of the real**

railroad yard in San Jose  
    I wandered desolate  
in front of a tank factory  
    and sat on a bench  
near the switchman's shack.

A flower lay on the hay on  
    the asphalt highway  
—the dread hay flower  
    I thought—It had a  
brittle black stem and  
    corolla of yellowish dirty  
spikes like Jesus' inchlong  
    crown, and a soiled  
dry center cotton tuft  
    like a used shaving brush  
that's been lying under

the garage for a year.

Yellow, yellow flower, and  
flower of industry,  
tough spiky ugly flower,  
flower nonetheless,  
with the form of the great yellow  
Rose in your brain!  
This is the flower of the World

*San Jose, 1954*

### **On Burroughs' Work**

The method must be purest meat  
and no symbolic dressing,  
actual visions & actual prisons  
as seen then and now.

Prisons and visions presented  
with rare descriptions  
corresponding exactly to those  
of Alcatraz and Rose.

A naked lunch is natural to us,  
we eat reality sandwiches.  
But allegories are so much lettuce.  
Don't hide the madness.

*San Jose, 1954*

### **Love Poem on Theme by Whitman**

I'll go into the bedroom silently and lie down between the bridegroom  
and the bride,  
those bodies fallen from heaven stretched out waiting naked and  
restless,  
arms resting over their eyes in the darkness,  
bury my face in their shoulders and breasts, breathing their skin,



and stroke and kiss neck and mouth and make back be open and  
known,  
legs raised up crook'd to receive, cock in the darkness driven  
tormented and attacking  
roused up from hole to itching head,  
bodies locked shuddering naked, hot hips and buttocks screwed into  
each other  
and eyes, eyes glinting and charming, widening into looks and  
abandon,  
and moans of movement, voices, hands in air, hands between thighs,  
hands in moisture on softened hips, throbbing contraction of bellies  
till the white come flow in the swirling sheets,  
and the bride cry for forgiveness, and the groom be covered with tears  
of passion and compassion,  
and I rise up from the bed replenished with last intimate gestures and  
kisses of farewell—  
all before the mind wakes, behind shades and closed doors in a  
darkened house  
where the inhabitants roam unsatisfied in the night,  
nude ghosts seeking each other out in the silence.

*San Jose, 1954*



Drawing by Robert LaVigne, San Francisco, 1954

## **Over Kansas**

Starting with eyeball kicks

on storefronts from bus window  
on way to Oakland airport:  
I am no ego

these are themselves  
stained gray wood and gilded  
nigger glass and barberpole  
thass all.

But then, Kiss Me Again  
in the dim brick lounge,  
muted modern music.  
Where shall I fly  
not to be sad, my dear?  
The other businessmen  
bend heavily over armchairs  
introducing women to cocktails  
in fluorescent shadow—  
gaiety of tables,  
gaiety of fat necks,  
gaiety of departures,  
gaiety of national business,  
hands waving away jokes.

I'm getting maudlin  
on the soft rug watching,  
mixed rye before me  
on the little black table  
whereon lieth my briefcase  
containing market research  
notes and blank paper—  
that airplane ride to come  
—or a barefaced pilgrimage  
acrost imaginary plains  
I never made afoot  
into Kansas hallucination  
and supernatural deliverance.

Later: Hawthorne mystic  
waiting on the bench  
composing his sermon also  
with white bony fingers

bitten, with hometown gold  
ring, in a blue serge suit  
and barely visible blond  
mustache on mental face,  
blank-eyed: pitiful thin body  
—what body may he love?—  
My god! the soft beauty in  
comparison—that football boy  
in sunny yellow lovesuit  
puzzling out his Xmas trip  
death insurance by machine.  
A virginal feeling again,  
I'd be willing to die aloft now.

Can't see outside in the dark,  
real dreary strangers about,  
and I'm unhappy flying away.  
All this facility of travel  
too superficial for the heart  
I have for solitude.

Nakedness  
must come again—not sex,  
but some naked isolation.

And down there's Hollywood,  
the starry world below  
—expressing nakedness—  
that craving, that glory  
that applause—leisure, mind,  
appetite for dreams, bodies,  
travels: appetite for the real,  
created by the mind  
and kissed in coitus—  
that craving, that melting!  
Not even the human  
imagination satisfies  
the endless emptiness of the soul.

The West Coast behind me  
for five days while I return  
to ancient New York—  
ah drunkenness!  
I'll see your eyes again.  
Hopeless comedown!  
Traveling thru the dark void  
over Kansas yet moving nowhere  
in the dark void of the soul.

Angel woke me to see  
—past my own reflection,  
bald businessman with hornrims  
sleepy in round window view—  
spectral skeleton of electricity  
illuminated nervous system  
floating on the void out  
of central brainplant powerhouse  
running into heaven's starlight  
overhead. 'Twas over Hutchinson.  
Engine passed over lights,  
view gone.

Gorgeous George on my plane.

And Chicago, the first time,  
smoking winter city  
—shivering in my tweed jacket  
walking by the airport  
around the block on Cicero  
under the fogged flat  
supersky of heaven—  
another project for the heart,  
six months for here someday  
to make Chicago natural,  
pick up a few strange images.

Far-off red signs  
on the orphan highway  
glimmer at the trucks of home.  
Who rides that lone road now?  
What heart? Who smokes and loves  
in Kansas auto now?  
Who's talking magic  
under the night? Who walks  
downtown and drinks black beer  
in his eternity? Whose eyes  
collect the streets and mountain tops  
for storage in his memory?  
What sage in the darkness?

Someone who should collect  
my insurance!

Better I make  
a thornful pilgrimage on theory  
feet to suffer the total  
isolation of the bum,  
than this hipster  
business family journey  
—crossing U.S. at night—  
in a sudden glimpse  
me being no one in the air  
nothing but clouds in the moonlight  
with humans fucking  
underneath... .

*San Francisco-New York, December 1954*

### III

## HOWL, BEFORE & AFTER: SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA (1955–1956)

### Malest Cornifici Tuo Catullo

I'm happy, Kerouac, your madman Allen's  
finally made it: discovered a new young cat,  
and my imagination of an eternal boy  
walks on the streets of San Francisco,  
handsome, and meets me in cafeterias  
and loves me. Ah don't think I'm sickening.  
You're angry at me. For all of my lovers?  
It's hard to eat shit, without having visions;  
when they have eyes for me it's like Heaven.

*San Francisco, 1955*

### Dream Record: June 8, 1955

A drunken night in my house with a  
boy, San Francisco: I lay asleep:  
darkness:

I went back to Mexico City  
and saw Joan Burroughs leaning  
forward in a garden chair, arms  
on her knees. She studied me with  
clear eyes and downcast smile, her  
face restored to a fine beauty  
tequila and salt had made strange  
before the bullet in her brow.

We talked of the life since then.  
Well, what's Burroughs doing now?

Bill on earth, he's in North Africa.  
Oh, and Kerouac? Jack still jumps  
with the same beat genius as before,  
notebooks filled with Buddha.  
I hope he makes it, she laughed.  
Is Huncke still in the can? No,  
last time I saw him on Times Square.  
And how is Kenney? Married, drunk  
and golden in the East. You? New  
loves in the West—

Then I knew  
she was a dream: and questioned her  
—Joan, what kind of knowledge have  
the dead? can you still love  
your mortal acquaintances?  
What do you remember of us?

She  
faded in front of me— The next instant  
I saw her rain-stained tombstone  
rear an illegible epitaph  
under the gnarled branch of a small  
tree in the wild grass  
of an unvisited garden in Mexico.

### **Blessed be the Muses**

for their descent,  
dancing round my desk,  
crowning my balding head  
with Laurel.

1955

### **Howl**

*For Carl Solomon*

I  
I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving  
hysterical naked,  
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an

angry fix,  
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to  
the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,  
who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in  
the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops  
of cities contemplating jazz,  
who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Mohammedan  
angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,  
who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating  
Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war,  
who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene  
odes on the windows of the skull,  
who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their money  
in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through the wall,  
who got busted in their pubic beards returning through Laredo with a  
belt of marijuana for New York,  
who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in Paradise Alley,  
death, or purgatoried their torsos night after night  
with dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares, alcohol and cock  
and endless balls,  
incomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud and lightning in the  
mind leaping toward poles of Canada & Paterson, illuminating all  
the motionless world of Time between,  
Peyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree cemetery dawns, wine  
drunkenness over the rooftops, storefront boroughs of teahead  
joyride neon blinking traffic light, sun and moon and tree vibrations  
in the roaring winter dusks of Brooklyn, ashcan rantings and kind  
king light of mind,  
who chained themselves to subways for the endless ride from Battery  
to holy Bronx on benzedrine until the noise of wheels and children  
brought them down shuddering mouth-wracked and battered bleak  
of brain all drained of brilliance in the drear light of Zoo,  
who sank all night in submarine light of Bickford's floated out and sat  
through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi's, listening to  
the crack of doom on the hydrogen jukebox,  
who talked continuously seventy hours from park to pad to bar to



Bellevue to museum to the Brooklyn Bridge,  
a lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops  
off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon,  
yacketayakking screaming vomiting whispering facts and memories  
and anecdotes and eyeball kicks and shocks of hospitals and jails  
and wars,  
whole intellects disgorged in total recall for seven days and nights  
with brilliant eyes, meat for the Synagogue cast on the pavement,  
who vanished into nowhere Zen New Jersey leaving a trail of  
ambiguous picture postcards of Atlantic City Hall,  
suffering Eastern sweats and Tangerian bone-grindings and migraines  
of China under junk-withdrawal in Newark's bleak furnished room,  
who wandered around and around at midnight in the railroad yard  
wondering where to go, and went, leaving no broken hearts,  
who lit cigarettes in boxcars boxcars boxcars racketing through snow  
toward lonesome farms in grandfather night,  
who studied Plotinus Poe St. John of the Cross telepathy and bop  
kabbalah because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their feet in  
Kansas,  
who loned it through the streets of Idaho seeking visionary indian  
angels who were visionary indian angels,  
who thought they were only mad when Baltimore gleamed in  
supernatural ecstasy,  
who jumped in limousines with the Chinaman of Oklahoma on the  
impulse of winter midnight streetlight smalltown rain,  
who lounged hungry and lonesome through Houston seeking jazz or  
sex or soup, and followed the brilliant Spaniard to converse about  
America and Eternity, a hopeless task, and so took ship to Africa,  
who disappeared into the volcanoes of Mexico leaving behind nothing  
but the shadow of dungarees and the lava and ash of poetry  
scattered in fireplace Chicago,  
who reappeared on the West Coast investigating the FBI in beards and  
shorts with big pacifist eyes sexy in their dark skin passing out  
incomprehensible leaflets,  
who burned cigarette holes in their arms protesting the narcotic  
tobacco haze of Capitalism,

who distributed Supercommunist pamphlets in Union Square weeping  
and undressing while the sirens of Los Alamos wailed them down,  
and wailed down Wall, and the Staten Island ferry also wailed,  
who broke down crying in white gymnasiums naked and trembling  
before the machinery of other skeletons,  
who bit detectives in the neck and shrieked with delight in policecars  
for committing no crime but their own wild cooking pederasty and  
intoxication,  
who howled on their knees in the subway and were dragged off the  
roof waving genitals and manuscripts,  
who let themselves be fucked in the ass by saintly motorcyclists, and  
screamed with joy,  
who blew and were blown by those human seraphim, the sailors,  
caresses of Atlantic and Caribbean love,  
who balled in the morning in the evenings in rosegardens and the  
grass of public parks and cemeteries scattering their semen freely to  
whomever come who may,  
who hiccuped endlessly trying to giggle but wound up with a sob  
behind a partition in a Turkish Bath when the blond & naked angel  
came to pierce them with a sword,  
who lost their loveboys to the three old shrews of fate the one eyed  
shrew of the heterosexual dollar the one eyed shrew that winks out  
of the womb and the one eyed shrew that does nothing but sit on  
her ass and snip the intellectual golden threads of the craftsman's  
loom,  
who copulated ecstatic and insatiate with a bottle of beer a sweetheart  
a package of cigarettes a candle and fell off the bed, and continued  
along the floor and down the hall and ended fainting on the wall  
with a vision of ultimate cunt and come eluding the last gyzym of  
consciousness,  
who sweetened the snatches of a million girls trembling in the sunset,  
and were red eyed in the morning but prepared to sweeten the  
snatch of the sunrise, flashing buttocks under barns and naked in  
the lake,  
who went out whoring through Colorado in myriad stolen night-cars,  
N.C., secret hero of these poems, cocksman and Adonis of Denver—  
joy to the memory of his innumerable lays of girls in empty lots &

diner backyards, moviehouses' rickety rows, on mountaintops in caves or with gaunt waitresses in familiar roadside lonely petticoat upliftings & especially secret gas-station solipsisms of johns, & hometown alleys too,

who faded out in vast sordid movies, were shifted in dreams, woke on a sudden Manhattan, and picked themselves up out of basements hung-over with heartless Tokay and horrors of Third Avenue iron dreams & stumbled to unemployment offices,

who walked all night with their shoes full of blood on the snowbank docks waiting for a door in the East River to open to a room full of steam-heat and opium,

who created great suicidal dramas on the apartment cliff-banks of the Hudson under the wartime blue floodlight of the moon & their heads shall be crowned with laurel in oblivion,

who ate the lamb stew of the imagination or digested the crab at the muddy bottom of the rivers of Bowery,

who wept at the romance of the streets with their pushcarts full of onions and bad music,

who sat in boxes breathing in the darkness under the bridge, and rose up to build harpsichords in their lofts,

who coughed on the sixth floor of Harlem crowned with flame under the tubercular sky surrounded by orange crates of theology,

who scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish,

who cooked rotten animals lung heart feet tail borsht & tortillas dreaming of the pure vegetable kingdom,

who plunged themselves under meat trucks looking for an egg,

who threw their watches off the roof to cast their ballot for Eternity outside of Time, & alarm clocks fell on their heads every day for the next decade,

who cut their wrists three times successively unsuccessfully, gave up and were forced to open antique stores where they thought they were growing old and cried,

who were burned alive in their innocent flannel suits on Madison Avenue amid blasts of leaden verse & the tanked-up clatter of the iron regiments of fashion & the nitroglycerine shrieks of the fairies

of advertising & the mustard gas of sinister intelligent editors, or  
were run down by the drunken taxicabs of Absolute Reality,  
who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge this actually happened and  
walked away unknown and forgotten into the ghostly daze of  
Chinatown soup alleyways & firetrucks, not even one free beer,  
who sang out of their windows in despair, fell out of the subway  
window, jumped in the filthy Passaic, leaped on negroes, cried all  
over the street, danced on broken wineglasses barefoot smashed  
phonograph records of nostalgic European 1930s German jazz  
finished the whiskey and threw up groaning into the bloody toilet,  
moans in their ears and the blast of colossal steamwhistles,  
who barreled down the highways of the past journeying to each  
other's hotrod-Golgotha jail-solitude watch or Birmingham jazz  
incarnation,  
who drove crosscountry seventytwo hours to find out if I had a vision  
or you had a vision or he had a vision to find out Eternity,  
who journeyed to Denver, who died in Denver, who came back to  
Denver & waited in vain, who watched over Denver & brooded &  
loned in Denver and finally went away to find out the Time, & now  
Denver is lonesome for her heroes,  
who fell on their knees in hopeless cathedrals praying for each other's  
salvation and light and breasts, until the soul illuminated its hair for  
a second,  
who crashed through their minds in jail waiting for impossible  
criminals with golden heads and the charm of reality in their hearts  
who sang sweet blues to Alcatraz,  
who retired to Mexico to cultivate a habit, or Rocky Mount to tender  
Buddha or Tangiers to boys or Southern Pacific to the black  
locomotive or Harvard to Narcissus to Woodlawn to the daisychain  
or grave,  
who demanded sanity trials accusing the radio of hypnotism & were  
left with their insanity & their hands & a hung jury,  
who threw potato salad at CCNY lecturers on Dadaism and  
subsequently presented themselves on the granite steps of the  
madhouse with shaven heads and harlequin speech of suicide,  
demanding instantaneous lobotomy,  
and who were given instead the concrete void of insulin Metrazol

electricity hydrotherapy psychotherapy occupational therapy  
pingpong & amnesia,  
who in humorless protest overturned only one symbolic pingpong  
table, resting briefly in catatonia,  
returning years later truly bald except for a wig of blood, and tears  
and fingers, to the visible madman doom of the wards of the  
madtowns of the East,  
Pilgrim State's Rockland's and Greystone's foetid halls, bickering with  
the echoes of the soul, rocking and rolling in the midnight solitude-  
bench dolmen-realms of love, dream of life a nightmare, bodies  
turned to stone as heavy as the moon,  
with mother finally \*\*\*\*\*, and the last fantastic book flung out of the  
tenement window, and the last door closed at 4 A.M. and the last  
telephone slammed at the wall in reply and the last furnished room  
emptied down to the last piece of mental furniture, a yellow paper  
rose twisted on a wire hanger in the closet, and even that  
imaginary, nothing but a hopeful little bit of hallucination—  
ah, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in  
the total animal soup of time—  
and who therefore ran through the icy streets obsessed with a sudden  
flash of the alchemy of the use of the ellipse the catalog the meter &  
the vibrating plane,  
who dreamt and made incarnate gaps in Time & Space through  
images juxtaposed, and trapped the archangel of the soul between 2  
visual images and joined the elemental verbs and set the noun and  
dash of consciousness together jumping with sensation of Pater  
Omnipotens Aeterna Deus  
to recreate the syntax and measure of poor human prose and stand  
before you speechless and intelligent and shaking with shame,  
rejected yet confessing out the soul to conform to the rhythm of  
thought in his naked and endless head,  
the madman bum and angel beat in Time, unknown, yet putting down  
here what might be left to say in time come after death,  
and rose reincarnate in the ghostly clothes of jazz in the goldhorn  
shadow of the band and blew the suffering of America's naked mind  
for love into an eli eli lamma lamma sabacthani saxophone cry that  
shivered the cities down to the last radio

with the absolute heart of the poem of life butchered out of their own  
bodies good to eat a thousand years.

## II

What sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed open their skulls and  
ate up their brains and imagination?

Moloch! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans and unobtainable dollars!  
Children screaming under the stairways! Boys sobbing in armies!  
Old men weeping in the parks!

Moloch! Moloch! Nightmare of Moloch! Moloch the loveless! Mental  
Moloch! Moloch the heavy judge of men!

Moloch the incomprehensible prison! Moloch the crossbone soulless  
jail-house and Congress of sorrows! Moloch whose buildings are  
judgment! Moloch the vast stone of war! Moloch the stunned  
governments!

Moloch whose mind is pure machinery! Moloch whose blood is  
running money! Moloch whose fingers are ten armies! Moloch  
whose breast is a cannibal dynamo! Moloch whose ear is a smoking  
tomb!

Moloch whose eyes are a thousand blind windows! Moloch whose  
skyscrapers stand in the long streets like endless Jehovahs! Moloch  
whose factories dream and croak in the fog! Moloch whose  
smokestacks and antennae crown the cities!

Moloch whose love is endless oil and stone! Moloch whose soul is  
electricity and banks! Moloch whose poverty is the specter of  
genius! Moloch whose fate is a cloud of sexless hydrogen! Moloch  
whose name is the Mind!

Moloch in whom I sit lonely! Moloch in whom I dream Angels! Crazy  
in Moloch! Cocksucker in Moloch! Lacklove and manless in Moloch!

Moloch who entered my soul early! Moloch in whom I am a  
consciousness without a body! Moloch who frightened me out of my  
natural ecstasy! Moloch whom I abandon! Wake up in Moloch!  
Light streaming out of the sky!

Moloch! Moloch! Robot apartments! invisible suburbs! skeleton  
treasuries! blind capitals! demonic industries! spectral nations!  
invincible mad houses! granite cocks! monstrous bombs!

They broke their backs lifting Moloch to Heaven! Pavements, trees,  
radios, tons! lifting the city to Heaven which exists and is  
everywhere about us!

Visions! omens! hallucinations! miracles! ecstasies! gone down the  
American river!

Dreams! adorations! illuminations! religions! the whole boatload of  
sensitive bullshit!

Breakthroughs! over the river! flips and crucifixions! gone down the  
flood! Highs! Epiphanies! Despairs! Ten years' animal screams and  
suicides! Minds! New loves! Mad generation! down on the rocks of  
Time!

Real holy laughter in the river! They saw it all! the wild eyes! the holy  
yells! They bade farewell! They jumped off the roof! to solitude!  
waving! carrying flowers! Down to the river! into the street!

### III

Carl Solomon! I'm with you in Rockland  
where you're madder than I am

I'm with you in Rockland  
where you must feel very strange

I'm with you in Rockland  
where you imitate the shade of my mother

I'm with you in Rockland  
where you've murdered your twelve secretaries

I'm with you in Rockland  
where you laugh at this invisible humor

I'm with you in Rockland  
where we are great writers on the same dreadful typewriter

I'm with you in Rockland  
where your condition has become serious and is reported on the  
radio

I'm with you in Rockland  
where the faculties of the skull no longer admit the worms of the  
senses

I'm with you in Rockland  
where you drink the tea of the breasts of the spinsters of Utica

I'm with you in Rockland  
where you pun on the bodies of your nurses the harpies of the

Bronx  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where you scream in a straightjacket that you're losing the game of  
the actual pingpong of the abyss  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where you bang on the catatonic piano the soul is innocent and  
immortal it should never die ungodly in an armed madhouse  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where fifty more shocks will never return your soul to its body  
again from its pilgrimage to a cross in the void  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where you accuse your doctors of insanity and plot the Hebrew  
socialist revolution against the fascist national Golgotha  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where you will split the heavens of Long Island and resurrect your  
living human Jesus from the superhuman tomb  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where there are twentyfive thousand mad comrades all together  
singing the final stanzas of the Internationale  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where we hug and kiss the United States under our bedsheets the  
United States that coughs all night and won't let us sleep  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where we wake up electrified out of the coma by our own souls'  
airplanes roaring over the roof they've come to drop angelic bombs  
the hospital illuminates itself imaginary walls collapse O skinny  
legions run outside O starry-spangled shock of mercy the eternal  
war is here O victory forget your underwear we're free  
I'm with you in Rockland  
in my dreams you walk dripping from a sea-journey on the highway  
across America in tears to the door of my cottage in the Western  
night

*San Francisco, 1955–1956*

### **Footnote to Howl**

Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!  
Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!  
The world is holy! The soul is holy! The skin is holy! The nose is holy!



The tongue and cock and hand and asshole holy!  
Everything is holy! everybody's holy! everywhere is holy! everyday is  
in eternity! Everyman's an angel!  
The bum's as holy as the seraphim! the madman is holy as you my  
soul are holy!  
The typewriter is holy the poem is holy the voice is holy the hearers  
are holy the ecstasy is holy!  
Holy Peter holy Allen holy Solomon holy Lucien holy Kerouac holy  
Huncke holy Burroughs holy Cassady holy the unknown buggered  
and suffering beggars holy the hideous human angels!  
Holy my mother in the insane asylum! Holy the cocks of the  
grandfathers of Kansas!  
Holy the groaning saxophone! Holy the bop apocalypse! Holy the  
jazzbands marijuana hipsters peace peyote pipes & drums!  
Holy the solitudes of skyscrapers and pavements! Holy the cafeterias  
filled with the millions! Holy the mysterious rivers of tears under  
the streets!  
Holy the lone juggernaut! Holy the vast lamb of the middleclass! Holy  
the crazy shepherds of rebellion! Who digs Los Angeles IS Los  
Angeles!  
Holy New York Holy San Francisco Holy Peoria & Seattle Holy Paris  
Holy Tangiers Holy Moscow Holy Istanbul!  
Holy time in eternity holy eternity in time holy the clocks in space  
holy the fourth dimension holy the fifth International holy the  
Angel in Moloch!  
Holy the sea holy the desert holy the railroad holy the locomotive  
holy the visions holy the hallucinations holy the miracles holy the  
eyeball holy the abyss!  
Holy forgiveness! mercy! charity! faith! Holy! Ours! bodies! suffering!  
magnanimity!  
Holy the supernatural extra brilliant intelligent kindness of the soul!

*Berkeley, 1955*

### **A Strange New Cottage in Berkeley**

All afternoon cutting bramble blackberries off a tottering brown

fence

under a low branch with its rotten old apricots miscellaneous under  
the leaves,

fixing the drip in the intricate gut machinery of a new toilet;

found a good coffeepot in the vines by the porch, rolled a big tire  
out of the scarlet bushes, hid my marijuana;

wet the flowers, playing the sunlit water each to each, returning for  
godly extra drops for the stringbeans and daisies;

three times walked round the grass and sighed absently:

my reward, when the garden fed me its plums from the form of a  
small tree in the corner,

an angel thoughtful of my stomach, and my dry and lovelorn  
tongue.

1955



Block print by Robert LaVigne

## **A Supermarket in California**

What thoughts I have of you tonight, Walt Whitman, for I walked  
down the sidestreets under the trees with a headache self-conscious  
looking at the full moon.

In my hungry fatigue, and shopping for images, I went into the neon fruit supermarket, dreaming of your enumerations!

What peaches and what penumbras! Whole families shopping at night! Aisles full of husbands! Wives in the avocados, babies in the tomatoes! —and you, García Lorca, what were you doing down by the watermelons?

I saw you, Walt Whitman, childless, lonely old grubber, poking among the meats in the refrigerator and eyeing the grocery boys.

I heard you asking questions of each: Who killed the pork chops? What price bananas? Are you my Angel?

I wandered in and out of the brilliant stacks of cans following you, and followed in my imagination by the store detective.

We strode down the open corridors together in our solitary fancy tasting artichokes, possessing every frozen delicacy, and never passing the cashier.

Where are we going, Walt Whitman? The doors close in an hour. Which way does your beard point tonight?

(I touch your book and dream of our odyssey in the supermarket and feel absurd.)

Will we walk all night through solitary streets? The trees add shade to shade, lights out in the houses, we'll both be lonely.

Will we stroll dreaming of the lost America of love past blue automobiles in driveways, home to our silent cottage?

Ah, dear father, graybeard, lonely old courage-teacher, what America did you have when Charon quit poling his ferry and you got out on a smoking bank and stood watching the boat disappear on the black waters of Lethe?

*Berkeley, 1955*

## **Four Haiku**

Looking over my shoulder  
my behind was covered  
with cherry blossoms.

Lying on my side  
in the void:  
the breath in my nose.

I didn't know the names  
of the flowers—now  
my garden is gone.

On the porch  
in my shorts—  
auto lights in the rain.

*Berkeley, Fall 1955*

### **Sunflower Sutra**

I walked on the banks of the tincan banana dock and sat down under  
the huge shade of a Southern Pacific locomotive to look at the  
sunset over the box house hills and cry.

Jack Kerouac sat beside me on a busted rusty iron pole, companion,  
we thought the same thoughts of the soul, bleak and blue and sad-  
eyed, surrounded by the gnarled steel roots of trees of machinery.

The oily water on the river mirrored the red sky, sun sank on top of  
final Frisco peaks, no fish in that stream, no hermit in those mounts,  
just ourselves rheumy-eyed and hung-over like old bums on the  
river-bank, tired and wily.

Look at the Sunflower, he said, there was a dead gray shadow against  
the sky, big as a man, sitting dry on top of a pile of ancient sawdust  
—

—I rushed up enchanted—it was my first sunflower, memories of  
Blake—my visions—Harlem

and Hells of the Eastern rivers, bridges clanking Joes Greasy  
Sandwiches, dead baby carriages, black treadless tires forgotten and  
unretreaded, the poem of the riverbank, condoms & pots, steel  
knives, nothing stainless, only the dank muck and the razor-sharp  
artifacts passing into the past—

and the gray Sunflower poised against the sunset, crackly bleak and  
dusty with the smut and smog and smoke of olden locomotives in

its eye—

corolla of bleary spikes pushed down and broken like a battered crown, seeds fallen out of its face, soon-to-be-toothless mouth of sunny air, sunrays obliterated on its hairy head like a dried wire spiderweb,

leaves stuck out like arms out of the stem, gestures from the sawdust root, broke pieces of plaster fallen out of the black twigs, a dead fly in its ear,

Unholy battered old thing you were, my sunflower O my soul, I loved you then!

The grime was no man's grime but death and human locomotives, all that dress of dust, that veil of darkened railroad skin, that smog of cheek, that eyelid of black mis'ry, that sooty hand or phallus or protuberance of artificial worse-than-dirt—industrial—modern—all that civilization spotting your crazy golden crown—

and those blear thoughts of death and dusty loveless eyes and ends and withered roots below, in the home-pile of sand and sawdust, rubber dollar bills, skin of machinery, the guts and innards of the weeping coughing car, the empty lonely tincans with their rusty tongues a-lack, what more could I name, the smoked ashes of some cock cigar, the cunts of wheelbarrows and the milky breasts of cars, wornout asses out of chairs & sphincters of dynamos—all these

entangled in your mummied roots—and you there standing before me in the sunset, all your glory in your form!

A perfect beauty of a sunflower! a perfect excellent lovely sunflower existence! a sweet natural eye to the new hip moon, woke up alive and excited grasping in the sunset shadow sunrise golden monthly breeze!

How many flies buzzed round you innocent of your grime, while you cursed the heavens of the railroad and your flower soul?

Poor dead flower? when did you forget you were a flower? when did you look at your skin and decide you were an impotent dirty old locomotive? the ghost of a locomotive? the specter and shade of a once powerful mad American locomotive?

You were never no locomotive, Sunflower, you were a sunflower!

And you Locomotive, you are a locomotive, forget me not!

So I grabbed up the skeleton thick sunflower and stuck it at my side  
like a scepter,  
and deliver my sermon to my soul, and Jack's soul too, and anyone  
who'll listen,  
—We're not our skin of grime, we're not our dread bleak dusty  
imageless locomotive, we're all golden sunflowers inside, blessed by  
our own seed & hairy naked accomplishment-bodies growing into  
mad black formal sunflowers in the sunset, spied on by our eyes  
under the shadow of the mad locomotive riverbank sunset Frisco  
hilly tincan evening sitdown vision.

*Berkeley, 1955*

### **Transcription of Organ Music**

The flower in the glass peanut bottle formerly in the kitchen crooked  
to take a place in the light,  
the closet door opened, because I used it before, it kindly stayed open  
waiting for me, its owner.

I began to feel my misery in pallet on floor, listening to music, my  
misery, that's why I want to sing.

The room closed down on me, I expected the presence of the Creator,  
I saw my gray painted walls and ceiling, they contained my room,  
they contained me  
as the sky contained my garden,  
I opened my door

The rambler vine climbed up the cottage post, the leaves in the  
night still where the day had placed them, the animal heads of the  
flowers where they had arisen  
to think at the sun

Can I bring back the words? Will thought of transcription haze my  
mental open eye?

The kindly search for growth, the gracious desire to exist of the flowers, my near ecstasy at existing among them

The privilege to witness my existence—you too must seek the sun  
...

My books piled up before me for my use

waiting in space where I placed them, they haven't disappeared, time's left its remnants and qualities for me to use—my words piled up, my texts, my manuscripts, my loves.

I had a moment of clarity, saw the feeling in the heart of things, walked out to the garden crying.

Saw the red blossoms in the night light, sun's gone, they had all grown, in a moment, and were waiting stopped in time for the day sun to come and give them ...

Flowers which as in a dream at sunset I watered faithfully not knowing how much I loved them.

I am so lonely in my glory—except they too out there—I looked up—those red bush blossoms beckoning and peering in the window waiting in blind love, their leaves too have hope and are upturned top flat to the sky to receive—all creation open to receive—the flat earth itself.

The music descends, as does the tall bending stalk of the heavy blossom, because it has to, to stay alive, to continue to the last drop of joy.

The world knows the love that's in its breast as in the flower, the suffering lonely world.

The Father is merciful.

The light socket is crudely attached to the ceiling, after the house was built, to receive a plug which sticks in it alright, and serves my phonograph now...

The closet door is open for me, where I left it, since I left it open, it has graciously stayed open.

The kitchen has no door, the hole there will admit me should I wish to enter the kitchen.

I remember when I first got laid, H.P. graciously took my cherry, I sat on the docks of Provincetown, age 23, joyful, elevated in hope with the Father, the door to the womb was open to admit me if I wished to enter.

There are unused electricity plugs all over my house if I ever need them.

The kitchen window is open, to admit air ...

The telephone—sad to relate—sits on the floor—I haven't the money to get it connected—

I want people to bow as they see me and say he is gifted with poetry, he has seen the presence of the Creator.

And the Creator gave me a shot of his presence to gratify my wish, so as not to cheat me of my yearning for him.

*Berkeley, September 8, 1955*

### **Sather Gate Illumination**

Why do I deny manna to another?

Because I deny it to myself.

Why have I denied myself?

What other has rejected me?

Now I believe you are lovely, my soul, soul of Allen, Allen—

and you so beloved, so sweetened, so recalled to your true loveliness,

your original nude breathing Allen

will you ever deny another again?

Dear Walter, thanks for the message

I forbid you not to touch me, man to man, True [American](#).

The bombers jet through the sky in unison of twelve,  
the pilots are sweating and nervous at the controls in the hot cabins.  
Over what souls will they loose their loveless bombs?



The Campanile pokes its white granite (?) innocent head into the clouds for me to look at.

A cripple lady explains French grammar with a loud sweet voice:  
Regarder is to look—  
the whole French language looks on the trees on the campus.

The girls' haunted voices make quiet dates for 2 o'clock—yet one of them waves farewell and smiles at last—her red skirt swinging shows how she loves herself.

Another encased in flashy Scotch clothes clomps up the concrete in a hurry—into the door—poor dear!—who will receive you in love's offices?

How many beautiful boys have I seen on this spot?

The trees seem on the verge of moving—ah! they do move in the breeze.

Roar again of airplanes in the sky—everyone looks up.

And do you know that all these rubbings of the eyes & painful gestures to the brow

of suited scholars entering Dwinelle (Hall) are Holy Signs?—anxiety and fear?

How many years have I got to float on this sweetened scene of trees & humans clomping above ground—

O I must be mad to sit here lonely in the void & glee & build up thoughts of love!

But what do I have to doubt but my own shiny eyes, what to lose but life which is a vision today this afternoon.

My stomach is light, I relax, new sentences spring forth out of the scene to describe spontaneous forms of Time—trees, sleeping dogs,

airplanes wandering thru the air, negroes with their lunch books of anxiety, apples and sandwiches, lunchtime, icecream, Timeless—

And even the ugliest will seek beauty—‘What are you doing Friday night?’

asks the sailor in white school training cap & gilt buttons & blue coat, and the little ape in a green jacket and baggy pants and overloaded school-book satchel says ‘Quartets.’

Every Friday nite, beautiful quartets to celebrate and please my soul with all its hair—Music!

and then strides off, snapping pieces chocolate off a bar wrapped in Hershey brown paper and tinfoil, eating chocolate rose.

& how can those other boys be them happy selves in their brown army study uniforms?

Now cripple girl swings down walk with loping fuck gestures of her hips askew—

let her roll her eyes in abandon & camp angelic through the campus bouncing her body about in joy—

someone will dig that pelvic energy for sure.

Those white stripes down your chocolate cupcake, Lady (held in front of your nose finishing sentence preparatory to chomp),

they were painted there to delight you by some spanish industrial artistic hand in bakery factory faraway,

expert hand in simple-minded messages of white stripes on millions of message cupcakes.

I have a message for you all—I will denote one particularity of each!

And there goes Professor Hart striding enlightened by the years through the doorway and arcade he built (in his mind) and knows—he too saw the ruins of Yucatán once—

followed by a lonely janitor in dovegray italian fruitpeddler Chico  
Marx hat pushing his rolypoly belly thru the trees.

N sees all girls  
as visions of  
their inner cunts,  
yes, it's true!  
and all men walking  
along thinking  
of their spirit cocks.

So look at that poor dread boy  
with two-day black hair  
all over his dirty face,  
how he must hate his cock  
—Chinamen stop shuddering

and now to bring this to an end with a rise and an ellipse—

The boys are now all talking to the girls 'If I was a girl I'd love all  
boys' & girls giggling the opposite, all pretty everywhichway  
and even I have my secret beds and lovers under another moonlight,  
be you sure

& any minute I expect to see a baby carriage pushed on to the scene  
and everyone turn in attention like the airplanes and laughter, like a  
Greek Campus  
and the big brown shaggy silent dog lazing openeyed in the shade  
lift up his head & sniff & lower his head on his golden paws & let his  
belly rumble away unconcerned.

... the lion's ruddy eyes  
Shall flow with tears of gold.

Now the silence is broken, students pour onto the square, the doors  
are crowded, the dog gets up and walks away,  
the cripple swings out of Dwinelle, a nun even, I wonder about her, an  
old lady distinguished by a cane,  
we all look up, silence moves, huge changes upon the ground, and in  
the air thoughts fly all over, filling space.  
My grief at Peter's not loving me was grief at not loving myself.  
Huge Karmas of broken minds in beautiful bodies unable to receive  
love because not knowing the self as lovely—  
Fathers and Teachers!

Seeing in people the visible evidence of inner self thought by their  
treatment of me: who loves himself loves me who love myself.

*Berkeley, September 1955*

## **America**

America I've given you all and now I'm nothing.  
America two dollars and twentyseven cents January 17, 1956.  
I can't stand my own mind.  
America when will we end the human war?  
Go fuck yourself with your atom bomb.  
I don't feel good don't bother me.  
I won't write my poem till I'm in my right mind.  
America when will you be angelic?  
When will you take off your clothes?  
When will you look at yourself through the grave?  
When will you be worthy of your million Trotskyites?  
America why are your libraries full of tears?  
America when will you send your eggs to India?  
I'm sick of your insane demands.  
When can I go into the supermarket and buy what I need with my  
good looks?  
America after all it is you and I who are perfect not the next world.

Your machinery is too much for me.  
You made me want to be a saint.  
There must be some other way to settle this argument.  
Burroughs is in Tangiers I don't think he'll come back it's sinister.  
Are you being sinister or is this some form of practical joke?  
I'm trying to come to the point.  
I refuse to give up my obsession.  
America stop pushing I know what I'm doing.  
America the plum blossoms are falling.  
I haven't read the newspapers for months, everyday somebody goes  
on trial for murder.  
America I feel sentimental about the Wobblies.  
America I used to be a communist when I was a kid I'm not sorry.  
I smoke marijuana every chance I get.  
I sit in my house for days on end and stare at the roses in the closet.  
When I go to Chinatown I get drunk and never get laid.  
My mind is made up there's going to be trouble.  
You should have seen me reading Marx.  
My psychoanalyst thinks I'm perfectly right.  
I won't say the Lord's Prayer.  
I have mystical visions and cosmic vibrations.  
America I still haven't told you what you did to Uncle Max after he  
came over from Russia.  
I'm addressing you.  
Are you going to let your emotional life be run by Time Magazine?  
I'm obsessed by Time Magazine.  
I read it every week.  
Its cover stares at me every time I slink past the corner candystore.  
I read it in the basement of the Berkeley Public Library.  
It's always telling me about responsibility. Businessmen are serious.  
Movie producers are serious. Everybody's serious but me.  
It occurs to me that I am America.

I am talking to myself again.

Asia is rising against me.

I haven't got a chinaman's chance.

I'd better consider my national resources.

My national resources consist of two joints of marijuana millions of genitals an unpublishable private literature that jetplanes 1400 miles an hour and twentyfive-thousand mental institutions.

I say nothing about my prisons nor the millions of underprivileged who live in my flowerpots under the light of five hundred suns.

I have abolished the whorehouses of France, Tangiers is the next to go.

My ambition is to be President despite the fact that I'm a Catholic.

America how can I write a holy litany in your silly mood?

I will continue like Henry Ford my strophes are as individual as his automobiles more so they're all different sexes.

America I will sell you strophes \$2500 apiece \$500 down on your old strophe

America free Tom Mooney

America save the Spanish Loyalists

America Sacco & Vanzetti must not die

America I am the Scottsboro boys.

America when I was seven momma took me to Communist Cell meetings they sold us garbanzos a handful per ticket a ticket costs a nickel and the speeches were free everybody was angelic and sentimental about the workers it was all so sincere you have no idea what a good thing the party was in 1835 Scott Nearing was a grand old man a real mensch Mother Bloor the Silk-strikers' Ewig-Weibliche made me cry I once saw the Yiddish orator Israel Amter plain. Everybody must have been a spy.

America you don't really want to go to war.

America it's them bad Russians.

Them Russians them Russians and them Chinamen. And them Russians.

The Russia wants to eat us alive. The Russia's power mad. She wants to take our cars from out our garages.

Her wants to grab Chicago. Her needs a *Red Reader's Digest*. Her wants our auto plants in Siberia. Him big bureaucracy running our fillingstations.

That no good. Ugh. Him make Indians learn read. Him need big black niggers. Hah. Her make us all work sixteen hours a day. Help.

America this is quite serious.

America this is the impression I get from looking in the television set.

America is this correct?

I'd better get right down to the job.

It's true I don't want to join the Army or turn lathes in precision parts factories, I'm nearsighted and psychopathic anyway.

America I'm putting my queer shoulder to the wheel.

*Berkeley, January 17, 1956*

### **Fragment 1956**

Now to the come of the poem, let me be worthy  
& sing holily the natural pathos of the human soul,  
naked original skin beneath our dreams  
& robes of thought, the perfect self identity  
radiant with lusts and intellectual faces  
Who carries the lines, the painful browed  
contortions of the upper eyes, the whole body  
breathing and sentient among flowers and buildings  
open-eyed, self knowing, trembling with love—  
Soul that I have, that Jack has, Huncke has  
Bill has, Joan had, and has in me memory yet,  
bum has in rags, madman underneath black clothes.  
Soul identical each to each, as standing on  
the streetcorner ten years ago I looked at Jack  
and told him we were the same person—look  
in my eyes and speak to yourself, that makes me  
everybody's lover, Hal mine against his will,  
I had his soul in my own body already, while  
he frowned—by the streetlamp 8th Avenue & 27th  
Street 1947—I had just come back from Africa

with a gleam of the illumination actually  
to come to me in time as come to all—Jack  
the worst murderer, Allen the most cowardly  
with a streak of yellow love running through  
my poems, a fag in the city, Joe Army screaming  
in anguish in Dannemora 1945 jailhouse,  
breaking his own white knuckle against the bars  
his dumb sad cellmate beaten by the guards  
an iron floor below, Gregory weeping in Tombs,  
Joan eyes narrow-lidded under benzedrine  
harkening to the paranoia in the wall,  
Huncke from Chicago dreaming in Arcades  
of hellish Pokerino blue skinned Times Square light,  
Bill King yelling pale faced in the subway window  
final minute gape-death struggling to return,  
Morphy himself, archsuicide, expiring in blood  
on the Passaic, tragic & bewildered in  
last tears, attaining death that moment  
human, intellectual, bearded, who else  
was he then but himself?

*Berkeley, 1956*

### **Afternoon Seattle**

Busride along waterfront down Yessler under street bridge to the  
old red Wobbly Hall—

One Big Union, posters of the Great Mandala of Labor, bleareyed  
dusty cardplayers dreaming behind the counter ... ‘but these young  
fellers can’t see ahead and we nothing to offer’—

After Snyder his little red beard and bristling Buddha mind I  
weeping crossed Skid Road to 10¢ beer.

Labyrinth wood stairways and Greek movies under Farmers Market  
secondhand city, Indian smoked salmon old overcoats and dry red  
shoes,

Green Parrot Theater, *Maytime*, and down to the harborside the  
ships, walked on Alaska silent together—ferryboat coming faraway in  
mist from Bremerton Island dreamlike small on the waters of Holland  
to me



—and entered my head the seagull, a shriek, sentinels standing over rusty harbor iron dockwork, rocks dripping under rotten wharves slime on the walls—

the seagull's small cry—inhuman not of the city, lone sentinels of God, animal birds among us indifferent, their bleak lone cries representing our souls.

A rowboat docked and chained floating in the tide by a wharf. Basho's frog. Someone left it there, it drifts.

Sailor's curio shop hung with shells and skulls a whalebone mask, Indian seas. The cities rot from oldest parts. Little red mummy from Idaho Frank H. Little your big hat high cheekbones crosseyes and song.

The cities rot from the center, the suburbs fall apart a slow apocalypse of rot the spectral trolleys fade

the cities rot the fire escapes hang and rust the brick turns black dust falls uncollected garbage heaps the wall

the birds invade with their cries the skid row alley creeps downtown the ancient jailhouse groans bums snore under the pavement a dark Turkish bath the cornice gapes at midnight

Seattle!—department stores full of fur coats and camping equipment, mad noontime businessmen in gabardine coats talking on streetcorners to keep up the structure, I float past, birds cry,

Salvation Army offers soup on rotting block, six thousand beggars groan at a meal of hopeful beans.

*February 2, 1956*

## **Tears**

I'm crying all the time now.

I cried all over the street when I left the Seattle Wobbly Hall.

I cried listening to Bach.

I cried looking at the happy flowers in my backyard, I cried at the sadness of the middle-aged trees.

Happiness exists I feel it.

I cried for my soul, I cried for the world's soul.

The world has a beautiful soul.

God appearing to be seen and cried over. Overflowing heart of  
Paterson.

*Seattle, February 2, 1956*

## **Scribble**

Rexroth's face reflecting human  
tired bliss

White haired, wing browed  
gas mustache,

flowers jet out of  
his sad head,

listening to Edith Piaf street song

as she walks the universe

with all life gone

and cities disappeared

only the God of Love

left smiling.

*Berkeley, March 1956*

## **In the Baggage Room at Greyhound**

I

In the depths of the Greyhound Terminal

sitting dumbly on a baggage truck looking at the sky waiting for the  
Los Angeles Express to depart

worrying about eternity over the Post Office roof in the night-time red  
downtown heaven,

staring through my eyeglasses I realized shuddering these thoughts  
were not eternity, nor the poverty of our lives, irritable baggage  
clerks,

nor the millions of weeping relatives surrounding the buses waving  
goodbye,

nor other millions of the poor rushing around from city to city to see  
their loved ones,

nor an indian dead with fright talking to a huge cop by the Coke  
machine,

nor this trembling old lady with a cane taking the last trip of her life,  
nor the red-capped cynical porter collecting his quarters and smiling  
over the smashed baggage,  
nor me looking around at the horrible dream,  
nor mustached negro Operating Clerk named Spade, dealing out with  
his marvelous long hand the fate of thousands of express packages,  
nor fairy Sam in the basement limping from leaden trunk to trunk,  
nor Joe at the counter with his nervous breakdown smiling cowardly  
at the customers,  
nor the grayish-green whale's stomach interior loft where we keep the  
baggage in hideous racks,  
hundreds of suitcases full of tragedy rocking back and forth waiting to  
be opened,  
nor the baggage that's lost, nor damaged handles, nameplates  
vanished, busted wires & broken ropes, whole trunks exploding on  
the concrete floor,  
nor seabags emptied into the night in the final warehouse.

## II

Yet Spade reminded me of Angel, unloading a bus,  
dressed in blue overalls black face official Angel's workman cap,  
pushing with his belly a huge tin horse piled high with black baggage,  
looking up as he passed the yellow light bulb of the loft  
and holding high on his arm an iron shepherd's crook.

## III

It was the racks, I realized, sitting myself on top of them now as is my  
wont at lunchtime to rest my tired foot,  
it was the racks, great wooden shelves and stanchions posts and  
beams assembled floor to roof jumbled with baggage,  
—the Japanese white metal postwar trunk gaudily flowered & headed  
for Fort Bragg,  
one Mexican green paper package in purple rope adorned with names  
for Nogales,  
hundreds of radiators all at once for Eureka,

crates of Hawaiian underwear,  
rolls of posters scattered over the Peninsula, nuts to Sacramento,  
one human eye for Napa,  
an aluminum box of human blood for Stockton  
and a little red package of teeth for Calistoga—  
it was the racks and these on the racks I saw naked in electric light  
the night before I quit,  
the racks were created to hang our possessions, to keep us together, a  
temporary shift in space,  
God's only way of building the rickety structure of Time, to hold the  
bags to send on the roads, to carry our luggage from place to place  
looking for a bus to ride us back home to Eternity where the heart  
was left and farewell tears began.

#### IV

A swarm of baggage sitting by the counter as the transcontinental bus  
pulls in.  
The clock registering 12:15 A.M., May 9, 1956, the second hand  
moving forward, red.  
Getting ready to load my last bus.—Farewell, Walnut Creek Richmond  
Vallejo Portland Pacific Highway  
Fleet-footed Quicksilver, god of transience.  
One last package sits lone at midnight sticking up out of the Coast  
rack high as the dusty fluorescent light.  
The wage they pay us is too low to live on. Tragedy reduced to  
numbers.  
This for the poor shepherds. I am a communist.  
Farewell ye Greyhound where I suffered so much, hurt my knee and  
scraped my hand and built my pectoral muscles big as vagina.

*May 9, 1956*

#### **Psalm III**

To God: to illuminate all men. Beginning with Skid Road.  
Let Occidental and Washington be transformed into a higher place,

the plaza of eternity.

Illuminate the welders in shipyards with the brilliance of their torches.

Let the crane operator lift up his arm for joy.

Let elevators creak and speak, ascending and descending in awe.

Let the mercy of the flower's direction beckon in the eye.

Let the straight flower bespeak its purpose in straightness—to seek the light.

Let the crooked flower bespeak its purpose in crookedness—to seek the light.

Let the crookedness and straightness bespeak the light.

Let Puget Sound be a blast of light.

I feed on your Name like a cockroach on a crumb—this cockroach is holy.

*Seattle, June, 1956*

## Many Loves

*“Resolved to sing no songs henceforth but those of manly attachment”*

*—Walt Whitman*

Neal Cassady was my animal: he brought me to my knees  
and taught me the love of his cock and the secrets of his mind  
And we met and conversed, went walking in the evening by the park  
Up to Harlem, recollecting Denver, and Dan Budd, a hero  
And we made shift to sack out in Harlem, after a long evening,  
Jack and host in a large double bed, I volunteered for the cot, and  
Neal  
Volunteered for the cot with me, we stripped and lay down.  
I wore my underwear, my shorts, and he his briefs—  
lights out on the narrow bed I turned to my side, with my back to his  
Irish boy's torso,  
and huddled and balanced on the edge, and kept distance—  
and hung my head over and kept my arm over the side, withdrawn  
And he seeing my fear stretched out his arm, and put it around my

breast

Saying “Draw near me” and gathered me in upon him:

I lay there trembling, and felt his great arm like a king’s

And his breasts, his heart slow thudding against my back,

and his middle torso, narrow and made of iron, soft at my back,

his fiery firm belly warming me while I trembled—

His belly of fists and starvation, his belly a thousand girls kissed in  
Colorado

his belly of rocks thrown over Denver roofs, prowess of jumping and  
fists, his stomach of solitudes,

His belly of burning iron and jails affectionate to my side:

I began to tremble, he pulled me in closer with his arm, and hugged  
me long and close

my soul melted, secrecy departed, I became

Thenceforth open to his nature as a flower in the shining sun.

And below his belly, in white underwear, tight between my buttocks,

His own loins against me soft, nestling in comradeship, put forth &  
pressed into me, open to my awareness,

slowly began to grow, signal me further and deeper affection, sexual  
tenderness.

So gentle the man, so sweet the moment, so kind the thighs that  
nuzzled against me smooth-skinned powerful, warm by my legs

That my body shudders and trembles with happiness, remembering—

His hand opened up on my belly, his palms and fingers flat against my  
skin

I fell to him, and turned, shifting, put my face on his arm resting,

my chest against his, he helped me to turn, and held me closer

his arm at my back beneath my head, and arm at my buttocks tender  
holding me in,

our bellies together nestling, loins touched together, pressing and  
knowledgeable each other’s hardness, and mine stuck out of my  
underwear.

Then I pressed in closer and drew my leg up between his, and he lay  
half on me with his thighs and bedded me down close, caressing

and moved together pressing his cock to my thigh and mine to his slowly, and slowly began a love match that continues in my imagination to this day a full decade.

Thus I met Neal & thus we felt each other's flesh and owned each other bodies and souls.

So then as I lay on his breast with my arms clasped around his neck and his cheek against mine,

I put my hand down to feel his great back for the first time, jaws and pectorals of steel at my fingers,

closer and stiller, down the silken iron back to his waist, the whole of his torso now open

my hand at his waist trembling, waited delaying and under the elastic of his briefs,

I first touched the smooth mount of his rock buttocks, silken in power, rounded in animal fucking and bodily nights over nurses and schoolgirls,

O ass of long solitudes in stolen cars, and solitudes on curbs, musing fist in cheek,

Ass of a thousand farewells, ass of youth, youth's lovers,

Ass of a thousand lonely craps in gas stations ass of great painful secrecies of the years

O ass of mystery and night! ass of gymnasiums and muscular pants

ass of high schools and masturbation ass of lone delight, ass of mankind, so beautiful and hollow, dowry of Mind and Angels,

Ass of hero, Neal Cassady, I had at my hand: my fingers traced the curve to the bottom of his thighs.

I raised my thighs and stripped down my shorts to my knees, and bent to push them off

and he raised me up from his chest, and pulled down his pants the same,

humble and meek and obedient to his mood our silence,

and naked at long last with angel & greek & athlete & hero and brother and boy of my dreams

I lay with my hair intermixed with his, he asking me "What shall we do now?"

—And confessed, years later, he thinking I was not a queer at first to  
please me & serve me, to blow me and make me come, maybe or if I  
were queer, that's what I'd likely want of a dumb bastard like him.  
But I made my first mistake, and made him then and there my master,  
and bowed my head, and holding his buttock  
Took up his hard-on and held it, feeling it throb and pressing my own  
at his knee & breathing showed him I needed him, cock, for my  
dreams of insatiety & lone love.  
—And I lie here naked in the dark, dreaming

*Arctic, August 10, 1956*

## **Ready to Roll**

To Mexico! To Mexico! Down the dovegray highway, past Atomic City  
police, past the fiery border to dream cantinas!  
Standing on the sunny metropolitan plateau, stranger prince on the  
street, dollars in my pocket, alone, free—genitals and thighs and  
buttocks under skin and leather.  
Music! Taxis! Marijuana in the slums! Ancient sexy parks! Continental  
boulevards in America! Modern downtown for a dollar! Dungarees  
in Les Ambassadeurs! And here's a hard brown cock for a quarter!  
Drunkenness! and the long night walks down brown streets, eyes,  
windows, buses, interior charnels behind the Cathedral, lost squares  
and hungry tacos, a calf's head cooked and picked apart for meat,  
and the blackened inner roofs and tents of the Thieves' Market, street  
crisscrossed on street, a naked hipster labyrinth, stealing, pausing,  
loitering, noticing drums, purchasing nothing  
but a broken aluminum coffeepot with a doll's arm sticking up out of  
the mouth.  
Haha! what do I want? Change of solitude, spectre of drunkenness in  
paranoiac taxicabs, fear and gaiety of unknown lovers  
coming around the empty streetcorner dark-eyed and watching me  
make it there alone under the new hip moon.

*San Francisco, October 1956*

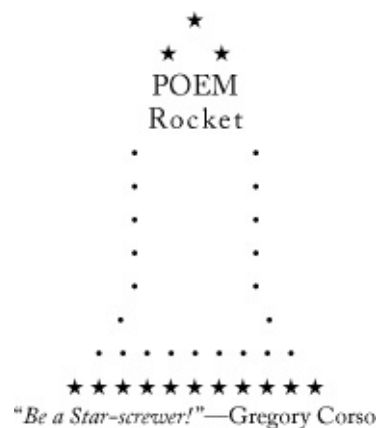


## IV

## REALITY SANDWICHES: EUROPE! EUROPE!

***(1957–1959)***

# POEM Rocket



Old moon my eyes are new moon with human footprint  
no longer Romeo Sadface in drunken river Loony Pierre eyebrow, goof  
moon

O possible moon in Heaven we get to first of ageless constellations of  
names as God is possible as All is possible so we'll reach another  
life.

Moon politicians earth weeping and warring in eternity  
 tho not one star disturbed by screaming madmen from Hollywood  
 oil tycoons from Romania making secret deals with flabby green  
 Plutonians—  
 slave camps on Saturn Cuban revolutions on Mars?  
 Old life and new side by side, will Catholic Church find Christ on  
 Jupiter  
 Mohammed rave in Uranus will Buddha be acceptable on the stolid

planets  
or will we find Zoroastrian temples flowering on Neptune?  
What monstrous new ecclesiastical design on the entire universe  
unfolds in the dying Pope's brain?  
Scientist alone is true poet he gives us the moon  
he promises the stars he'll make us a new universe if it comes to that  
O Einstein I should have sent you my flaming mss.  
O Einstein I should have pilgrimaged to your white hair!

O fellow travelers I write you a poem in Amsterdam in the Cosmos  
where Spinoza ground his magic lenses long ago  
I write you a poem long ago  
already my feet are washed in death  
Here I am naked without identity  
with no more body than the fine black tracery of pen mark on soft  
paper  
as star talks to star multiple beams of sunlight all the same myriad  
thought  
in one fold of the universe where Whitman was  
and Blake and Shelley saw Milton dwelling as in a starry temple  
brooding in his blindness seeing all—  
Now at last I can speak to you beloved brothers of an unknown moon  
real Yous squatting in whatever form amidst Platonic Vapors of  
Eternity  
I am another Star.  
Will you eat my poems or read them  
or gaze with aluminum blind plates on sunless pages?  
do you dream or translate & accept data with indifferent droopings of  
antennae?  
do I make sense to your flowery green receptor eyesockets? do you  
have visions of God?  
Which way will the sunflower turn surrounded by millions of suns?

This is my rocket my personal rocket I send up my message Beyond  
Someone to hear me there  
My immortality  
without steel or cobalt basalt or diamond gold or mercurial fire  
without passports filing cabinets bits of paper warheads  
without myself finally  
pure thought  
message all and everywhere the same  
I send up my rocket to land on whatever planet awaits it  
preferably religious sweet planets no money  
fourth dimensional planets where Death shows movies  
plants speak (courteously) of ancient physics and poetry itself is  
manufactured by the trees  
the final Planet where the Great Brain of the Universe sits waiting for  
a poem to land in His golden pocket  
joining the other notes mash-notes love-sighs complaints-musical  
shrieks of despair and the million unutterable thoughts of frogs  
I send you my rocket of amazing chemical  
more than my hair my sperm or the cells of my body  
the speeding thought that flies upward with my desire as  
instantaneous as the universe and faster than light  
and leave all other questions unfinished for the moment to turn back  
to sleep in my dark bed on earth.

*Amsterdam, October 4, 1957*

## **Squeal**

He rises he stretches he liquefies he is hammered again  
He's divided in shares he litters the floor of the Bourse  
He's cut by adamantine snips and sent by railway car  
Accumulated on the margin by bony Goldfinger has various  
Visions of being an automobile consolidates  
The fortune of spectral lawyers heirs weep over him  
He melts he undergoes remarkable metamorphoses peculiar  
Hallucinations he coughs up debentures beaten

By immense hammers in a vast loft pours in fire spurts  
Upward in molten forges he levels he dreams and he cools  
And the present adjusted steel squints.

A hunchback tuberculosis salesman drives him cackling to St. Louis  
In the rain Hack no will of his own Creep next resale Crank  
San Pedro tomorrow St. Joe Squeak will it never end Hohokus—

Crashes into a dirty locomotive the bastard never  
Mind stock averages decline slightly here's the mechanic  
Blam the junkyard Help the smelter later a merger pressure  
accumulates  
He's had it now Eek he's an airplane Whine he wants to go home  
Suddenly he dives on the market like a bomb.

*Paris, December 1957*

### **Wrote This Last Night**

Listen to the tale of the sensitive car  
who was coughed up out of earth in Pittsburgh.

She screamed like a Swedish Prime Minister  
on her first flight down the red neon highway,

she couldn't stand the sirens and blind lights  
of the male cars Fords Oldsmobiles Studebakers

—her assembly line foreman had prophesied wild wreck  
on Sunset Boulevard headlights & eyeballs broken fenders & bones.

She rode all over Mexico avoiding Los Angeles  
praying to be an old junkie in a bordertown graveyard

with rattly doors and yellow broken windowpanes  
bent license plate weak brakes & unsalable motor

worn out by the slow buttocks of teen-age nightmare  
panting under the impoverished jissum of the August moon,

Anything but that final joyride with the mad producer  
and his bombshell intellectual star on the last night up from Mexicali.

*Paris, December 1957*

### **Death to Van Gogh's Ear!**

POET is Priest

Money has reckoned the soul of America

Congress broken thru to the precipice of Eternity

the President built a War machine which will vomit and rear up  
Russia out of Kansas

The American Century betrayed by a mad Senate which no longer  
sleeps with its wife

Franco has murdered Lorca the fairy son of Whitman

just as Mayakovsky committed suicide to avoid Russia

Hart Crane distinguished Platonist committed suicide to cave in the  
wrong America

just as millions of tons of human wheat were burned in secret caverns  
under the White House

while India starved and screamed and ate mad dogs full of rain

and mountains of eggs were reduced to white powder in the halls of  
Congress

on godfearing man will walk there again because of the stink of the  
rotten eggs of America

and the Indians of Chiapas continue to gnaw their vitaminless tortillas  
aborigines of Australia perhaps gibber in the eggless wilderness

and I rarely have an egg for breakfast tho my work requires infinite  
eggs to come to birth in Eternity

eggs should be eaten or given to their mothers

and the grief of the countless chickens of America is expressed in the  
screaming of her comedians over the radio

Detroit has built a million automobiles of rubber trees and phantoms

but I walk, I walk, and the Orient walks with me, and all Africa walks  
and sooner or later North America will walk  
for as we have driven the Chinese Angel from our door he will drive  
us from the Golden Door of the future  
we have not cherished pity on Tanganyika  
Einstein alive was mocked for his heavenly politics  
Bertrand Russell driven from New York for getting laid  
immortal Chaplin driven from our shores with the rose in his teeth  
a secret conspiracy by Catholic Church in the lavatories of Congress  
has denied contraceptives to the unceasing masses of India.  
Nobody publishes a word that is not the cowardly robot ravings of a  
depraved mentality  
The day of the publication of the true literature of the American body  
will be day of Revolution  
the revolution of the sexy lamb  
the only bloodless revolution that gives away corn  
poor Genet will illuminate the harvesters of Ohio  
Marijuana is a benevolent narcotic but J. Edgar Hoover prefers his  
deathly scotch  
And the heroin of Lao-Tze & the Sixth Patriarch is punished by the  
electric chair  
but the poor sick junkies have nowhere to lay their heads  
fiends in our government have invented a cold-turkey cure for  
addiction as obsolete as the Defense Early Warning Radar System.  
I am the defense early warning radar system  
I see nothing but bombs  
I am not interested in preventing Asia from being Asia  
and the governments of Russia and Asia will rise and fall but Asia and  
Russia will not fall  
the government of America also will fall but how can America fall  
I doubt if anyone will ever fall anymore except governments  
fortunately all the governments will fall  
the only ones which won't fall are the good ones

and the good ones don't yet exist  
But they have to begin existing they exist in my poems  
they exist in the death of the Russian and American governments  
they exist in the death of Hart Crane & Mayakovsky  
Now is the time for prophecy without death as a consequence  
the universe will ultimately disappear  
Hollywood will rot on the windmills of Eternity  
Hollywood whose movies stick in the throat of God  
Yes Hollywood will get what it deserves  
Time  
Seepage of nerve-gas over the radio  
History will make this poem prophetic and its awful silliness a  
hideous spiritual music  
I have the moan of doves and the feather of ecstasy  
Man cannot long endure the hunger of the cannibal abstract  
War is abstract  
the world will be destroyed  
but I will die only for poetry, that will save the world  
Monument to Sacco & Vanzetti not yet financed to ennoble Boston  
natives of Kenya tormented by idiot con-men from England  
South Africa in the grip of the white fool  
Vachel Lindsay Secretary of the Interior  
Poe Secretary of Imagination  
Pound Secty. Economics  
and Kra belongs to Kra, and Pukti to Pukti  
crossfertilization of Blok and Artaud  
Van Gogh's Ear on the currency  
no more propaganda for monsters  
and poets should stay out of politics or become monsters  
I have become monstrous with politics  
the Russian poet undoubtedly monstrous in his secret notebook  
Tibet should be left alone

These are obvious prophecies

America will be destroyed

Russian poets will struggle with Russia

Whitman warned against this “fabled Damned of nations”

Where was Theodore Roosevelt when he sent out ultimatums from his castle in Camden

Where was the House of Representatives when Crane read aloud from his prophetic books

What was Wall Street scheming when Lindsay announced the doom of Money

Were they listening to my ravings in the locker rooms of Bickfords Employment Offices?

Did they bend their ears to the moans of my soul when I struggled with market research statistics in the Forum at Rome?

No they were fighting in fiery offices, on carpets of heartfailure, screaming and bargaining with Destiny

fighting the Skeleton with sabers, muskets, buck teeth, indigestion, bombs of larceny, whoredom, rockets, pederasty,

back to the wall to build up their wives and apartments, lawns, suburbs, fairydoms,

Puerto Ricans crowded for massacre on 114th St. for the sake of an imitation Chinese-Moderne refrigerator

Elephants of mercy murdered for the sake of an Elizabethan birdcage  
millions of agitated fanatics in the bughouse for the sake of the screaming soprano of industry

Money-chant of soapers—toothpaste apes in television sets—  
deodorizers on hypnotic chairs—

petroleum mongers in Texas—jet plane streaks among the clouds—

sky writers liars in the face of Divinity—fanged butchers of hats and shoes, all Owners! Owners! Owners! with obsession on property and vanishing Selfhood!

and their long editorials on the fence of the screaming negro attacked by ants crawled out of the front page!

Machinery of a mass electrical dream! A war-creating Whore of Babylon bellowing over Capitols and Academies!



Money! Money! Money! shrieking mad celestial money of illusion!  
Money made of nothing, starvation, suicide! Money of failure!  
Money of death!

Money against Eternity! and eternity's strong mills grind out vast  
paper of Illusion!

*Paris, December 1957*

### **Europe! Europe!**

World world world  
I sit in my room  
imagine the future  
sunlight falls on Paris  
I am alone there is no  
one whose love is perfect  
man has been mad man's  
love is not perfect I  
have not wept enough  
my breast will be heavy  
till death the cities  
are specters of cranks  
of war the cities are  
work & brick & iron &  
smoke of the furnace of  
selfhood makes tearless  
eyes red in London but  
no eye meets the sun

Flashed out of sky it  
hits Lord Beaverbrook's  
white modern solid  
paper building leaned  
in London's street to  
bear last yellow beams  
old ladies absently gaze  
thru fog toward heaven  
poor pots on windowsills  
snake flowers to street  
Trafalgar's fountains splash

on noon-warmed pigeons  
Myself beaming in ecstatic  
wilderness on St. Paul's dome  
seeing the light on London  
or here on a bed in Paris  
sunglow through the high  
window on plaster walls

Meek crowd underground  
saints perish creeps  
streetwomen meet lacklove  
under gaslamp and neon  
no woman in house loves  
husband in flower unity  
nor boy loves boy soft  
fire in breast politics  
electricity scares downtown  
radio screams for money  
police light on TV screens  
laughs at dim lamps in  
empty rooms tanks crash  
thru bombshell no dream  
of man's joy is made movie  
think factory pushes junk  
autos tin dreams of Eros  
mind eats its flesh in  
geekish starvation and no  
man's fuck is holy for  
man's work is most war

Bony China hungers brain  
wash over power dam and  
America hides mad meat  
in refrigerator Britain  
cooks Jerusalem too long  
France eats oil and dead  
salad arms & legs in Africa  
loudmouth devours Arabia

negro and white warring  
against the golden nuptial  
Russia manufacture feeds  
millions but no drunk can  
dream Mayakovsky's suicide  
rainbow over machinery  
and backtalk to the sun

I lie in bed in Europe  
alone in old red under  
wear symbolic of desire  
for union with immortality  
but man's love's not perfect  
in February it rains  
as once for Baudelaire  
one hundred years ago  
planes roar in the air  
cars race thru streets  
I know where they go  
to death but that is OK  
it is that death comes  
before life that no man  
has loved perfectly no one  
gets bliss in time new  
mankind is not born that  
I weep for this antiquity  
and herald the Millennium  
for I saw the Atlantic sun  
rayed down from a vast cloud  
at Dover on the sea cliffs  
tanker size of ant heaved  
up on ocean under shining  
cloud and seagull flying  
thru sun light's endless  
ladders streaming in Eternity  
to ants in the myriad fields  
of England to sun flowers  
bent up to eat infinity's  
minute gold dolphins leaping

thru Mediterranean rainbow  
White smoke and steam in Andes  
Asia's rivers glittering  
blind poets deep in lone  
Apollonic radiance on hillsides  
littered with empty tombs

*Paris, February 29, 1958*

### **The Lion for Real**

*"Soyez muette pour moi, Idole contemplative ..."*

I came home and found a lion in my living room  
Rushed out on the fire escape screaming Lion! Lion!  
Two stenographers pulled their Brunette hair and banged the window  
shut  
I hurried home to Paterson and stayed two days.

Called up my old Reichian analyst  
who'd kicked me out of therapy for smoking marijuana  
'It's happened' I panted 'There's a Lion in my room'  
'I'm afraid any discussion would have no value' he hung up.

I went to my old boyfriend we got drunk with his girlfriend  
I kissed him and announced I had a lion with a mad gleam in my eye  
We wound up fighting on the floor I bit his eyebrow & he kicked me  
out  
I ended masturbating in his jeep parked in the street moaning 'Lion.'

Found Joey my novelist friend and roared at him 'Lion!'  
He looked at me interested and read me his spontaneous ignu high  
poetries  
I listened for lions all I heard was Elephant Tiglon Hippogriff Unicorn  
Ants  
But figured he really understood me when we made it in Ignaz  
Wisdom's bathroom.

But next day he sent me a leaf from his Smoky Mountain retreat  
'I love you little Bo-Bo with your delicate golden lions  
But there being no Self and No Bars therefore the Zoo of your dear  
Father hath no Lion  
You said your mother was mad don't expect me to produce the  
Monster for your Bridegroom.'

Confused dazed and exalted bethought me of real lion starved in his  
stink in Harlem  
Opened the door the room was filled with the bomb blast of his anger  
He roaring hungrily at the plaster walls but nobody could hear him  
outside thru the window  
My eye caught the edge of the red neighbor apartment building  
standing in deafening stillness

We gazed at each other his implacable yellow eye in the red halo of  
fur  
Waxed rheumy on my own but he stopped roaring and bared a fang  
greeting.  
I turned my back and cooked broccoli for supper on an iron gas stove  
boiled water and took a hot bath in the old tub under the sink board.

He didn't eat me, tho I regretted him starving in my presence.  
Next week he wasted away a sick rug full of bones wheaten hair  
falling out  
enraged and reddening eye as he lay aching huge hairy head on his  
paws  
by the egg-crate bookcase filled up with thin volumes of Plato, &  
Buddha.

Sat by his side every night averting my eyes from his hungry  
motheaten face stopped eating myself he got weaker and roared at  
night while I had nightmares

Eaten by lion in bookstore on Cosmic Campus, a lion myself starved  
by Professor Kandisky, dying in a lion's flophouse circus,  
I woke up mornings the lion still added dying on the floor—"Terrible  
Presence!" I cried 'Eat me or die!'

It got up that afternoon—walked to the door with its paw on the wall  
to steady its trembling body  
Let out a soul-rending creak from the bottomless roof of his mouth  
thundering from my floor to heaven heavier than a volcano at night in  
Mexico  
Pushed the door open and said in a gravelly voice "Not this time Baby  
—but I will be back again."

Lion that eats my mind now for a decade knowing only your hunger  
Not the bliss of your satisfaction O roar of the Universe how am I  
chosen  
In this life I have heard your promise I am ready to die I have served  
Your starved and ancient Presence O Lord I wait in my room at your  
Mercy.

*Paris, March 1958*

## **The Names**

Time comes spirit weakens and goes blank apartments shuffled  
through and forgotten  
The dead in their cenotaphs locomotive high schools & African cities  
small town motorcycle graves  
O America what saints given vision are shrouded in junk their elegy a  
nameless hoodlum elegance leaning against death's military garage  
Huncke who first saw the sun revolve in Chicago survived into  
middle-age Times Square  
Thief stole hearts of wildcat tractor boys arrived to morphine  
brilliance Bickford table midnight neon to take a fall  
arrested 41 times late 40s his acned skin & black Spanish hair grown  
coy and old and lip bitten in Rikers Island Jail

as bestial newsprint photograph we shared once busted, me scared of  
black eye cops Manhattan  
you blissful nothing to lose digging the live detectives perhaps even  
offering God a cigarette  
I'll answer for you Huncke I never could before—admiring your  
natural tact and charm and irony—now sad Sing Sing  
whatever inept Queens burglary you goofed again let God judge his  
sacred case  
rather than mustached Time Judge steal a dirty photograph of your  
soul—I knew you when—  
& you loved me better than my lawyer who wanted a frightened rat  
for official thousand buck mousetrap, no doubt, no doubt—  
Shine in Cell free behind bars Immortal soul why not  
Hell the machine can't sentence anyone except itself, have I to do  
that?  
It gives jail I give you poem, bars last twenty years rust in a hundred  
my handwork remains when prisons fall because the hand is  
compassion

Brilliant bitter Morphy stalking Los Angeles after his ghost boy  
haunting basements in Denver with his Montmartre black beard  
Charming ladies' man for gigolo purpose I heard, great cat for  
Shakespearean sex  
first poet suicide I knew we sat on park benches I watched him  
despair his forehead star  
my elder asked serious advice, gentle man! international queer pride  
humbled to pre-death cigarette gun fright  
His love a young blond demon of broken army, his nemesis his own  
mad cock for the kids sardonic ass  
his dream mouthful of white prick trembling in his head—woke a  
bullet in his side days later in Passaic  
last moments gasping stricken blood under stars coughing intestines &  
lighted highway cars flowing past his eyes into the dark.

Joe Army's beauty forgotten that night, pain cops nightmare, drunken

AWOL through Detroit  
phonecalls angels backrooms & courtsmartial lawyers trains a  
kaleidoscope of instant change,  
shrinkage of soul, bearded dead dreams, all Balzac read in jail,  
late disappearance from the city hides metamorphosis to humancy  
loathing that deathscene.

Phil Black hung in Tombs, horsefaced junky, dreamy strange  
murderer, forgotten pistol three buck holdup, stoolpigeon suicide I  
save him from the grave

Iroquois his indian head red cock intelligence buried in miserable  
solitaire politics  
his narcissistic blond haired hooknosed pride, I made him once he  
groaned and came  
Later stranger chill made me tremble, I loved him hopeless years,  
he's hid in Seattle consumed by lesbian hypochondrias' stealthy  
communion, green bullfighters envy age,  
unless I save him from the grave, but he won't talk no more  
much less fall in my arms or any mental bed forgiveness before we  
climb Olympics death

Leroi returning to bughouse monkishness & drear stinky soupdish his  
fatness fright & suffering mind insult a repetitious void  
"I have done my best to make saintliness as uninteresting as possible"  
and has succeeded, when did I last write or receive ambiguous  
message joky hangdog prophetic spade

Joan in dreams bent forward smiling asks news of the living  
as in life the same sad tolerance, no skullbone judge of drunks  
asking whereabouts sending regards from Mexican paradise garden  
where life & death are one  
as if a postcard from eternity sent with human hand, wish I could see  
you now, it's happening as should



whatever we really need, we ought get, don't blame yourself—a  
photograph on reverse  
the rare tomb smile where trees grow crooked energy above grass—  
yet died early-old teeth gone, tequila bottle in hand, an infantile  
paralysis limp, lacklove, the worst—  
I dreamed such vision of her secret in my frisco bed, heart can live the  
rest by my, or her, best desire—love

Bill King black haired sorry drunken wop lawyer, woke up trembling  
in Connecticut DT's among cows  
Him there to recover I guess, but made his way back to New York  
shuddering to fuck stiff *Time* girls,  
Death charm in person, sexual childlike radiant pain  
See his face in old photographs & bandaged naked wrist leaning  
melancholy contemplating the camera  
awkward face now calm, kind to me in cafeteria one sober morn  
looking for jobs at breakfast,  
but mostly smiled at roof edge midnight, all 1920s elegance  
reincarnate in black vomit bestriven suit  
& screechy records *Mahagonny* airplane crash, lushed young man of  
1940s hated his fairy woe, came on Lizzie's belly or Ansen's sock in  
desperate orgies of music canopener  
God but I loved his murdered face when he talked with a mouthful of  
rain in 14th St subway—  
where he fell skull broken underground last, head crushed by the  
radiant wheel on iron track at Astor Place  
Farewell dear Bill that's done, you're gone, we all go into the ancient  
void drunkard mouth  
you made it too soon, here was more to say, & more to drink, but now  
too late to sit and talk  
all night toward the eternity you sought so well so fearlessly in so  
much alcoholic pain with so much fire behind eyes with such  
sweet manner in your heart that never won a happy fate thru what  
bleak years you saw your red skull burning death's head in the U.S.  
sun

Mix living dead, Neal Cassady, old hero of travel love alyosha idiot  
seek-train poems, what crown you wear at last  
what fameless reward for patience & pain, what golden whore come  
secret from the clouds, what has god bidden for your coffin and  
heart someday,  
what will give back your famous arm, your happy catholic boy eye,  
orphan torso shining in poolhall & library, intimate spermworks  
with old girls downtown rockabelly energy,  
what Paradise built high enough to hold your desire, deep enough to  
encompass your cock kindnesses, soft for your children to pray, 10  
foot iron wheels you fell under?  
what American heaven receive you? Christ allow sufferings then will  
he allow you His opening tinbarrel Iowa light as Jerusalem?  
O Neal that life end we together on knees know harvest of prayers  
together,  
Paradise autos ascend to the moon no illusion, short time earth life  
Bibles bear our eyes, make it dear baby  
Stay with me Angel now in Shroud of railroad lost bet racetrack broke  
leg oblivion  
till I get the shining Word or you the cockless cock to lay in my ass  
hope mental radiance—  
It's all lost we fall without glory to empty tomb comedown to nothing  
but evil thinkless worm, but we know better  
merely by old heart hope, or merely Desire, or merely the love  
whisper breathed in your ear on lawns of long gone by Denver,  
merely by the night you leaned on my body & held me for All & called  
me to Adore what I wondered at as child age ten I  
wandered by hopeless green hedges, when you sat under alley  
balcony garbagestair, ache in our breasts Futurity  
meeting Love for Love, so wept as child now man I weep for true end,  
Save from the grave! O Neal I love you I bring this Lamb into the  
middle of the world happily—O tenderness—to see you again—O  
tenderness—to recognize you in the middle of Time.

*Paris, Spring 1958*

## At Apollinaire's Grave

*“... voici le temps  
Où l'on connaît l'avenir  
Sans mourir de connaissance”*

I

I visited Père Lachaise to look for the remains of Apollinaire  
the day the U.S. President appeared in France for the grand  
conference of heads of state  
so let it be the airport at blue Orly a springtime clarity in the air over  
Paris  
Eisenhower winging in from his American graveyard  
and over the froggy graves at Père Lachaise an illusory mist as thick  
as marijuana smoke  
Peter Orlovsky and I walked softly thru Père Lachaise we both knew  
we would die  
and so held temporary hands tenderly in a citylike miniature eternity  
roads and streetsigns rocks and hills and names on everybody's house  
looking for the lost address of a notable Frenchman of the Void  
to pay our tender crime of homage to his helpless menhir  
and lay my temporary American Howl on top of his silent  
Calligramme  
for him to read between the lines with Xray eyes of Poet  
as he by miracle had read his own death lyric in the Seine  
I hope some wild kidmonk lays his pamphlet on my grave for God to  
read me on cold winter nights in heaven  
already our hands have vanished from that place my hand writes now  
in a room in Paris Git-le-Coeur  
Ah William what grit in the brain you had what's death  
I walked all over the cemetery and still couldn't find your grave  
what did you mean by that fantastic cranial bandage in your poems  
O solemn stinking deathshad what've you got to say nothing and  
that's barely an answer

You can't drive autos into a sixfoot grave tho the universe is  
mausoleum big enough for anything  
the universe is a graveyard and I walk around alone in here  
knowing that Apollinaire was on the same street 50 years ago  
his madness is only around the corner and Genet is with us stealing  
books  
the West is at war again and whose lucid suicide will set it all right  
Guillaume Guillaume how I envy your fame your accomplishment for  
American letters  
your Zone with its long crazy line of bullshit about death  
come out of the grave and talk thru the door of my mind  
issue new series of images oceanic haikus blue taxicabs in Moscow  
negro statues of Buddha  
pray for me on the phonograph record of your former existence  
with a long sad voice and strophes of deep sweet music sad and  
scratchy as World War I  
I've eaten the blue carrots you sent out of the grave and Van Gogh's  
ear and maniac peyote of Artaud  
and will walk down the streets of New York in the black cloak of  
French poetry  
improvising our conversation in Paris at Père Lachaise  
and the future poem that takes its inspiration from the light bleeding  
into your grave

## II

Here in Paris I am your guest O friendly shade  
the absent hand of Max Jacob  
Picasso in youth bearing me a tube of Mediterranean  
myself attending Rousseau's old red banquet I ate his violin  
great party at the Bateau Lavoir not mentioned in the textbooks of  
Algeria  
Tzara in the Bois de Boulogne explaining the alchemy of the  
machineguns of the cuckoos  
he weeps translating me into Swedish

well dressed in a violet tie and black pants  
a sweet purple beard which emerged from his face like the moss  
hanging from the walls of Anarchism  
he spoke endlessly of his quarrels with André Breton  
whom he had helped one day trim his golden mustache  
old Blaise Cendrars received me into his study and spoke wearily of  
the enormous length of Siberia  
Jacques Vaché invited me to inspect his terrible collection of pistols  
poor Cocteau saddened by the once marvelous Radiguet at his last  
thought I fainted  
Rigaut with a letter of introduction to Death  
and Gide praised the telephone and other remarkable inventions  
we agreed in principle though he gossiped of lavender underwear  
but for all that he drank deeply of the grass of Whitman and was  
intrigued by all lovers named Colorado  
princes of America arriving with their armfuls of shrapnel and  
baseball  
Oh Guillaume the world so easy to fight seemed so easy  
did you know the great political classicists would invade  
Montparnasse  
with not one sprig of prophetic laurel to green their foreheads  
not one pulse of green in their pillows no leaf left from their wars—  
Maya-kovsky arrived and revolted

### III

Came back sat on a tomb and stared at your rough menhir  
a piece of thin granite like an unfinished phallus  
a cross fading into the rock 2 poems on the stone one Coeur  
Renversée  
other Habitez-vous comme moi A ces prodiges que j'annonce  
Guillaume Apollinaire de Kostrowitsky  
someone placed a jam bottle filled with daisies and a 5&10¢ surrealist  
typist ceramic rose  
happy little tomb with flowers and overturned heart

under a fine mossy tree beneath which I sat snaky trunk  
summer boughs and leaves umbrella over the menhir and nobody  
there  
Et quelle voix sinistre ulule Guillaume qu'es-tu devenu  
his nextdoor neighbor is a tree  
there underneath the crossed bones heaped and yellow cranium  
perhaps  
and the printed poems Alcools in my pocket his voice in the museum  
Now middleage footsteps walk the gravel  
a man stares at the name and moves toward the crematory building  
same sky rolls over thru clouds as Mediterranean days on the Riviera  
during war  
drinking Apollo in love eating occasional opium he'd taken the light  
One must have felt the shock in St. Germain when he went out Jacob  
& Picasso coughing in the dark  
a bandage unrolled and the skull left still on a bed outstretched pudgy  
fingers the mystery and ego gone  
a bell tolls in the steeple down the street birds warble in the chestnut  
trees  
Famille Bremont sleeps nearby Christ hangs big chested and sexy in  
their tomb  
my cigarette smokes in my lap and fills the page with smoke and  
flames  
an ant runs over my corduroy sleeve the tree I lean on grows slowly  
bushes and branches upstarting through the tombs one silky  
spiderweb gleaming on granite  
I am buried here and sit by my grave beneath a tree

*Paris, Winter-Spring 1958*

## Message

Since we had changed  
rogered spun worked  
wept and pissed together  
I wake up in the morning

with a dream in my eyes  
but you are gone in NY  
remembering me Good  
I love you I love you  
& your brothers are crazy  
I accept their drunk cases  
It's too long that I have been alone  
it's too long that I've sat up in bed  
without anyone to touch on the knee, man  
or woman I don't care what anymore, I  
want love I was born for I want you with me now  
Ocean liners boiling over the Atlantic  
Delicate steelwork of unfinished skyscrapers  
Back end of the dirigible roaring over Lakehurst  
Six women dancing together on a red stage naked  
The leaves are green on all the trees in Paris now  
I will be home in two months and look you in the eyes

*Paris, May 1958*

### **To Lindsay**

Vachel, the stars are out  
dusk has fallen on the Colorado road  
a car crawls slowly across the plain  
in the dim light the radio blares its jazz  
the heartbroken salesman lights another cigarette  
In another city 27 years ago  
I see your shadow on the wall  
you're sitting in your suspenders on the bed  
the shadow hand lifts up a Lysol bottle to your head  
your shade falls over on the floor

*Paris, May 1958*

### **To Aunt Rose**

Aunt Rose—now—might I see you  
with your thin face and buck tooth smile and pain  
of rheumatism—and a long black heavy shoe  
for your bony left leg  
limping down the long hall in Newark on the running carpet

past the black grand piano  
in the day room  
where the parties were  
and I sang Spanish loyalist songs  
in a high squeaky voice  
(hysterical) the committee listening  
while you limped around the room  
collected the money—  
Aunt Honey, Uncle Sam, a stranger with a cloth arm  
in his pocket  
and huge young bald head  
of Abraham Lincoln Brigade

—your long sad face  
your tears of sexual frustration  
(what smothered sobs and bony hips  
under the pillows of Osborne Terrace)  
—the time I stood on the toilet seat naked  
and you powdered my thighs with calamine  
against the poison ivy—my tender  
and shamed first black curled hairs  
what were you thinking in secret heart then  
knowing me a man already—  
and I an ignorant girl of family silence on the thin pedestal  
of my legs in the bathroom—Museum of Newark.

Aunt Rose  
Hitler is dead, Hitler is in Eternity; Hitler is with  
Tamburlane and Emily Brontë

Though I see you walking still, a ghost on Osborne Terrace  
down the long dark hall to the front door  
limping a little with a pinched smile  
in what must have been a silken  
flower dress

welcoming my father, the Poet, on his visit to Newark



—see you arriving in the living room  
dancing on your crippled leg  
and clapping hands his book  
had been accepted by Liveright

Hitler is dead and Liveright's gone out of business  
*The Attic of the Past* and *Everlasting Minute* are out of print  
Uncle Harry sold his last silk stocking  
Claire quit interpretive dancing school  
Buba sits a wrinkled monument in Old  
Ladies Home blinking at new babies

last time I saw you was the hospital  
pale skull protruding under ashen skin  
blue veined unconscious girl  
in an oxygen tent  
the war in Spain has ended long ago  
Aunt Rose

*Paris, June 1958*

### **American Change**

The first I looked on, after a long time far from home in mid  
Atlantic on a summer day

Dolphins breaking the glassy water under the blue sky,  
a gleam of silver in my cabin, fished up out of my jangling new  
pocket of coins and green dollars

—held in my palm, the head of the feathered indian, old Buck-  
Rogers eagle eyed face, a gash of hunger in the cheek

gritted jaw of the vanished man begone like a Hebrew with hairlock  
combed down the side—O Rabbi Indian

what visionary gleam 100 years ago on Buffalo prairie under the  
molten cloud-shot sky, 'the same clear light 10000 miles in all  
directions

but now with all the violin music of Vienna, gone into the great slot  
machine of Kansas City, Reno—

The coin seemed so small after vast European coppers thick francs

leaden pesetas, lire endless and heavy,

a miniature primeval memorialized in 5¢ nickel candy-store  
nostalgia of the redskin, dead on silver coin,

with shaggy buffalo on reverse, hump-backed little tail incurved,  
head butting against the rondure of Eternity,

cock forelock below, bearded shoulder muscle folded below muscle,  
head of prophet, bowed,

vanishing beast of Time, hoar body rubbed clean of wrinkles and  
shining like polished stone, bright metal in my forefinger, ridiculous  
buffalo —Go to New York.

Dime next I found, Minerva, sexless cold & chill, ascending goddess  
of money—and was it the wife of Wallace Stevens, truly?

and now from the locks flowing the miniature wings of speedy  
thought,

executive dyke, Minerva, goddess of Madison Avenue, forgotten  
useless dime that can't buy hot dog, dead dime—

Then we've George Washington, less primitive, the snub-nosed  
quarter, smug eyes and mouth, some idiot's design of the sexless  
Father,

naked down to his neck, a ribbon in his wig, high forehead, Roman  
line down the nose, fat cheeked, still showing his falsetooth ideas—O  
Eisenhower & Washington—O Fathers—No movie star dark beauty—  
O thou Bignoses—

Quarter, remembered quarter, 40¢ in all—What'll you buy me when  
I land—one icecream soda?—

poor pile of coins, original reminders of the sadness, forgotten  
money of America—

nostalgia of the first touch of those coins, American change,  
the memory in my aging hand, the same old silver reflective there,  
the thin dime hidden between my thumb and forefinger

All the struggles for those coins, the sadness of their reappearance  
my reappearance on those fabled shores

and the failure of that Dream, that Vision of Money reduced to this

haunting recollection

of the gas lot in Paterson where I found half a dollar gleaming in  
the grass—

I have a \$5 bill in my pocket—it's Lincoln's sour black head moled  
wrinkled, forelocked too, big eared, flags of announcement flying over  
the bill, stamps in green and spiderweb black,

long numbers in racetrack green, immense promise, a girl, a hotel, a  
busride to Albany, a night of brilliant drunk in some faraway corner  
of Manhattan

a stick of several teas, or paper or cap of Heroin, or a \$5 strange  
present to the blind.

Money money, reminder, I might as well write poems to you—dear  
American money—O statue of Liberty I ride enfolded in money in my  
mind to you—and last

Ahhh! Washington again, on the Dollar, same poetic black print,  
dark words, The United States of America, innumerable numbers

R956422481 One Dollar This Certificate is Legal Tender (tender!)  
for all debts public and private

My God My God why have you forsaken me

Ivy Baker Priest Series 1953 F

and over, the Eagle, wild wings outspread, halo of the Stars  
encircled by puffs of smoke & flame—

a circle the Masonic Pyramid, the sacred Swedenborgian Dollar  
America, bricked up to the top, & floating surreal above

the triangle of holy outstaring Eye sectioned out of the aire, shining  
light emitted from the eyebrowless triangle—and a desert of cactus,  
scattered all around, clouds afar,

this being the Great Seal of our Passion, Annuit Coeptis, Novus  
Ordo Seclorum,

the whole surrounded by green spiderwebs designed by T-Men to  
prevent foul counterfeit—

*S.S. United States, July 1958*

**‘Back on Times Square, Dreaming of Times Square’**

Let some sad trumpeter stand  
    on the empty streets at dawn  
and blow a silver chorus to the  
    buildings of Times Square,  
memorial of ten years, at 5 A.M., with  
    the thin white moon just  
        visible  
    above the green & grooking McGraw  
    Hill offices  
a cop walks by, but he’s invisible  
    with his music

The Globe Hotel, Garver lay in  
    gray beds there and hunched his  
    back and cleaned his needles—  
where I lay many nights on the nod  
    from his leftover bloody cottons  
    and dreamed of Blake’s voice talking—  
    I was lonely,  
    Garver’s dead in Mexico two years,  
    hotel’s vanished into a parking lot  
And I’m back here—sitting on the streets  
again—  
    The movies took our language, the  
        great red signs  
    A DOUBLE BILL OF GASSERS  
    Teen Age Nightmare  
    Hooligans of the Moon

But we were never nightmare  
    hooligans but seekers of  
        the blond nose for Truth

Some old men are still alive, but

the old Junkies are gone—

We are a legend, invisible but  
legendary, as prophesied

*New York, July 1958*

## Laughing Gas

*To Gary Snyder*

*The red tin begging cup you gave me,  
I lost it but its contents are undisturbed.*

I  
High on Laughing Gas  
I've been here before  
the odd vibration of  
the same old universe

the nasal whine of the dentist's drill  
singing against the nostalgic  
piano Muzak in the wall  
insistent, familiar, penetrating  
the teeth, where've I heard that  
asshole jazz before?

The universe is a void  
in which there is a dreamhole  
The dream disappears  
the hole closes

It's the instant of going  
into or coming out of  
existence that is  
important—to catch on  
to the secret of the magic  
box

Stepping outside the universe  
by means of Nitrous Oxide  
anesthetizing mind-consciousness

the chiasm was an impersonal dream—  
one of many, being mere dreams.

the sadness of birth  
and death, the sadness of  
changing from dream to dream,  
the constant farewell  
of forms ...  
saying ungoodbye to what  
didn't exist

The many worlds that don't exist  
all which seem real  
all joke  
all lost cartoon

At that moment the whole goofy-spooky of the Universe WHAT?! Joke  
Being slips into Nothing like the tail of a lizard disappearing into a  
crack in the Wall with the final receding eyehole ending Loony Tunes  
accompanied by Woody Woodpecker's hindoo maniac laughter in the  
skull. Nobody gets hurt. They all disappear. They were never there.  
Beginningless perfection.

That's why Satori's accompanied by laughter  
and the Zenmaster rips up the Sutras in fury.

And the pain of this contrariety  
The cycles of scream and laughter  
faces and asses Christs and Buddhas  
each with his own universe dragged  
over the snowy mental poles  
like a sack mad Santa Clauses

Worst pain in the dentist's chair comes true  
novocaine also arrives in the cycle  
every hap will have its chance  
even God will come Once or Twice  
Satan will be my personal enemy

Relax and die—  
The process will repeat itself  
Be Born! Be Born!  
Back to the same old smiling  
dentist—

The Bloomfield police car  
with its idiot red light  
revolving on its head  
balefully at Eternity  
gone in an instant  
—simultaneous  
appearance of Bankrobbers  
at the Twentieth Century Bank  
The fire engines screaming  
toward an old lady's  
burned-in-her-bedroom  
today apocalypse  
tomorrow  
Mickey Mouse cartoons—

I'm disgusted! it's Unbelievable!  
What a funny horrible  
dirty joke!  
The whole universe a shaggy dog story!  
with a weird ending that begins again  
till you get the point  
'It was a dark and gloomy night...'  
'in every direction in and  
out'  
'You take the high road  
and I'll take the low'

—everybody lost  
in Scotlands of mind-consciousness—

Adonoi Echad!  
It is not One, but Two,  
not two but Infinite—  
the universe be born and die  
in endless series in the mind!

Gary Snyder, Jack, Zen thinkers,  
split open existence  
and laugh & Cry—  
what's shock? what's measure?  
when the Mind's an irrational  
traffic light in  
Gobi—  
follow the blinking lights of contrariety!

What's the use avoiding rats  
and horror, hiding from Cops  
and dentists' drills?  
Somebody will invent  
a Buchenwald next door  
—an ant's dream's  
funnier than  
ours  
—he has more of them  
faster and seems  
to give less of  
a shit—

O waves of probable  
and improbable  
Universes—  
Everybody's right



I'll finish this poem  
in my next life.

## II

.....with eye opening  
slowly to perceive  
that I be coming out  
of a trance—  
one look at the lipstick  
it's a nurse  
in a dentist's office

that first frog  
thought leaping out of  
the void

... a glimpse  
out of which the whole  
process unfolds this  
universe & logically  
and symmetrically next  
unbuilds it in exact  
reverse till you arrive  
back at the Nothing  
in which one chance  
note was originally  
struck...

, the Czardas  
of Creation, the first banal chord  
establishing Music forever in  
its mechanical jukebox  
... and the whole  
structure unfolds  
itself inevitably and  
folds back into  
Nothing again ...

—the same man  
crossing the street looking  
both ways watch out for  
the cars—

and each time, returning  
with a jerk of the face  
(p'raps a dental touch)  
dictated by the sinking  
sensation, Oof! I've  
been hoodwinked—

again like  
someone in the Circus  
defying death, got thrown  
into the orchestra—  
Note the music blaring  
with an indifferent flourish of Triumph  
a nightmare Razz  
—as the acrobat leaps  
out into the void—

Me! I made that Last Chance  
jump off the wire  
way high up in the Big Top  
long ago ...  
it's happening again!

I wake up dazed ...

it being the dream  
of someone in a dentist's  
chair in a Universe he  
imagines—coming out  
of gas—  
it's only happening

in the closed universe of  
illusion

### III

A nice day in the Universe on Broad Street—sun shines today as it never shone before and never will again—stillness in the blue sky—the church's gold dome across the park sending and receiving flashes of light—I feel heartsick to destroy this all—

What hope have the children in their prams passing the white silent doors of the houses—only the Public Library knows.

Premonition in the dentist's chair—mechanical voices over the radio singing Destination Moon—mysterious sorrow for the moon of this forgotten universe—humans, singing, singing—of the moon—for money?—except it's the imbecilic canned voice of eternity rocking & rolling in Space making invisible announcements—

The Doc's agreed to the experiment—novocaine, my mouth's begun to disappear first—like the Cheshire Cat.

BACK: Endless cycles of conflict happening in nothingness  
make it impossible to grasp for the perfection  
which does not exist  
but is not necessary  
so everything is final and occurs over & over again  
till we will finally blank out as expected.

The First Note of Creation:  
the only one there could be if there  
weren't nothing but  
an idea that there might  
not be nothing—

Sherman Adams will resign  
I'm holding my breath  
the shiver run thru my belly  
the nurse will be singing I love you

between breaths the Buddhists are right  
a tear  
siffle in the cheek  
the possibility escape  
the eye glare thru glasses  
Nothing grasped at & ungrasped as its trance thought passes

I take my pen in hand  
The same old way sings Sinatra  
I'm writing to You give me understanding  
I pray sings Sinatra  
Can I never glimpse the round we have made?  
Write me as soon as able sings Sinatra  
O Lord burn me out of existence.

You've got a long body sings Sinatra  
I refuse to breathe and return to form  
I've seen every moment in advance before  
I've turned my neck a million times  
    & written this note  
    & been greeted with fire and cheers  
I refuse to stop  
    —thinking—  
    What Perfection has escaped me?

An endless cycle of possibilities clashing in Nothing  
with each mistake in the writing inevitable from the beginning of time  
The doctor's phone number is Pilgrim 1-0000  
Are you calling me, Nothing?

The universe be smashed  
to smithereens by the oncoming  
atomic explosions with  
Eisenhower as once President  
of a place called U.S.  
Gregory wrote the Bomb!  
Russians dream of Mars &

when the cosmos goes and  
all consciousness after the  
final explosion of imagination  
in the void it won't have  
made any difference that it  
all both did and did not  
happen, whatever it was once  
thought to be so real—  
it will be—gone.  
O that I might die on the spot  
I'll have to go back  
any prophecy might have been right  
it's all a great Exception

My bus will arrive as foretold  
it's the end of another September  
war is on the radio ahead  
we are all going to the inevitable beauty of doom  
a firebox stands sentient before the library  
it's hot sun now I'm crazy scribbling  
—It began abstract and mindless nowhere  
planets of thought have passed  
it'll end where it began

I want to return to normal  
—but there is no changelessness  
but in Nirvana  
    Or is there  
Ever Rest, Lord?—and what sages  
know and sit.  
    I'm a spy  
in Bloomfield on a park bench  
    —frightened by buses—

What's that bee doing hanging round my shoe? my borrowed and  
inevitable shoe?  
A vast red truck moving with boxes of dead television sets in the back

American flag waving over the library

On the bus I sit by a negress

This is an explosion

IV

Back in the same old black hole  
    where Possibility closes the  
        last door  
    and the Great Void remains  
        ... a glass  
in the dust reflecting the sun,  
    fragment of a bottle  
    that never knew it existed

    ... under a tree  
that sleeps all winter  
    till it grows its eyes  
        in May heat  
and flowers upward with a thousand  
    green sensations  
dies, and forgets itself in Snow

... Phantom in Phantom

If we didn't exist, God  
would have to create this  
    to leave no room for complaint  
        by any of the birds & bees  
who might have missed their  
    chance (to be)

Fate tells big lies.

... And the big kind Dreamer  
is on the nod again  
    God sleeps!  
He's in for a big surprise  
one of his dreams is going to come true  
    He'll get the answer too  
    He'll get the answer too

Just a flash in the cosmic pan  
—just an instant when there  
    might have been a light  
had there been any pan  
    to reflect it—

—we can lie on the bed and imagine  
ourselves away—

I'm afraid to stop breathing—  
    first the pain in the  
        body  
suffocation, then  
    the Death.

V

The pain of gas flowing into the eye  
the crooked tooth-drills hanging like gallows  
    on a miniature Jupiter  
Thru the open window, spring frozen  
    in the young tree  
the repeated bong of the doorbell  
    opening elsewhere  
I've come back to the same medicine  
    cabinet in the universe—Bong,  
I know I'm more real than the dentist!  
a serious embarrassment, having grasped to one Self  
though admittedly I'd seen it disappear  
    over and over

## TRACKLESS TRANSIT CORPORATION

runs a bus thru Bloomfield  
... blossoming  
in the bottom of an unborn daisy  
it will vanish into the Whist-not

History will keep repeating  
itself forever like the woman  
in the image on the Dutch Cleanser box

A way out of the mirror  
was found by the image  
that realized its existence  
was only ...  
a stranger completely like myself

A way out for ever! has not been found  
to enter the ground whence the images  
rise, and repeat themselves

---

The sadness is, that every leaf  
has fallen before—

At my feet an ant crawling  
in the broken asphalt—  
and this exact white lollipop stick  
& twig of branch  
lain next to that soggy match  
near those few grassblades ...  
and I've sat here and took this note  
before and tried to remember—  
and now I do—remember what  
I'm writing as I write it down  
I know when I'm going to stop



I know when I'm forgetting and  
 know when I  
     take a jump and change—  
     Impossible  
 to do anything but right now in all  
     the universe at once—  
     which Art does, and  
 the Insight of Laughing Gas?

Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha  
 and the monk laughs  
 at the moon—  
 and everybody 10 miles round  
 in all directions wonders  
 why—he's just reminding  
 them—of what—of  
 the moon, the old dumb moon  
 of a million lives.

*New York, Fall 1958*

### **Funny Death**

```

FFFFF U      U NN   N
F      U      U N N   N
FFFFF U      U N N   N
F      U      U N   N N NY DEATH
F      U U    N     NN
F      UU    N     N
  
```

The music of the spheres—that ends in Silence  
 The Void is a grand piano  
     a million melodies  
     one after another  
 silence in between  
     rather an interruption  
     of the silence

Tho the music's beautiful  
 Bong Bong Bon——  
                     gnob  
                             gnob

gno——

Bong Bong Bong  
o n  
n o  
g b  
b g  
o n  
n o  
obgnobgnobgnob

THE circle of forms  
Shrinks  
and disappears  
back into the piano.

*New York, September 25, 1958*

## My Sad Self

*To Frank O'Hara*

Sometimes when my eyes are red  
I go up on top of the RCA Building  
and gaze at my world, Manhattan—  
my buildings, streets I've done feats in,  
lofts, beds, coldwater flats  
—on Fifth Ave below which I also bear in mind,  
its ant cars, little yellow taxis, men  
walking the size of specks of wool—  
Panorama of the bridges, sunrise over Brooklyn machine,  
sun go down over New Jersey where I was born  
& Paterson where I played with ants—  
my later loves on 15th Street,  
my greater loves of Lower East Side,  
my once fabulous amours in the Bronx  
faraway—  
paths crossing in these hidden streets,  
my history summed up, my absences  
and ecstasies in Harlem—  
—sun shining down on all I own  
in one eyeblink to the horizon  
in my last eternity—  
matter is water.

Sad,

I take the elevator and go  
down, pondering,  
and walk on the pavements staring into all man's  
plateglass, faces,  
questioning after who loves,  
and stop, bemused  
in front of an automobile shopwindow  
standing lost in calm thought,  
traffic moving up & down 5th Avenue blocks behind me  
waiting for a moment when ...

Time to go home & cook supper & listen to  
the romantic war news on the radio  
... all movement stops  
& I walk in the timeless sadness of existence,  
tenderness flowing thru the buildings,  
my fingertips touching reality's face,  
my own face streaked with tears in the mirror  
of some window—at dusk—  
where I have no desire—  
for bonbons—or to own the dresses or Japanese  
lampshades of intellection—

Confused by the spectacle around me,  
Man struggling up the street  
with packages, newspapers,  
ties, beautiful suits  
toward his desire  
Man, woman, streaming over the pavements  
red lights clocking hurried watches &  
movements at the curb—

And all these streets leading  
so crosswise, honking, lengthily,  
by avenues  
stalked by high buildings or crusted into slums  
thru such halting traffic

screaming cars and engines  
so painfully to this  
countryside, this graveyard  
this stillness  
on deathbed or mountain  
once seen  
never regained or desired  
in the mind to come  
where all Manhattan that I've seen must disappear.

*New York, October 1958*

## **Ignu**

On top of that if you know me I pronounce you an ignu  
Ignu knows nothing of the world  
a great ignoramus in factories though he may own or inspire them or  
even be production manager  
Ignu has knowledge of the angel indeed ignu is angel in comical form  
W. C. Fields Harpo Marx ignus Whitman an ignu  
Rimbaud a natural ignu in his boy pants  
The ignu may be queer though like not kind ignu blows archangels for  
the strange thrill  
a gnostic women love him Christ overflowed with trembling semen  
for many a dead aunt  
He's a great cocksman most beautiful girls are worshipped by ignu  
Hollywood dolls or lone Marys of Idaho long-legged publicity women  
and secret housewives  
have known ignu in another lifetime and remember their lover  
Husbands also are secretly tender to ignu their buddy  
oldtime friendship can do anything cuckold bugger drunk trembling  
and happy  
Ignu lives only once and eternally and knows it  
he sleeps in everybody's bed everyone's lonesome for ignu ignu knew  
solitude early  
So ignu's a primitive of cock and mind  
equally the ignu has written liverish tomes personal metaphysics

abstract

images that scratch the moon 'lightningflash-flintspark' naked lunch  
fried shoes adios king

The shadow of the angel is waving in the opposite direction  
dawn of intelligence turns the telephones into strange animals  
he attacks the rose garden with his mystical shears snip snip snip  
Ignu has painted Park Avenue with his own long melancholy  
and ignu giggles in a hard chair over tea in Paris bald in his decaying  
room a black hotel

Ignu with his wild mop walks by Colosseum weeping  
he plucks a clover from Keats' grave & Shelley's a blade of grass  
knew Coleridge they had slow hung-up talks at midnight over  
mahogany tables in London  
sidestreet rooms in wintertime rain outside fog the cabman blows his  
hand

Charles Dickens is born ignu hears the wail of the babe  
Ignu goofs nights under bridges and laughs at battleships  
ignu is a battleship without guns in the North Sea lost O the  
floweriness of the moment

he knows geography he was there before he'll get out and die already  
reborn a bearded humming Jew of Arabian mournful jokes  
man with a star on his forehead and halo over his cranium  
listening to music musing happy at the fall of a leaf the moonlight of  
immortality in his hair  
table-hopping most elegant comrade of all most delicate mannered in  
the Sufi court

he wasn't even there at all  
wearing zodiacal blue sleeves and the long peaked cone hat of a  
magician

harkening to the silence of a well at midnight under a red star  
in the lobby of Rockefeller Center attentive courteous bare-eyed  
enthusiastic with or without pants

he listens to jazz as if he were a negro afflicted with jewish  
melancholy and white divinity

Ignu's a natural you can see it when he pays the cabfare abstracted  
pulling off the money from an impossible saintly roll  
or counting his disappearing pennies to give to the strange busdriver  
whom he admires

Ignu has sought you out he's the seeker of God  
and God breaks down the world for him every ten years  
he sees lightning flash in empty daylight when the sky is blue  
he hears Blake's disembodied Voice recite the Sunflower in a room in  
Harlem

No woe on him surrounded by 700 thousand mad scholars moths fly  
out of his sleeve

He wants to die give up go mad break through into Eternity  
live on and teach an aged saint or break down to an eyebrow clown  
All ignus know each other in a moment's talk and measure each other  
up at once

as lifetime friends romantic winks and giggles across continents  
sad moment paying the cab goodbye and speeding away uptown

One or two grim ignus in the pack

one laughing monk in dungarees

one delighted by cracking his eggs in an egg cup

one chews gum to music all night long rock and roll

one anthropologist cuckoo in the Petén rainforest

one sits in jail all year and bets karmaic racetrack

one chases girls down East Broadway into the horror movie

one pulls out withered grapes and rotten onions from his pants

one has a nannygoat under his bed to amuse visitors plasters the wall  
with his crap

collects scorpions whiskies skies etc. would steal the moon if he could  
find it

That would set fire to America but none of these make ignu

it's the soul that makes the style the tender firecracker of his thought

the amity of letters from strange cities to old friends

and the new radiance of morning on a foreign bed

A comedy of personal being his grubby divinity  
Eliot probably an ignu one of the few who's funny when he eats  
Williams of Paterson a dying American ignu  
Burroughs a purest ignu his haircut is a cream his left finger  
pinkie chopped off for early ignu reasons metaphysical spells love  
spells with psychoanalysts  
his very junkhood an accomplishment beyond a million dollars  
Céline himself an old ignu over prose  
I saw him in Paris dirty old gentleman of ratty talk  
with longhaired cough three wormy sweaters round his neck  
brown mould under historic fingernails  
pure genius his giving morphine all night to 1400 passengers on a  
sinking ship  
'because they were all getting emotional'  
Who's amazing you is ignu communicate with me  
by mail post telegraph phone street accusation or scratching at my  
window  
and send me a true sign I'll reply special delivery  
DEATH IS A LETTER THAT WAS NEVER SENT  
Knowledge born of stamps words coins pricks jails seasons sweet  
ambition laughing gas  
history with a gold halo photographs of the sea painting a celestial din  
in the bright window  
one eye in a black cloud  
and the lone vulture on a sand plain seen from the window of a  
Turkish bus  
It must be a trick. Two diamonds in the hand one Poetry one Charity  
proves we have dreamed and the long sword of intelligence  
over which I constantly stumble like my pants at the age six—  
embarrassed.

*New York, November 1958*

**Battleship Newsreel**

I was high on tea in my fo'c'sle near the forepeak hatch listening to  
the stars  
envisioning the kamikazes flapping and turning in the soiled clouds  
ackack burst into fire a vast hole ripped out of the bow like a burning  
lily  
we dumped our oilcans of nitroglycerine among the waving octopi  
dull thud and boom of thunder undersea the cough of the tubercular  
machinegunner  
flames in the hold among the cans of ether the roar of battleships far  
away  
rolling in the sea like whales surrounded by dying ants the screams  
the captain mad  
Suddenly a golden light came over the ocean and grew large the  
radiance entered the sky  
a deathly chill and heaviness entered my body I could scarce lift my  
eye  
and the ship grew sheathed in light like an overexposed photograph  
fading in the brain.

*New York, 1959*



## V

### KADDISH AND

### RELATED POEMS

(1959–1960)

#### Kaddish

*For Naomi Ginsberg, 1894–1956*

I

Strange now to think of you, gone without corsets & eyes, while I  
walk on the sunny pavement of Greenwich Village.

downtown Manhattan, clear winter noon, and I've been up all night,  
talking, talking, reading the Kaddish aloud, listening to Ray Charles  
blues shout blind on the phonograph

the rhythm the rhythm—and your memory in my head three years  
after—And read Adonais' last triumphant stanzas aloud—wept,  
realizing how we suffer—

And how Death is that remedy all singers dream of, sing, remember,  
prophecy as in the Hebrew Anthem, or the Buddhist Book of  
Answers—and my own imagination of a withered leaf—at dawn—

Dreaming back thru life, Your time—and mine accelerating toward  
Apocalypse,

the final moment—the flower burning in the Day—and what comes  
after,

looking back on the mind itself that saw an American city

a flash away, and the great dream of Me or China, or you and a  
phantom Russia, or a crumpled bed that never existed—

like a poem in the dark—escaped back to Oblivion—

No more to say, and nothing to weep for but the Beings in the Dream,  
trapped in its disappearance,

sighing, screaming with it, buying and selling pieces of phantom,  
worshipping each other,

worshipping the God included in it all—longing or inevitability?—  
while it lasts, a Vision—anything more?

It leaps about me, as I go out and walk the street, look back over my  
shoulder, Seventh Avenue, the battlements of window office  
buildings shouldering each other high, under a cloud, tall as the sky  
an instant—and the sky above—an old blue place.

or down the Avenue to the south, to—as I walk toward the Lower East  
Side —where you walked 50 years ago, little girl—from Russia,  
eating the first poisonous tomatoes of America—frightened on the  
dock—

then struggling in the crowds of Orchard Street toward what?—  
toward Newark—

toward candy store, first home-made sodas of the century, hand-  
churned ice cream in backroom on musty brown floor boards—

Toward education marriage nervous breakdown, operation, teaching  
school, and learning to be mad, in a dream—what is this life?

Toward the Key in the window—and the great Key lays its head of  
light on top of Manhattan, and over the floor, and lays down on the  
sidewalk—in a single vast beam, moving, as I walk down First  
toward the Yiddish Theater—and the place of poverty

you knew, and I know, but without caring now—Strange to have  
moved thru Paterson, and the West, and Europe and here again,

with the cries of Spaniards now in the doorstoops doors and dark boys  
on the street, fire escapes old as you

—Tho you're not old now, that's left here with me—

Myself, anyhow, maybe as old as the universe—and I guess that dies  
with us—enough to cancel all that comes—What came is gone  
forever every time—

That's good! That leaves it open for no regret—no fear radiators,  
lacklove, torture even toothache in the end—

Though while it comes it is a lion that eats the soul—and the lamb,  
the soul, in us, alas, offering itself in sacrifice to change's fierce  
hunger—hair and teeth—and the roar of bonepain, skull bare, break  
rib, rot-skin, braintricked Implacability.

Ai! ai! we do worse! We are in a fix! And you're out, Death let you out, Death had the Mercy, you're done with your century, done with God, done with the path thru it—Done with yourself at last—Pure —Back to the Babe dark before your Father, before us all—before the world—

There, rest. No more suffering for you. I know where you've gone, it's good.

No more flowers in the summer fields of New York, no joy now, no more fear of Louis,

and no more of his sweetness and glasses, his high school decades, debts, loves, frightened telephone calls, conception beds, relatives, hands—

No more of sister Elanor,—she gone before you—we kept it secret—you killed her—or she killed herself to bear with you—an arthritic heart—But Death's killed you both—No matter—

Nor your memory of your mother, 1915 tears in silent movies weeks and weeks—forgetting, agrieve watching Marie Dressler address humanity, Chaplin dance in youth,

or Boris Godunov, Chaliapin's at the Met, halling his voice of a weeping Czar —by standing room with Elanor & Max—watching also the Capitalists take seats in Orchestra, white furs, diamonds,

with the YPSL's hitch-hiking thru Pennsylvania, in black baggy gym skirts pants, photograph of 4 girls holding each other round the waste, and laughing eye, too coy, virginal solitude of 1920

all girls grown old, or dead, now, and that long hair in the grave—lucky to have husbands later—

You made it—I came too—Eugene my brother before (still grieving now and will gream on to his last stiff hand, as he goes thru his cancer—or kill —later perhaps—soon he will think—)

And it's the last moment I remember, which I see them all, thru myself, now —tho not you

I didn't foresee what you felt—what more hideous gape of bad mouth came first—to you—and were you prepared?

To go where? In that Dark—that—in that God? a radiance? A Lord in the Void? Like an eye in the black cloud in a dream? Adonoi at last, with you?

Beyond my remembrance! Incapable to guess! Not merely the yellow skull in the grave, or a box of worm dust, and a stained ribbon—Deaths-head with Halo? can you believe it?

Is it only the sun that shines once for the mind, only the flash of existence, than none ever was?

Nothing beyond what we have—what you had—that so pitiful—yet Triumph,

to have been here, and changed, like a tree, broken, or flower—fed to the ground—but mad, with its petals, colored, thinking Great Universe, shaken, cut in the head, leaf stript, hid in an egg crate hospital, cloth wrapped, sore—freaked in the moon brain, Naughtless.

No flower like that flower, which knew itself in the garden, and fought the knife—lost

Cut down by an idiot Snowman's icy—even in the Spring—strange ghost thought—some Death—Sharp icicle in his hand—crowned with old roses—a dog for his eyes—cock of a sweatshop—heart of electric irons.

All the accumulations of life, that wear us out—clocks, bodies, consciousness, shoes, breasts—begotten sons—your Communism —'Paranoia' into hospitals.

You once kicked Elanor in the leg, she died of heart failure later. You of stroke. Asleep? within a year, the two of you, sisters in death. Is Elanor happy?

Max grieves alive in an office on Lower Broadway, lone large mustache over midnight Accountings, not sure. His life passes—as he sees—and what does he doubt now? Still dream of making money, or that might have made money, hired nurse, had children, found even your Immortality, Naomi?

I'll see him soon. Now I've got to cut through—to talk to you—as I didn't when you had a mouth.

Forever. And we're bound for that, Forever—like Emily Dickinson's horses —headed to the End.

They know the way—These Steeds—run faster than we think—it's our own life they cross—and take with them.

Magnificent, mourned no more, marred of heart, mind behind,  
married dreamed, mortal changed—Ass and face done with murder.

In the world, given, flower maddened, made no Utopia, shut under  
pine, almed in Earth, balmed in Lone, Jehovah, accept.

Nameless, One Faced, Forever beyond me, beginningless, endless,  
Father in death. Tho I am not there for this Prophecy, I am unmarried,  
I'm hymnless, I'm Heavenless, headless in blisshood I would still adore

Thee, Heaven, after Death, only One blessed in Nothingness, not  
light or darkness, Dayless Eternity—

Take this, this Psalm, from me, burst from my hand in a day, some  
of my Time, now given to Nothing—to praise Thee—But Death

This is the end, the redemption from Wilderness, way for the  
Wonderer, House sought for All, black handkerchief washed clean by  
weeping —page beyond Psalm—Last change of mine and Naomi—to  
God's perfect Darkness—Death, stay thy phantoms!

## II

Over and over—refrain—of the Hospitals—still haven't written your  
history—leave it abstract—a few images

run thru the mind—like the saxophone chorus of houses and years  
—remembrance of electrical shocks.

By long nites as a child in Paterson apartment, watching over your  
nervousness—you were fat—your next move—

By that afternoon I stayed home from school to take care of you—  
once and for all—when I vowed forever that once man disagreed with  
my opinion of the cosmos, I was lost—

By my later burden—vow to illuminate mankind—this is release of  
particulars—(mad as you)—(sanity a trick of agreement)—

But you stared out the window on the Broadway Church corner,  
and spied a mystical assassin from Newark,

So phoned the Doctor—'OK go way for a rest'—so I put on my coat  
and walked you downstreet—On the way a grammarschool boy  
screamed, unaccountably—'Where you goin Lady to Death'? I  
shuddered—

and you covered your nose with motheaten fur collar, gas mask  
against poison sneaked into downtown atmosphere, sprayed by  
Grandma—

And was the driver of the cheesebox Public Service bus a member of the gang? You shuddered at his face, I could hardly get you on—to New York, very Times Square, to grab another Greyhound—

where we hung around 2 hours fighting invisible bugs and jewish sickness—breeze poisoned by Roosevelt—

out to get you—and me tagging along, hoping it would end in a quiet room in a Victorian house by a lake.

Ride 3 hours thru tunnels past all American industry, Bayonne preparing for World War II, tanks, gas fields, soda factories, diners, locomotive roundhouse fortress—into piney woods New Jersey Indians—calm towns—long roads thru sandy tree fields—

Bridges by deerless creeks, old wampum loading the streambed—down there a tomahawk or Pocahontas bone—and a million old ladies voting for Roosevelt in brown small houses, roads off the Madness highway—

perhaps a hawk in a tree, or a hermit looking for an owl-filled branch—

All the time arguing—afraid of strangers in the forward double seat, snoring regardless—what busride they snore on now?

'Allen, you don't understand—it's—ever since those 3 big sticks up my back—they did something to me in Hospital, they poisoned me, they

want to see me dead—3 big sticks, 3 big sticks—

'The Bitch! Old Grandma! Last week I saw her, dressed in pants like an old man, with a sack on her back, climbing up the brick side of the apartment

'On the fire escape, with poison germs, to throw on me—at night—maybe Louis is helping her—he's under her power—

'I'm your mother, take me to Lakewood' (near where Graf Zeppelin had crashed before, all Hitler in Explosion) 'where I can hide.

We got there—Dr. Whatzis rest home—she hid behind a closet—demanded a blood transfusion.

We were kicked out—tramping with Valise to unknown shady lawn houses—dusk, pine trees after dark—long dead street filled with crickets and poison ivy—

I shut her up by now—big house REST HOME ROOMS—gave the

landlady her money for the week—carried up the iron valise—sat on bed waiting to escape—

Neat room in attic with friendly bedcover—lace curtains—spinning wheel rug—Stained wallpaper old as Naomi. We were home.

I left on the next bus to New York—laid my head back in the last seat, depressed—the worst yet to come?—abandoning her, rode in torpor—I was only 12.

Would she hide in her room and come out cheerful for breakfast? Or lock her door and stare thru the window for sidestreet spies? Listen at keyholes for Hitlerian invisible gas? Dream in a chair—or mock me, by—in front of a mirror, alone?

12 riding the bus at nite thru New Jersey, have left Naomi to Parcae in Lakewood's haunted house—left to my own fate bus—sunk in a seat—all violins broken—my heart sore in my ribs—mind was empty—Would she were safe in her coffin—

Or back at Normal School in Newark, studying up on America in a black skirt—winter on the street without lunch—a penny a pickle—home at night to take care of Elanor in the bedroom—

First nervous breakdown was 1919—she stayed home from school and lay in a dark room for three weeks—something bad—never said what—every noise hurt—dreams of the creaks of Wall Street—

Before the gray Depression—went upstate New York—recovered—Lou took photo of her sitting crossleg on the grass—her long hair wound with flowers—smiling—playing lullabies on mandolin—poison ivy smoke in left-wing summer camps and me in infancy saw trees—

or back teaching school, laughing with idiots, the backward classes—her Russian specialty—morons with dreamy lips, great eyes, thin feet & sicky fingers, swaybacked, rachitic—

great heads pendulous over Alice in Wonderland, a blackboard full of C A T.

Naomi reading patiently, story out of a Communist fairy book—Tale of the Sudden Sweetness of the Dictator—Forgiveness of Warlocks—Armies Kissing—

Deathsheads Around the Green Table—The King & the Workers—Paterson Press printed them up in the '30s till she went mad, or they folded, both.

O Paterson! I got home late that nite. Louis was worried. How could

I be so—didn't I think? I shouldn't have left her. Mad in Lakewood. Call the Doctor. Phone the home in the pines. Too late.

Went to bed exhausted, wanting to leave the world (probably that year newly in love with R——my high school mind hero, jewish boy who came a doctor later—then silent neat kid—

I later laying down life for him, moved to Manhattan—followed him to college—Prayed on ferry to help mankind if admitted—vowed, the day I journeyed to Entrance Exam—

by being honest revolutionary labor lawyer—would train for that—inspired by Sacco Vanzetti, Norman Thomas, Debs, Altgeld, Sandburg, Poe —Little Blue Books. I wanted to be President, or Senator.

ignorant woe—later dreams of kneeling by R's shocked knees declaring my love of 1941—What sweetness he'd have shown me, tho, that I'd wished him & despaired—first love—a crush—

Later a mortal avalanche, whole mountains of homosexuality, Matter-horns of cock, Grand Canyons of asshole—weight on my melancholy head—

meanwhile I walked on Broadway imagining Infinity like a rubber ball without space beyond—what's outside?—coming home to Graham Avenue still melancholy passing the lone green hedges across the street, dreaming after the movies—)

The telephone rang at 2 A.M.—Emergency—she'd gone mad—Naomi hiding under the bed screaming bugs of Mussolini—Help! Louis! Buba! Fascists! Death!—the landlady frightened—old fag attendant screaming back at her—

Terror, that woke the neighbors—old ladies on the second floor recovering from menopause—all those rags between thighs, clean sheets, sorry over lost babies—husbands ashen—children sneering at Yale, or putting oil in hair at CCNY—or trembling in Montclair State Teachers College like Eugene—

Her big leg crouched to her breast, hand outstretched Keep Away, wool dress on her thighs, fur coat dragged under the bed—she barricaded herself under bedspring with suitcases.

Louis in pajamas listening to phone, frightened—do now?—Who could know?—my fault, delivering her to solitude?—sitting in the dark room on the sofa, trembling, to figure out—

He took the morning train to Lakewood, Naomi still under bed—



thought he brought poison Cops—Naomi screaming—Louis what happened to your heart then? Have you been killed by Naomi's ecstasy?

Dragged her out, around the corner, a cab, forced her in with valise, but the driver left them off at drugstore. Bus stop, two hours' wait.

I lay in bed nervous in the 4-room apartment, the big bed in living room, next to Louis' desk—shaking—he came home that nite, late, told me what happened.

Naomi at the prescription counter defending herself from the enemy—racks of children's books, douche bags, aspirins, pots, blood—'Don't come near me—murderers! Keep away! Promise not to kill me!'

Louis in horror at the soda fountain—with Lakewood girlscouts—Coke addicts—nurses—busmen hung on schedule—Police from country precinct, dumbled—and a priest dreaming of pigs on an ancient cliff?

Smelling the air—Louis pointing to emptiness?—Customers vomiting their Cokes—or staring—Louis humiliated—Naomi triumphant—The Announcement of the Plot. Bus arrives, the drivers won't have them on trip to New York.

Phonecalls to Dr. Whatzis, 'She needs a rest,' The mental hospital—State Greystone Doctors—'Bring her here, Mr. Ginsberg.'

Naomi, Naomi—sweating, bulge-eyed, fat, the dress unbuttoned at one side—hair over brow, her stocking hanging evilly on her legs—screaming for a blood transfusion—one righteous hand upraised—a shoe in it—barefoot in the Pharmacy—

The enemies approach—what poisons? Tape recorders? FBI? Zhdanov hiding behind the counter? Trotsky mixing rat bacteria in the back of the store? Uncle Sam in Newark, plotting deathly perfumes in the Negro district? Uncle Ephraim, drunk with murder in the politician's bar, scheming of Hague? Aunt Rose passing water thru the needles of the Spanish Civil War?

till the hired \$35 ambulance came from Red Bank——Grabbed her arms—strapped her on the stretcher—moaning, poisoned by imaginaries, vomiting chemicals thru Jersey, begging mercy from Essex County to Morristown—

And back to Greystone where she lay three years—that was the last breakthrough, delivered her to Madhouse again—

On what wards—I walked there later, oft—old catatonic ladies, gray as cloud or ash or walls—sit crooning over floorspace—Chairs—and the wrinkled hags acreeep, accusing—begging my 13-year-old mercy—

‘Take me home’—I went alone sometimes looking for the lost Naomi, taking Shock—and I’d say, ‘No, you’re crazy Mama,—Trust the Drs.’—

And Eugene, my brother, her elder son, away studying Law in a furnished room in Newark—

came Paterson-ward next day—and he sat on the broken-down couch in the living room—‘We had to send her back to Greystone’—

—his face perplexed, so young, then eyes with tears—then crept weeping all over his face—‘What for?’ wail vibrating in his cheekbones, eyes closed up, high voice—Eugene’s face of pain.

Him faraway, escaped to an Elevator in the Newark Library, his bottle daily milk on windowsill of \$5 week furn room downtown at trolley tracks—

He worked 8 hrs. a day for \$20/wk—thru Law School years—stayed by himself innocent near negro whorehouses.

Unlaid, poor virgin—writing poems about Ideals and politics letters to the editor Pat Eve News—(we both wrote, denouncing Senator Borah and Isolationists—and felt mysterious toward Paterson City Hall—

I sneaked inside it once—local Moloch tower with phallus spire & cap o’ ornament, strange gothic Poetry that stood on Market Street—replica Lyons’ Hotel de Ville—

wings, balcony & scrollwork portals, gateway to the giant city clock, secret map room full of Hawthorne—dark Debs in the Board of Tax—Rembrandt smoking in the gloom—

Silent polished desks in the great committee room—Aldermen? Bd of Finance? Mosca the hairdresser aplot—Crapp the gangster issuing orders from the john—The madmen struggling over Zone, Fire, Cops & Backroom Metaphysics—we’re all dead—outside by the bus stop Eugene stared thru childhood—

where the Evangelist preached madly for 3 decades, hard-haired, cracked & true to his mean Bible—chalked Prepare to Meet Thy God

on civic pave—

or God is Love on the railroad overpass concrete—he raved like I would rave, the lone Evangelist—Death on City Hall—)

But Gene, young,—been Montclair Teachers College 4 years—taught half year & quit to go ahead in life—afraid of Discipline Problems—dark sex Italian students, raw girls getting laid, no English, sonnets disregarded—and he did not know much—just that he lost—

so broke his life in two and paid for Law—read huge blue books and rode the ancient elevator 13 miles away in Newark & studied up hard for the future

just found the Scream of Naomi on his failure doorstep, for the final time, Naomi gone, us lonely—home—him sitting there—

Then have some chicken soup, Eugene. The Man of Evangel wails in front of City Hall. And this year Lou has poetic loves of suburb middle age—in secret—music from his 1937 book—Sincere—he longs for beauty—

No love since Naomi screamed—since 1923?—now lost in Greystone ward—new shock for her—Electricity, following the 40 Insulin.

And Metrazol had made her fat.

So that a few years later she came home again—we'd much advanced and planned—I waited for that day—my Mother again to cook &—play the piano—sing at mandolin—Lung Stew, & Stenka Razin, & the communist line on the war with Finland—and Louis in debt—suspected to be poisoned money—mysterious capitalisms

—& walked down the long front hall & looked at the furniture. She never remembered it all. Some amnesia. Examined the doilies—and the dining room set was sold—

the Mahogany table—20 years love—gone to the junk man—we still had the piano—and the book of Poe—and the Mandolin, tho needed some string, dusty—

She went to the backroom to lie down in bed and ruminate, or nap, hide—I went in with her, not leave her by herself—lay in bed next to her —shades pulled, dusky, late afternoon—Louis in front room at desk, waiting —perhaps boiling chicken for supper—

‘Don’t be afraid of me because I’m just coming back home from the mental hospital—I’m your mother—’

Poor love, lost—a fear—I lay there—Said, ‘I love you Naomi,’—stiff, next to her arm. I would have cried, was this the comfortless lone union?—Nervous, and she got up soon.

Was she ever satisfied? And—by herself sat on the new couch by the front windows, uneasy—cheek leaning on her hand—narrowing eye—at what fate that day—

Picking her tooth with her nail, lips formed an O, suspicion—thought’s old worn vagina—absent sideglance of eye—some evil debt written in the wall, unpaid—& the aged breasts of Newark come near —

May have heard radio gossip thru the wires in her head, controlled by 3 big sticks left in her back by gangsters in amnesia, thru the hospital—caused pain between her shoulders—

Into her head—Roosevelt should know her case, she told me—Afraid to kill her, now, that the government knew their names—traced back to Hitler—wanted to leave Louis’ house forever.

One night, sudden attack—her noise in the bathroom—like croaking up her soul—convulsions and red vomit coming out of her mouth—diarrhea water exploding from her behind—on all fours in front of the toilet—urine running between her legs—left retching on the tile floor smeared with her black feces—unfainted—

At forty, varicosed, nude, fat, doomed, hiding outside the apartment door near the elevator calling Police, yelling for her girlfriend Rose to help—

Once locked herself in with razor or iodine—could hear her cough in tears at sink—Lou broke through glass green-painted door, we pulled her out to the bedroom.

Then quiet for months that winter—walks, alone, nearby on Broadway, read Daily Worker—Broke her arm, fell on icy street—

Began to scheme escape from cosmic financial murder plots—later she ran away to the Bronx to her sister Elanor. And there’s another saga of late Naomi in New York.

Or thru Elanor or the Workmen's Circle, where she worked, addressing envelopes, she made out—went shopping for Campbell's tomato soup—saved money Louis mailed her—

Later she found a boyfriend, and he was a doctor—Dr. Isaac worked for National Maritime Union—now Italian bald and pudgy old doll—who was himself an orphan—but they kicked him out—Old cruelties —

Sloppier, sat around on bed or chair, in corset dreaming to herself —'I'm hot—I'm getting fat—I used to have such a beautiful figure before I went to the hospital—You should have seen me in Woodbine —' This in a furnished room around the NMU hall, 1943.

Looking at naked baby pictures in the magazine—baby powder advertisements, strained lamb carrots—'I will think nothing but beautiful thoughts.'

Revolving her head round and round on her neck at window light in summertime, in hypnotize, in doven-dream recall—

'I touch his cheek, I touch his cheek, he touches my lips with his hand, I think beautiful thoughts, the baby has a beautiful hand.'—

Or a No-shake of her body, disgust—some thought of Buchenwald—some insulin passes thru her head—a grimace nerve shudder at Involuntary (as shudder when I piss)—bad chemical in her cortex —'No don't think of that. He's a rat.'

Naomi: And when we die we become an onion, a cabbage, a carrot, or a squash, a vegetable.' I come downtown from Columbia and agree. She reads the Bible, thinks beautiful thoughts all day.

'Yesterday I saw God. What did he look like? Well, in the afternoon I climbed up a ladder—he has a cheap cabin in the country, like Monroe, N.Y. the chicken farms in the wood. He was a lonely old man with a white beard.

'I cooked supper for him. I made him a nice supper—lentil soup, vegetables, bread & butter—miltz—he sat down at the table and ate, he was sad.

'I told him, Look at all those fightings and killings down there, What's the matter? Why don't you put a stop to it?

'I try, he said—That's all he could do, he looked tired. He's a bachelor so long, and he likes lentil soup.'

Serving me meanwhile, a plate of cold fish—chopped raw cabbage

dript with tapwater—smelly tomatoes—week-old health food—grated beets & carrots with leaky juice, warm—more and more disconsolate food—I can't eat it for nausea sometimes—the Charity of her hands stinking with Manhattan, madness, desire to please me, cold undercooked fish—pale red near the bones. Her smells—and oft naked in the room, so that I stare ahead, or turn a book ignoring her.

One time I thought she was trying to make me come lay her—flirting to herself at sink—lay back on huge bed that filled most of the room, dress up round her hips, big slash of hair, scars of operations, pancreas, belly wounds, abortions, appendix, stitching of incisions pulling down in the fat like hideous thick zippers—ragged long lips between her legs—What, even, smell of asshole? I was cold—later revolted a little, not much—seemed perhaps a good idea to try—know the Monster of the Beginning Womb—Perhaps—that way. Would she care? She needs a lover.

Yisborach, v'yistabach, v'yispoar, v'yisroman, v'yisnaseh, v'yishador, v'yishalleh, v'yishallol, sh'meh d'kudsho, b'rich hu.

And Louis reestablishing himself in Paterson grimy apartment in negro district—living in dark rooms—but found himself a girl he later married, falling in love again—tho sere & shy—hurt with 20 years Naomi's mad idealism.

Once I came home, after longtime in N.Y., he's lonely—sitting in the bedroom, he at desk chair turned round to face me—weeps, tears in red eyes under his glasses—

That we'd left him—Gene gone strangely into army—she out on her own in N.Y., almost childish in her furnished room. So Louis walked downtown to postoffice to get mail, taught in highschool—stayed at poetry desk, forlorn—ate grief at Bickford's all these years—are gone.

Eugene got out of the Army, came home changed and lone—cut off his nose in jewish operation—for years stopped girls on Broadway for cups of coffee to get laid—Went to NYU, serious there, to finish Law.

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And Gene lived with her, ate naked fishcakes, cheap, while she got crazier—He got thin, or felt helpless, Naomi striking 1920 poses at the moon, half-naked in the next bed.

bit his nails and studied—was the weird nurse-son—Next year he moved to a room near Columbia—though she wanted to live with her children—

‘Listen to your mother’s plea, I beg you’—Louis still sending her checks—I was in bughouse that year 8 months—my own visions unmentioned in this here Lament—

But then went half mad—Hitler in her room, she saw his mustache in the sink—afraid of Dr. Isaac now, suspecting that he was in on the Newark plot—went up to Bronx to live near Elanor’s Rheumatic Heart —

And Uncle Max never got up before noon, tho Naomi at 6 A.M. was listening to the radio for spies—or searching the windowsill,

for in the empty lot downstairs, an old man creeps with his bag stuffing packages of garbage in his hanging black overcoat.

Max’s sister Edie works—17 years bookkeeper at Gimbels—lived downstairs in apartment house, divorced—so Edie took in Naomi on Rochambeau Ave—

Woodlawn Cemetery across the street, vast dale of graves where Poe once—Last stop on Bronx subway—lots of communists in that area.

Who enrolled for painting classes at night in Bronx Adult High School—walked alone under Van Cortlandt Elevated line to class—paints Naomiisms—

Humans sitting on the grass in some Camp No-Worry summers yore—saints with droopy faces and long-ill-fitting pants, from hospital—

Brides in front of Lower East Side with short grooms—lost El trains running over the Babylonian apartment rooftops in the Bronx—

Sad paintings—but she expressed herself. Her mandolin gone, all strings broke in her head, she tried. Toward Beauty? or some old life Message?

But started kicking Elanor, and Elanor had heart trouble—came upstairs and asked her about Spydom for hours,—Elanor frazzled. Max away at office, accounting for cigar stores till at night.

‘I am a great woman—am truly a beautiful soul—and because of that they (Hitler, Grandma, Hearst, the Capitalists, Franco, Daily News, the ’20s, Mussolini, the living dead) want to shut me up—Buba’s the head of a spider network—’

Kicking the girls, Edie & Elanor—Woke Edie at midnite to tell her she was a spy and Elanor a rat. Edie worked all day and couldn’t take it—She was organizing the union.—And Elanor began dying, upstairs

in bed.

The relatives call me up, she's getting worse—I was the only one left —Went on the subway with Eugene to see her, ate stale fish—

'My sister whispers in the radio—Louis must be in the apartment—his mother tells him what to say—LIARS!—I cooked for my two children —I played the mandolin—'

Last night the nightingale woke me / Last night when all was still / it sang in the golden moonlight / from on the wintry hill. She did.

I pushed her against the door and shouted 'DON'T KICK ELANOR!'—she stared at me—Contempt—die—disbelief her sons are so naive, so dumb—'Elanor is the worst spy! She's taking orders!'

'—No wires in the room!'—I'm yelling at her—last ditch, Eugene listening on the bed—what can he do to escape that fatal Mama —'You've been away from Louis years already—Grandma's too old to walk—'

We're all alive at once then—even me & Gene & Naomi in one mythological Cousinesque room—screaming at each other in the Forever—I in Columbia jacket, she half undressed.

I banging against her head which saw Radios, Sticks, Hitlers—the gamut of Hallucinations—for real—her own universe—no road that goes elsewhere—to my own—No America, not even a world—

That you go as all men, as Van Gogh, as mad Hannah, all the same—to the last doom—Thunder, Spirits, Lightning!

I've seen your grave! O strange Naomi! My own—cracked grave! Shema Y'Israel—I am Svul Avrum—you—in death?

Your last night in the darkness of the Bronx—I phonecalled—thru hospital to secret police

that came, when you and I were alone, shrieking at Elanor in my ear —who breathed hard in her own bed, got thin—

Nor will forget, the doorknock, at your fright of spies,—Law advancing, on my honor—Eternity entering the room—you running to the bathroom undressed, hiding in protest from the last heroic fate—

staring at my eyes, betrayed—the final cops of madness rescuing me —from your foot against the broken heart of Elanor,

your voice at Edie weary of Gimbels coming home to broken radio



—and Louis needing a poor divorce, he wants to get married soon—  
Eugene dreaming, hiding at 125 St., suing negroes for money on crud  
furniture, defending black girls—

Protests from the bathroom—Said you were sane—dressing in a  
cotton robe, your shoes, then new, your purse and newspaper  
clippings—no—your honesty—

as you vainly made your lips more real with lipstick, looking in the  
mirror to see if the Insanity was Me or a carful of police.

or Grandma spying at 78—Your vision—Her climbing over the  
walls of the cemetery with political kidnapper's bag—or what you saw  
on the walls of the Bronx, in pink nightgown at midnight, staring out  
the window on the empty lot—

Ah Rochambeau Ave.—Playground of Phantoms—last apartment in  
the Bronx for spies—last home for Elanor or Naomi, here these  
communist sisters lost their revolution—

All right—put on your coat Mrs.—let's go—We have the wagon  
downstairs—you want to come with her to the station?'

The ride then—held Naomi's hand, and held her head to my breast,  
I'm taller—kissed her and said I did it for the best—Elanor sick—and  
Max with heart condition—Needs—

To me—'Why did you do this?'—'Yes Mrs., your son will have to  
leave you in an hour'—The Ambulance

came in a few hours—drove off at 4 A.M. to some Bellevue in the  
night downtown—gone to the hospital forever. I saw her led away—  
she waved, tears in her eyes.

Two years, after a trip to Mexico—bleak in the flat plain near  
Brentwood, scrub brush and grass around the unused RR train track to  
the crazyhouse—

new brick 20 story central building—lost on the vast lawns of mad-  
town on Long Island—huge cities of the moon.

Asylum spreads out giant wings above the path to a minute black  
hole—the door—entrance thru crotch—

I went in—smelt funny—the halls again—up elevator—to a glass  
door on a Women's Ward—to Naomi—Two nurses buxom white—  
They led her out, Naomi stared—and I gaspt—She'd had a stroke—

Too thin, shrunk on her bones—age come to Naomi—now broken into white hair—loose dress on her skeleton—face sunk, old! withered—cheek of crone—

One hand stiff—heaviness of forties & menopause reduced by one heart stroke, lame now—wrinkles—a scar on her head, the lobotomy—ruin, the hand dipping downwards to death—

O Russian faced, woman on the grass, your long black hair is crowned with flowers, the mandolin is on your knees—

Communist beauty, sit here married in the summer among daisies, promised happiness at hand—

holy mother, now you smile on your love, your world is born anew, children run naked in the field spotted with dandelions,

they eat in the plum tree grove at the end of the meadow and find a cabin where a white-haired negro teaches the mystery of his rainbarrel—

blessed daughter come to America, I long to hear your voice again, remembering your mother's music, in the Song of the Natural Front—

O glorious muse that bore me from the womb, gave suck first mystic life & taught me talk and music, from whose pained head I first took Vision—

Tortured and beaten in the skull—What mad hallucinations of the damned that drive me out of my own skull to seek Eternity till I find Peace for Thee, O Poetry—and for all humankind call on the Origin

Death which is the mother of the universe!—Now wear your nakedness forever, white flowers in your hair, your marriage sealed behind the sky—no revolution might destroy that maidenhood—

O beautiful Garbo of my Karma—all photographs from 1920 in Camp Nicht-Gedeiget here unchanged—with all the teachers from Newark —Nor Elanor be gone, nor Max await his specter—nor Louis retire from this High School—

Back! You! Naomi! Skull on you! Gaunt immortality and revolution come—small broken woman—the ashen indoor eyes of hospitals, ward grayness on skin—

Are you a spy?' I sat at the sour table, eyes filling with tears—'Who

are you? Did Louis send you?—The wires—'

in her hair, as she beat on her head—'I'm not a bad girl—don't murder me!—I hear the ceiling—I raised two children—'

Two years since I'd been there—I started to cry—She stared—nurse broke up the meeting a moment—I went into the bathroom to hide, against the toilet white walls

'The Horror' I weeping—to see her again—'The Horror'—as if she were dead thru funeral rot in—'The Horror!'

I came back she yelled more—they led her away—'You're not Allen—' I watched her face—but she passed by me, not looking—

Opened the door to the ward,—she went thru without a glance back, quiet suddenly—I stared out—she looked old—the verge of the grave—'All the Horror!'

Another year, I left N.Y.—on West Coast in Berkeley cottage dreamed of her soul—that, thru life, in what form it stood in that body, ashen or manic, gone beyond joy—

near its death—with eyes—was my own love in its form, the Naomi, my mother on earth still—sent her long letter—& wrote hymns to the mad —Work of the merciful Lord of Poetry.

that causes the broken grass to be green, or the rock to break in grass —or the Sun to be constant to earth—Sun of all sunflowers and days on bright iron bridges—what shines on old hospitals—as on my yard—

Returning from San Francisco one night, Orlovsky in my room—Whalen in his peaceful chair—a telegram from Gene, Naomi dead—

Outside I bent my head to the ground under the bushes near the garage—knew she was better—

at last—not left to look on Earth alone—2 years of solitude—no one, at age nearing 60—old woman of skulls—once long-tressed Naomi of Bible—

or Ruth who wept in America—Rebecca aged in Newark—David remembering his Harp, now lawyer at Yale

or Svul Avrum—Israel Abraham—myself—to sing in the wilderness toward God—O Elohim!—so to the end—2 days after her death I got her letter—

Strange Prophecies anew! She wrote—‘The key is in the window,  
the key is in the sunlight at the window—I have the key—Get married  
Allen don’t take drugs—the key is in the bars, in the sunlight in the  
window.

Love,  
your mother’

which is Naomi—

### Hymmnn

In the world which He has created according to his will Blessed  
Praised

Magnified Lauded Exalted the Name of the Holy One Blessed is He!

In the house in Newark Blessed is He! In the madhouse Blessed is He!  
In the house of Death Blessed is He!

Blessed be He in homosexuality! Blessed be He in Paranoia! Blessed be  
He in the city! Blessed be He in the Book!

Blessed be He who dwells in the shadow! Blessed be He! Blessed be  
He!

Blessed be you Naomi in tears! Blessed be you Naomi in fears! Blessed  
Blessed Blessed in sickness!

Blessed be you Naomi in Hospitals! Blessed be you Naomi in solitude!  
Blest be your triumph! Blest be your bars! Blest be your last years’  
loneliness!

Blest be your failure! Blest be your stroke! Blest be the close of your  
eye! Blest be the gaunt of your cheek! Blest be your withered  
thighs!

Blessed be Thee Naomi in Death! Blessed be Death! Blessed be Death!

Blessed be He Who leads all sorrow to Heaven! Blessed be He in the  
end!

Blessed be He who builds Heaven in Darkness! Blessed Blessed Blessed  
be He! Blessed be He! Blessed be Death on us All!

### III

Only to have not forgotten the beginning in which she drank cheap  
sodas in the morgues of Newark,

only to have seen her weeping on gray tables in long wards of her  
universe  
only to have known the weird ideas of Hitler at the door, the wires in  
her head, the three big sticks  
rammed down her back, the voices in the ceiling shrieking out her  
ugly early lays for 30 years,  
only to have seen the time-jumps, memory lapse, the crash of wars,  
the roar and silence of a vast electric shock,  
only to have seen her painting crude pictures of Elevateds running  
over the rooftops of the Bronx  
her brothers dead in Riverside or Russia, her lone in Long Island  
writing a last letter—and her image in the sunlight at the window  
‘The key is in the sunlight at the window in the bars the key is in the  
sunlight,’  
only to have come to that dark night on iron bed by stroke when the  
sun gone down on Long Island  
and the vast Atlantic roars outside the great call of Being to its own  
to come back out of the Nightmare—divided creation—with her head  
lain on a pillow of the hospital to die  
—in one last glimpse—all Earth one everlasting Light in the familiar  
blackout—no tears for this vision—  
But that the key should be left behind—at the window—the key in the  
sunlight—to the living—that can take  
that slice of light in hand—and turn the door—and look back see  
Creation glistening backwards to the same grave, size of universe,  
size of the tick of the hospital’s clock on the archway over the white  
door—

#### IV

O mother  
what have I left out  
O mother  
what have I forgotten  
O mother

farewell  
with a long black shoe  
farewell  
with Communist Party and a broken stocking  
farewell  
with six dark hairs on the wen of your breast  
farewell  
with your old dress and a long black beard around the vagina  
farewell  
with your sagging belly  
with your fear of Hitler  
with your mouth of bad short stories  
with your fingers of rotten mandolins  
with your arms of fat Paterson porches  
with your belly of strikes and smokestacks  
with your chin of Trotsky and the Spanish War  
with your voice singing for the decaying overbroken workers  
with your nose of bad lay with your nose of the smell of the pickles of  
Newark  
with your eyes  
with your eyes of Russia  
with your eyes of no money  
with your eyes of false China  
with your eyes of Aunt Elanor  
with your eyes of starving India  
with your eyes pissing in the park  
with your eyes of America taking a fall  
with your eyes of your failure at the piano  
with your eyes of your relatives in California  
with your eyes of Ma Rainey dying in an aumbulance  
with your eyes of Czechoslovakia attacked by robots  
with your eyes going to painting class at night in the Bronx

with your eyes of the killer Grandma you see on the horizon from the  
Fire-Escape  
with your eyes running naked out of the apartment screaming into the  
hall  
with your eyes being led away by policemen to an ambulance  
with your eyes strapped down on the operating table  
with your eyes with the pancreas removed  
with your eyes of appendix operation  
with your eyes of abortion  
with your eyes of ovaries removed  
with your eyes of shock  
with your eyes of lobotomy  
with your eyes of divorce  
with your eyes of stroke  
with your eyes alone  
with your eyes  
with your eyes  
with your Death full of Flowers

V

Caw caw caw crows shriek in the white sun over grave stones in Long  
Island  
Lord Lord Lord Naomi underneath this grass my halflife and my own  
as hers  
caw caw my eye be buried in the same Ground where I stand in Angel  
Lord Lord great Eye that stares on All and moves in a black cloud  
caw caw strange cry of Beings flung up into sky over the waving trees  
Lord Lord O Grinder of giant Beyonds my voice in a boundless field in  
Sheol  
Caw caw the call of Time rent out of foot and wing an instant in the  
universe  
Lord Lord an echo in the sky the wind through ragged leaves the roar  
of memory

caw caw all years my birth a dream caw caw New York the bus the  
broken shoe the vast highschool caw caw all Visions of the Lord  
Lord Lord Lord caw caw caw Lord Lord Lord caw caw caw Lord

*Paris, December 1957-New York, 1959*

## **Mescaline**

Rotting Ginsberg, I stared in the mirror naked today  
I noticed the old skull, I'm getting balder  
my pate gleams in the kitchen light under thin hair  
like the skull of some monk in old catacombs lighted by  
a guard with flashlight  
followed by a mob of tourists  
so there is death  
my kitten mews, and looks into the closet  
Boito sings on the phonograph tonight his ancient song of angels  
Antinoüs bust in brown photograph still gazing down from my wall  
a light burst from God's delicate hand sends down a wooden dove to  
the calm virgin  
Beato Angelico's universe  
the cat's gone mad and scraowls around the floor

What happens when the death gong hits rotting ginsberg on the  
head  
what universe do I enter  
death death death death death the cat's at rest  
are we ever free of—rotting ginsberg  
Then let it decay, thank God I know  
thank who  
thank who  
Thank you, O lord, beyond my eye  
the path must lead somewhere  
the path



the path  
thru the rotting shit dump, thru the Angelico orgies  
Beep, emit a burst of babe and begone  
perhaps that's the answer, wouldn't know till you had a kid  
I dunno, never had a kid never will at the rate I'm going

Yes, I should be good, I should get married  
find out what it's all about  
but I can't stand these women all over me  
smell of Naomi  
erk, I'm stuck with this familiar rotting ginsberg  
can't stand boys even anymore  
can't stand  
can't stand  
and who wants to get fucked up the ass, really?  
Immense seas passing over  
the flow of time  
and who wants to be famous and sign autographs like a movie star

I want to know  
*I want I want ridiculous to know to know* WHAT rotting ginsberg  
I want to know what happens after I rot  
because I'm already rotting  
my hair's falling out I've got a belly I'm sick of sex  
my ass drags in the universe I know too much  
and not enough  
I want to know what happens after I die  
well I'll find out soon enough  
do I really need to know now?  
is that any use at all use use use  
death death death death death  
god god god god god god god the Lone Ranger

the rhythm of the typewriter

What can I do to Heaven by pounding on Typewriter  
I'm stuck change the record Gregory ah excellent he's doing just that  
and I am too conscious of a million ears  
at present creepy ears, making commerce  
too many pictures in the newspapers  
faded yellowed press clippings  
I'm going away from the poem to be a drak contemplative

trash of the mind  
trash of the world  
man is half trash  
all trash in the grave

What can Williams be thinking in Paterson, death so much on him  
so soon so soon  
Williams, what is death?  
Do you face the great question now each moment  
or do you forget at breakfast looking at your old ugly love in the face  
are you prepared to be reborn  
to give release to this world to enter a heaven  
or give release, give release  
and all be done—and see a lifetime—all eternity—gone over  
into naught, a trick question proposed by the moon to the answerless  
earth  
No Glory for man! No Glory for man! No glory for me! No me!

No point writing when the spirit doth not lead

*New York, 1959*

**Lysergic Acid**

It is a multiple million eyed monster  
it is hidden in all its elephants and selves  
it hummeth in the electric typewriter  
it is electricity connected to itself, if it hath wires  
it is a vast Spiderweb  
and I am on the last millionth infinite tentacle of the spiderweb, a  
worrier  
lost, separated, a worm, a thought, a self  
one of the millions of skeletons of China  
one of the particular mistakes  
I allen Ginsberg a separate consciousness  
I who want to be God  
I who want to hear the infinite minutest vibration of eternal harmony  
I who wait trembling my destruction by that aethereal music in the  
fire  
I who hate God and give him a name  
I who make mistakes on the eternal typewriter  
I who am Doomed

But at the far end of the universe the million eyed Spyder that hath no  
name  
spinneth of itself endlessly  
the monster that is no monster approaches with apples, perfume,  
railroads, television, skulls  
a universe that eats and drinks itself  
blood from my skull  
Tibetan creature with hairy breast and Zodiac on my stomach  
this sacrificial victim unable to have a good time

My face in the mirror, thin hair, blood congested in streaks down  
beneath my eyes, cocksucker, a decay, a talking lust  
a snaeap, a snarl, a tic of consciousness in infinity  
a creep in the eyes of all Universes

trying to escape my Being, unable to pass on to the Eye  
I vomit, I am in a trance, my body is seized in convulsion, my stomach  
crawls, water from my mouth, I am here in Inferno  
dry bones of myriad lifeless mummies naked on the web, the Ghosts, I  
am a Ghost  
I cry out where I am in the music, to the room, to whomever near,  
you, Are you God?  
No, do you want me to be God?  
Is there no Answer?  
Must there always be an Answer? you reply,  
and were it up to me to say Yes or No—  
Thank God I am not God! Thank God I am not God!  
But that I long for a Yes of Harmony to penetrate  
to every corner of the universe, under every condition whatsoever  
a Yes there Is ... a Yes I Am ... a Yes You Are ... a We

A We  
and that must be an It, and a They, and a Thing with No Answer  
It creepeth, it waiteth, it is still, it is begun, it is the Horns of Battle it  
is Multiple Sclerosis  
it is not my hope  
it is not my death at Eternity  
it is not my word, not poetry  
beware my Word

It is a Ghost Trap, woven by priest in Sikkim or Tibet  
a crossframe on which a thousand threads of differing color  
are strung, a spiritual tennis racket  
in which when I look I see aethereal lightwaves radiate  
bright energy passing round on the threads as for billions of years  
the thread-bands magically changing hues one transformed to another  
as if the  
Ghost Trap

were an image of the Universe in miniature  
conscious sentient part of the interrelated machine  
making waves outward in Time to the Beholder  
displaying its own image in miniature once for all  
repeated minutely downward with endless variations throughout all  
of itself  
it being all the same in every part

This image or energy which reproduces itself at the depths of space  
from the very Beginning  
in what might be an O or an Aum  
and trailing variations made of the same Word circles round itself in  
the same pattern as its original Appearance  
creating a larger Image of itself throughout depths of Time  
outward circling thru bands of faroff Nebulae & vast Astrologies  
contained, to be true to itself, in a Mandala painted on an Elephant's  
hide,  
or in a photograph of a painting on the side of an imaginary Elephant  
which smiles, tho how the Elephant looks is an irrelevant joke—  
it might be a Sign held by a Flaming Demon, or Ogre of Transience,  
or in a photograph of my own belly in the void  
or in my eye  
or in the eye of the monk who made the Sign  
or in its own Eye that stares on Itself at last and dies

and tho an eye can die  
and tho my eye can die  
the billion-eyed monster, the Nameless, the Answerless, the Hidden-  
from-me, the endless Being  
one creature that gives birth to itself  
thrills in its minutest particular, sees out of all eyes differently at once  
One and not One moves on its own ways  
I cannot follow

And I have made an image of the monster here  
and I will make another  
it feels like Cryptozoids  
it creeps and undulates beneath the sea  
it is coming to take over the city  
it invades beneath every Consciousness  
it is delicate as the Universe  
it makes me vomit  
because I am afraid I will miss its appearance  
it appears anyway  
it appears anyway in the mirror  
it washes out of the mirror like the sea  
it is myriad undulations  
it washes out of the mirror and drowns the beholder  
it drowns the world when it drowns the world  
it drowns in itself  
it floats outward like a corpse filled with music  
the noise of war in its head  
a babe laugh in its belly  
a scream of agony in the dark sea  
a smile on the lips of a blind statue  
it was there  
it was not mine  
I wanted to use it for myself  
to be heroic  
but it is not for sale to this consciousness  
it goes its own way forever  
it will complete all creatures  
it will be the radio of the future  
it will hear itself in time  
it wants a rest

it is tired of hearing and seeing itself  
it wants another form another victim  
it wants me  
it gives me good reason  
it gives me reason to exist  
it gives me endless answers  
a consciousness to be separate and a consciousness to see  
I am beckoned to be One or the other, to say I am both and be neither  
it can take care of itself without me  
it is Both Answerless (it answers not to that name)  
it hummeth on the electric typewriter  
it types a fragmentary word which is  
a fragmentary word,

#### MANDALA

Gods dance on their own bodies  
New flowers open forgetting Death  
Celestial eyes beyond the heartbreak of illusion  
I see the gay Creator  
Bands rise up in anthem to the worlds  
Flags and banners waving in transcendence  
One image in the end remains myriad-eyed in Eternity  
This is the Work! This is the Knowledge! This is the End of man!

*Palo Alto, June 2, 1959*

#### **I Beg You Come Back & Be Cheerful**

Tonite I got hi in the window of my apartment  
chair at 3 A.M.  
gazing at Blue incandescent torches  
bright-lit street below  
clotted shadows looming on a new laid pave  
—as last week Medieval rabbiz

plodded thru the brown raw  
dirt turned over—sticks  
    & cans  
and tired ladies sitting on spanish  
garbage pails—in the deadly heat  
    —one month ago  
the fire hydrants were awash—  
the sun at 3 P.M. today in a haze—  
now all dark outside, a cat crosses  
the street silently—I meow  
and she looks up, and passes a  
pile of rubble on the way  
to a golden shining garbage pail  
    (phosphor in the night  
    & alley stink)  
    (or door-can mash)  
—Thinking America is a chaos  
Police clog the streets with their anxiety,  
Prowl cars creak & halt:

Today a woman, 20, slapped her brother  
playing with his infant bricks—  
toying with a huge rock—  
    ‘Don’t do that now! the cops! the cops!’  
And there was no cop there—  
I looked around shoulder—  
a pile of crap in the opposite direction.

Tear gas! Dynamite! Mustaches!  
I’ll grow a beard and carry lovely  
bombs,  
I will destroy the world, slip in between  
the cracks of death  
And change the Universe—Ha!  
I have the secret, I carry  
Subversive salami in  
my ragged briefcase  
“Garlic, Poverty, a will to Heaven,”



a strange dream in my meat:

Radiant clouds, I have heard God's voice in  
my sleep, or Blake's awake, or my own or  
the dream of a delicatessen of snorting cows  
and bellowing pigs—  
The chop of a knife  
a finger severed in my brain—  
a few deaths I know—

O brothers of the Laurel  
Is the world real?  
Is the Laurel  
a joke or a crown of thorns?—

Fast, pass  
up the ass  
Down I go  
Cometh Woe

—the street outside,  
me spying on New York.  
The dark truck passes snarling &  
vibrating deep—

What  
if  
the  
worlds  
were  
a  
series  
of steps  
  
What  
if  
the  
steps  
joined  
back  
at  
the  
Margin

Leaving us flying like birds into Time  
—eyes and car headlights—  
The shrinkage of emptiness  
in the Nebulae

These Galaxies cross like pinwheels & they pass  
like gas—  
What forests are born.

*September 15, 1959*

### **Psalm IV**

Now I'll record my secret vision, impossible sight of the face of God:  
It was no dream, I lay broad waking on a fabulous couch in Harlem  
having masturbated for no love, and read half naked an open book of  
Blake on my lap  
Lo & behold! I was thoughtless and turned a page and gazed on the  
living Sun-flower  
and heard a voice, it was Blake's, reciting in earthen measure:  
the voice rose out of the page to my secret ear never heard before—  
I lifted my eyes to the window, red walls of buildings flashed outside,  
endless sky sad in Eternity  
sunlight gazing on the world, apartments of Harlem standing in the

universe—  
each brick and cornice stained with intelligence like a vast living face  
—  
the great brain unfolding and brooding in wilderness!—Now speaking  
aloud with Blake's voice—  
Love! thou patient presence & bone of the body! Father! thy careful  
watching and waiting over my soul!  
My son! My son! the endless ages have remembered me! My son! My  
son! Time howled in anguish in my ear!  
My son! My son! my father wept and held me in his dead arms.

1960

### **To an Old Poet in Peru**

Because we met at dusk  
Under the shadow of the railroad station  
clock  
While my shade was visiting Lima  
And your ghost was dying in Lima  
old face needing a shave  
And my young beard sprouted  
magnificent as the dead hair  
in the sands of Chancay  
Because I mistakenly thought you were  
melancholy  
Saluting your 60 year old feet  
which smell of the death  
of spiders on the pavement  
And you saluted my eyes  
with your anisetto voice  
Mistakenly thinking I was genial  
for a youth  
(my rock and roll is the motion of an  
angel flying in a modern city)  
(your obscure shuffle is the motion  
of a seraphim that has lost  
its wings)  
I kiss you on your fat cheek (once more tomorrow

Under the stupendous Desamparados clock)  
Before I go to my death in an airplane crash  
    in North America (long ago)  
And you go to your heart-attack on an indifferent  
    street in South America  
(Both surrounded by screaming  
    communists with flowers  
    in their ass)  
—you much sooner than I—  
    or a long night alone in a room  
    in the old hotel of the world  
    watching a black door  
    ... surrounded by scraps of paper

## DIE GREATLY IN THY SOLITUDE

Old Man,  
    I prophesy Reward

Vaster than the sands of Pachacamac  
Brighter than a mask of hammered gold  
Sweeter than the joy of armies naked  
    fucking on the battlefield  
Swifter than a time passed between  
    old Nasca night and new Lima  
    in the dusk  
Stranger than our meeting by the Presidential  
    Palace in an old café  
ghosts of an old illusion, ghosts  
    of indifferent love—

## THE DAZZLING INTELLIGENCE

Migrates from Death  
To make a sign of Life again to you  
Fierce and beautiful as a car crash

in the Plaza de Armas

I swear that I have seen that Light  
I will not fail to kiss your hideous cheek  
when your coffin's closed

And the human mourners go back  
to their old tired  
Dream.

And you wake in the Eye of the  
Dictator of the Universe.

Another stupid miracle! I'm  
mistaken again!  
Your indifference! my enthusiasm!  
I insist! You cough!  
Lost in the wave of Gold that  
flows thru the Cosmos.

Agh I'm tired of insisting! Goodbye,  
I'm going to Pucallpa  
to have Visions.  
Your clean sonnets?  
I want to read your dirtiest  
secret scribblings,  
your Hope,  
in His most Obscene Magnificence. My God!

*May 19, 960*

**Aether**

*11:15 P.M., May 27*

4 Sniffs & I'm High,  
Underwear in bed,  
white cotton in left hand,

archetype degenerate,  
    bloody taste in my mouth  
        of Dentist Chair  
music, Loud Farts of Eternity—  
an owl with eyeglasses scribbling in the  
    cold darkness—  
All the time the sound in my eardrums  
    of trolleycars below  
taxi fender cough—creak of streets—  
Laughter & pistol shots echoing  
    at all walls—  
    tic leaks of neon—the voice of Myriad  
        rushers of the Brainpan  
all the chirps the crickets have created  
ringing against my eares in the  
    instant before unconsciousness  
        before,—  
    the teardrop in the eye to come,—  
    the Fear of the Unknown—

One does not yet know whether Christ was  
    God or the Devil—  
Buddha is more reassuring.

Yet the experiments must continue!  
Every possible combination of Being—all  
    the old ones! all the old Hindu  
        Sabahadabadie-pluralic universes  
            ringing in Grandiloquent  
                Bearded Juxtaposition,  
with all their minarets and moonlit  
    towers enlaced with iron  
        or porcelain embroidery,  
            all have existed—  
        and the Sages with  
white hair who sat crosslegged on  
    a female couch—  
hearkening to whatever music came

from out the Wood or Street,  
whatever bird that whistled in the  
Marketplace,  
whatever note the clock struck to say  
Time—  
whatever drug, or aire, they breathed  
to make them think so deep  
or simply hear what passed,  
like a car passing in the 1960 street  
beside the Governmental Palace  
in Peru, this Lima  
year I write.  
Kerouac! I salute yr  
wordy beard. Sad Prophet!  
Salutations and low bows from  
baggy pants and turbaned mind and hornèd foot  
arched eyebrows & Jewish Smile—  
One single specimen of Eternity—each  
of us poets.

Breake the Rhythm! (too much pentameter)  
... My god what solitude are you in Kerouac now?  
—heard the whoosh of carwheels in the 1950 rain—

And every bell went off on time,  
And everything that was created  
Rang especially in view of the Creation  
For  
This is the end of the creation  
This is the redemption Spoken of  
This is the view of the Created  
by all the Drs, nurses, etc. of  
creation;  
i.e.,—

★  
!!

I JUST NODDED BECAUSE OF THE SECONDARY NEGATION
--

The unspeakable passed over my head for  
the second time.  
and still can't say it!

i.e. we are the sweepings of the moon  
we're what's *left over* from perfection—  
The universe is an OLD mistake  
I've understood a million times before  
and always come back to the same  
scissor brainwave—

The  
Sooner or later all Consciousness will  
be eliminated  
because Consciousness is  
a by-product of—  
(Cotton & N<sub>2</sub>O)

Drawing saliva back from the tongue—

Christ! you struggle to understand  
One consciousness  
& be confronted with Myriads—  
after a billion years  
with the same ringing in the ears  
and pterodactyl-smile of Oops  
Creation,  
known it all before.  
A Buddha as of old, with sirens of  
whatever machinery making cranging noises in  
the street  
and pavement light reflected in the facade  
RR Station window in a  
dinky port in Backwash  
of the murky old forgotten  
fabulous whatever  
Civilization of  
Eternity,—



with the RR Sta Clock ring midnight,  
as of now,  
    & waiting for the 6th  
        you write your  
            Word,  
and end on the last chime—and remember  
    This *one* twelve was struck  
        before,  
        and *never again*; both.

..... I stood on the balcony  
    waiting for an explosion  
of Total Consciousness of the All—  
    being Ginsberg sniffing ether in Lima.  
The same struggle of Mind, to reach the  
    Thing  
that ends its process with an X  
    comprehending its befores and afters,  
unexplainable to each, except in a prophetic  
    secret recollective hidden  
        half-hand unrecorded way.  
As the old sages of Asia, or the white beards of Persia  
    scribbled on the margins of their scrolls  
        in delicate ink  
remembering with tears the ancient clockbells of their cities  
    and the cities that had been—  
Nasca, Paracas, Chancay & Secrecy of the Priests  
    buried, Cat Gods  
of all colors, a funeral shroud  
    for a museum—  
None remember but all return to the same thought  
    before they die—what sad old  
knowledge, we repeat again.  
    Only to be lost  
in the sands of Paracas, or wrapped in a mystic shroud  
    of Poesy  
and found by some kid in a thousand years  
    inspire what dreadful thoughts of his own?

It's a horrible, lonely experience. And  
Gregory's letter, and Peter's ...

7:30 P.M., May 28

... In the foul dregs of Circumstance  
    'Male and Female He created them'  
        with mustaches.  
There ARE certain REPEATED  
    (pistol shot) reliable points  
of reference which the insane  
(pistol shot repeated outside  
the window)—madman suddenly  
writes—THE PISTOL SHOT  
outside—the REPEATED situations  
the experience of return to the  
same place in Universal Creation  
Time—and every time we return  
we recognize again that we  
HAVE been here & that is the  
Key to Creation—the same pistol shot  
—DOWN, bending over his book of Un  
intelligible marvels with his mustache.

(my) Madness is intelligible reactions to  
Unintelligible phenomena.

    Boy—what a marvelous bottle,  
    a clear glass sphere of transparent  
        liquid ether—  
    (Chloraethyl Merz)

9 P.M.

I know I am a poet—in this universe—but what good does that do  
—when in another, without these mechanical aids, I might be doomed  
to be a poor Disneyan Shoe Store Clerk—This consciousness an  
*accident* of one of the Ether-possible worlds, not the Final World

Wherein we all look Crosseyed  
& triumph in our Virginity  
without wearing Rabbit's-foot  
ears or eyes looking sideways  
strangely but in Gold

Humbled & more knowledgeable, acknowledge  
the Vast mystery of our creation—  
without giving any sign that  
we have heard from the

GREAT CREATOR

WHOSE NAME I NOW

PRONOUNCE:

GREAT CREATOR OF THE UNIVERS, IF

THY WISDOM ACCORD IT

AND IF THIS NOT BE TOO

MUCH TO ASK

MAY I PUBLISH YOUR NAME?

I ASK IN THE LIMA

NIGHT

FEARFULLY WAITING

ANSWER,

hearing the buses out on  
the street hissing,  
Knowing the Terror  
of the World Afar—

I have been playing with Jokes  
and His is too mighty to hold  
    in the hand like a Pen  
and His is the Pistol Shot Answer  
    that brings blood to the brain  
And—

What *can* be possible  
    in a minor universe  
    in which you can see  
    God by sniffing the  
    gas in a cotton?  
The answer to be taken in  
    reverse & Doubled Math  
    ematically *both* ways.  
Am I a sinner?  
There are hard & easy universes. This  
    is neither.

(If I close my eyes will I regain consciousness?)  
    That's the Final Question—with  
all the old churchbells ringing and  
bus pickup snuffles & crack of iron  
whips inside cylinders & squeal of brakes  
and old crescendos of responsive  
demiurgic ecstasy whispering in streets of ear  
    —and when was it Not  
    ever answered in the Affirmative? Saith the Lord?

#### A MAGIC UNIVERSE

Flies & crickets & the sound of buses & my  
    stupid beard.  
But what's Magic?  
Is there Sorrow in Magic?  
Is Magic one of my boyscout creations?  
Am I responsible? I with my flop?  
Could Threat happen to Magic?  
Yes! this the one universe in which

there is threat to magic, by  
writing while high.

A Universe in which I am condemned to write statements.

‘Ignorant Judgments Create Mistaken Worlds—’  
and this one is joined in  
Indic union to  
Affirm with laughing  
eyes—

The world is as we see it,  
Male & Female, passing thru the years,  
as has before & will, perhaps  
with all its countless pearls & Bloody noses  
and I poor stupid All in G  
am stuck with that old Choice—  
Ya, Crap, what Hymn to seek, & in  
what tongue, if this’s the most  
I can requite from Consciousness?—  
That I can skim? & put in words?  
Could skim it faster with more juice—  
could skim a crop with Death, perchance  
—yet never know in this old world.

Will know in Death?  
And before?  
Will in

Another know.  
And in another know.  
And

in another know.  
And  
Stop conceiving worlds!  
says Philip Whalen

(My Savior!) (oh what snobbery!)  
(as if he cd save Anyone)—

At *least*, he won’t understand.  
I lift my finger in the air to create  
a universe he won’t understand, full

of sadness.

—finally staring straight ahead in surprise  
& recollection into the mirror of  
the Hotel Comercio room.

Time repeats itself. Including  
this consciousness, which has seen  
itself before—thus the locust-whistle  
of antiquity's nightwatch in my eardrum ...

I propounded a final question, and  
heard a series of final answers.

What is God? for instance, asks the answer?

And whatever else can the replier reply but reply?

Whatever the nature of mind, that  
the nature of *both* question and answer.

& yet one wants to live  
in a *single* universe  
Does one?

Must it be one?

Why, as with the Jews  
must the God be One?

O what does  
the concept ONE mean?  
IT'S MAD!

GOD IS ONE!

IS X

IS MEANINGLESS—

ADONOI—

IS A JOKE—

THE HEBREWS ARE  
WRONG—(CRIST & BUDDA  
ATTEST, also wrongly!)

What is One but Formation  
of mind?  
arbitrary madness! 6000 years  
Spreading out in all directions simultaneously—

I forgive both good & ill  
& I seek nothing, like a painted savage with  
spear crossed by orange black & white bands!  
'I found the Jivaros & was  
entrapped in their universe'

I'm scribbling nothings.  
Page upon page of profoundest nothing,  
as scribed the Ancient Hebe, when  
he wrote Adonoi Echad or One—  
all to amuse, make money, or deceive—  
Let Wickedness be Me  
and this the worst of all  
the universes!

Not the worst! Not Flame!  
I can't stand that—(Yes that's  
for Somebody Else!  
Yet I accept  
O Catfaced God, whatever comes! It's me!  
I am the Flame, etc.

O Gawd!  
Pistol shot! Crack!  
Circusmaster's whip—  
IMPERFECT!  
and a soul is damned to  
HELL!

And the churchbell rings!  
and there is melancholy, once again, throughout the realm.  
and I'm that soul, small as it is.)

## HAVE FELT SAME BEFORE

The death of consciousness is terrible  
and yet! when all is ended  
what regret?

'S none left to remember or forget.

And's gone into the odd.

The only thing I fear is the Last  
Chance. I'll see that last chance too  
before I'm done, Old Mind. All them  
old Last Chances that you knew before.

—someday thru the dream wall  
to nextdoor consciousness  
like thru this blue hotel wall  
—millions of hotel rooms fogging  
the focus of my eyes—

with whatever attitude I hold the cotton  
to my nose, it's still a secret joke  
with pinkie akimbo, or with effete queer  
eye in mirror at myself,  
or serious-brow mien

& darkened beard,

I'm still the kid of obscene chance awaiting—  
breathing in a chinese Universe  
thru the nose like some old Brahmanic God.

O BELL TIME RING THY  
MIDNIGHT FOR THE BILLIONTH  
SOUNDY TIME, I HEAR AGAIN!

I'll go to walk the street,  
Who'll find  
me in the night, in Lima, in my  
33'd year,

On Street (Cont.)

cigarette stub &



The souls of Peter &  
I answer each other.  
But—and what's a soul?  
To be a poet's a  
serious occupation,  
condemned to that  
in universe—  
to walk the city  
ascribbling in  
a book—just accosted  
by a drunk—  
in Plaza de Armas  
sidestreet under  
a foggy sky, and  
sometimes with no  
moon.

The heavy balcony  
hangs over the white  
marble of the Bishop's  
Palace next the Cathedral—  
The fountain plays  
in light as e'er—  
The buses & the  
motorcyclists pass  
thru midnight, the  
carlights shine  
the beggar turns  
a corner with his

cane, the Noisers  
leave the tavern  
and delay, conversing  
in high voice,  
Awake,  
Hasta Mañana  
they all say—  
and somewhere  
at the other end of  
the line, a telephone  
is ringing, once again  
with unknown news—

The night  
looms over Lima,  
sky black fog—  
and I sit helpless  
smoking with a  
pencil hand—

The long crack  
in the pavement  
or yesterday's  
volcano in Chile,  
or the day before  
the Earthquake  
that begat the  
World.

The Plaza pavement  
shines in the electric

light. I wait.

The lonely beard  
workman staggers  
home to bed from  
Death.

Yes but I'm  
a little tired of  
being alone ...  
Keats' Nightingale—the  
instant of realization  
a single consciousness  
that hears the chimes  
of Time, repeated  
endlessly—

All night, w/ Ether, wave  
after wave of magic  
understanding. A disturbance  
of the field  
of consciousness.  
Magic night, magic stars,

magic men, magic moon  
magic tomorrow, magic death,  
magic Magic.

What crude Magic  
we live in (seeing trolley  
like a rude monster  
in downtown street  
w/ electric diamond  
wire antennae to sky  
pass night café under  
white arc-light by  
Gran Hotel Bolívar.)

The mad potter of  
Mochica made a  
pot w/ 6 Eyes & 2  
Mouths & half a Nose  
& 5 Cheeks & no Chin  
for us to figure out,  
serious side-track,  
blind alley Kosmos.

Back in Room (Cont.)

How strange to remember anything, even a button  
much less a universe.

'What creature gives birth to itself?'

The universe is mad, slightly mad.

—and the two sides wriggle away  
in opposite directions to die

lopped off  
the blind metallic length curled up  
feebly & wiggling its feet  
in the grass  
the millipede's black head moving inches away  
on the staircase at Macchu Picchu  
the Creature feels itself  
destroyed,  
head & tail of the universe  
cut in two.  
Men with slick mustaches of mystery have  
pimp horrible climaxes & Karmas—  
—the mad magician that created Chaos  
in the peaceful void & suave.  
with my fucking suave manners & knowitall  
eyes, and mind full of fantasy—  
the Me! that horror that keeps me conscious  
in this Hell of Birth & Death.

34 coming up—I suddenly felt old—sitting with Walter & Raquel in  
Chinese Restaurant—they kissed—I alone—age of Burroughs when we  
first met.

*Hotel Comercio, Lima, Peru, May 28, 1960*

### **Magic Psalm**

Because this world is on the wing and what cometh no man can know  
O Phantom that my mind pursues from year to year descend from  
heaven to this shaking flesh  
catch up my fleeting eye in the vast Ray that knows no bounds—  
Inseparable —Master—  
Giant outside Time with all its falling leaves—Genius of the Universe  
—Magician in Nothingness where appear red clouds—  
Unspeakable King of the roads that are gone—Unintelligible Horse  
riding out of the graveyard—Sunset spread over Cordillera and  
insect—Gnarl Moth—  
Griever—Laugh with no mouth, Heart that never had flesh to die—  
Promise that was not made—Reliever, whose blood burns in a

million animals wounded—  
O Mercy, Destroyer of the World, O Mercy, Creator of Breasted  
Illusions, O Mercy, cacophonous warmouthed doveling, Come,  
invade my body with the sex of God, choke up my nostrils with  
corruption's infinite caress,  
transfigure me to slimy worms of pure sensate transcendency I'm still  
alive,  
croak my voice with uglier than reality, a psychic tomato speaking  
Thy million mouths,  
Myriad-tongued my Soul, Monster or Angel, Lover that comes to fuck  
me forever—white gown on the Eyeless Squid—  
Asshole of the Universe into which I disappear—Elastic Hand that  
spoke to Crane—Music that passes into the phonograph of years  
from another Millennium—Ear of the buildings of NY—  
That which I believe—have seen—seek endlessly in leaf dog eye—  
fault always, lack—which makes me think—  
Desire that created me, Desire I hide in my body, Desire all Man know  
Death, Desire surpassing the Babylonian possible world  
that makes my flesh shake orgasm of Thy Name which I don't know  
never will never speak—  
Speak to Mankind to say the great bell tolls a golden tone on iron  
balconies in every million universe,  
I am Thy prophet come home this world to scream an unbearable  
Name thru my 5 senses hideous sixth  
that knows Thy Hand on its invisible phallus, covered with electric  
bulbs of death—  
Peace, Resolver where I mess up illusion, Softmouth Vagina that  
enters my brain from above, Ark-Dove with a bough of Death.  
Drive me crazy, God I'm ready for disintegration of my mind, disgrace  
me in the eye of the earth,  
attack my hairy heart with terror eat my cock Invisible croak of  
deathfrog leap on me pack of heavy dogs salivating light,  
devour my brain One flow of endless consciousness, I'm scared of your  
promise must make scream my prayer in fear—  
Descend O Light Creator & Eater of Mankind, disrupt the world in its

madness of bombs and murder,  
Volcanos of flesh over London, on Paris a rain of eyes—truckloads of  
angel-hearts besmearing Kremlin walls—the skullcup of light to  
New York—  
myriad jeweled feet on the terraces of Pekin—veils of electrical gas  
descending over India—cities of Bacteria invading the brain—the  
Soul escaping into the rubber waving mouths of Paradise—  
This is the Great Call, this is the Tocsin of the Eternal War, this is the  
cry of Mind slain in Nebulae,  
this is the Golden Bell of the Church that has never existed, this is the  
Boom in the heart of the sunbeam, this is the trumpet of the Worm  
at Death,  
Appeal of the handless castrate grab Alm golden seed of Futurity thru  
the quake & volcan of the world—  
Shovel my feet under the Andes, splatter my brains on the Sphinx,  
drape my beard and hair over Empire State Building,  
cover my belly with hands of moss, fill up my ears with your  
lightning, blind me with prophetic rainbows  
That I taste the shit of Being at last, that I touch Thy genitals in the  
palmtree,  
that the vast Ray of Futurity enter my mouth to sound Thy Creation  
Forever Unborn, O Beauty invisible to my Century!  
that my prayer surpass my understanding, that I lay my vanity at Thy  
foot, that I no longer fear Judgment over Allen of this world  
born in Newark come into Eternity in New York crying again in Peru  
for human Tongue to psalm the Unspeakable,  
that I surpass desire for transcendency and enter the calm water of the  
universe  
that I ride out this wave, not drown forever in the flood of my  
imagination  
that I not be slain thru my own insane magic, this crime be punished  
in merciful jails of Death,  
men understand my speech out of their own Turkish heart, the  
prophets aid me with Proclamation,  
the Seraphim acclaim Thy Name, Thyself at once in one huge Mouth  
of Universe make meat reply.

June 1960

## The Reply

God answers with my doom! I am annulled  
    this poetry blanked from the fiery ledger  
    my lies be answered by the worm at my ear  
my visions by the hand falling over my eyes to cover them  
    from sight of my skeleton  
my longing to be God by the trembling bearded jaw flesh  
    that covers my skull like monster-skin  
Stomach vomiting out the soul-vine, cadaver on  
the floor of a bamboo hut, body-meat crawling toward  
    its fate nightmare rising in my brain  
The noise of the drone of creation adoring its Slayer, the yowp  
    of birds to the Infinite, dogbarks like the sound  
    of vomit in the air, frogs croaking Death at trees  
I am a Seraph and I know not whither I go into the Void  
I am a man and I know not whither I go into Death—  
    Christ Christ poor hopeless  
    lifted on the Cross between Dimension—  
    to see the Ever-Unknowable!  
a dead gong shivers thru all flesh and a vast Being enters my  
    brain from afar that lives forever  
None but the Presence too mighty to record! the Presence  
    in Death, before whom I am helpless  
    makes me change from Allen to a skull  
Old One-Eye of dreams in which I do not wake but die—  
    hands pulled into the darkness by a frightful Hand  
    —the worm's blind wriggle, cut—the plough  
    is God himself  
What ball of monster darkness from before the universe come  
    back to visit me with blind command!  
    and I can blank out this consciousness, escape back  
    to New York love, and will  
    Poor pitiable Christ afraid of the foretold Cross,  
    Never to die—  
Escape, but not forever—the Presence will come, the hour  
    will come, a strange truth enter the universe, death  
    show its Being as before

and I'll despair that *I forgot! forgot!* my fate return,  
tho die of it—  
What's sacred when the Thing is all the universe?  
creeps to every soul like a vampire-organ singing behind  
moonlit clouds—poor being come squat  
under bearded stars in a dark field in Peru  
to drop my load—I'll die in horror that I die!  
Not dams or pyramids but death, and we to prepare for that  
nakedness, poor bones sucked dry by His long mouth  
of ants and wind, & our souls murdered to prepare His  
Perfection!  
The moment's come, He's made His will revealed forever  
and no flight into old Being further than the stars will not  
find terminal in the same dark swaying port of unbearable  
music  
No refuge in Myself, which is on fire  
or in the World which is His also to bomb & Devour!  
Recognize His might! Loose hold  
of my hands—my frightened skull  
—for I had chose self-love—  
my eyes, my nose, my face, my cock, my soul—and now  
the faceless Destroyer!  
A billion doors to the same new Being!  
The universe turns inside out to devour me!  
and the mighty burst of music comes from out the inhuman door—

*June 1960*

## **The End**

I am I, old Father Fisheye that begat the ocean, the worm at my own  
ear, the serpent turning around a tree,  
I sit in the mind of the oak and hide in the rose, I know if any wake  
up, none but my death,  
come to me bodies, come to me prophecies, come all foreboding,  
come spirits and visions,  
I receive all, I'll die of cancer, I enter the coffin forever, I close my  
eye, I disappear,  
I fall on myself in winter snow, I roll in a great wheel through rain, I  
watch fuckers in convulsion,

car screech, furies groaning their basso music, memory fading in the  
brain, men imitating dogs,  
I delight in a woman's belly, youth stretching his breasts and thighs to  
sex, the cock sprung inward  
gassing its seed on the lips of Yin, the beasts dance in Siam, they sing  
opera in Moscow,  
my boys yearn at dusk on stoops, I enter New York, I play my jazz on  
a Chicago Harpsichord,  
Love that bore me I bear back to my Origin with no loss, I float over  
the vomiter  
thrilled with my deathlessness, thrilled with this endlessness I dice  
and bury,  
come Poet shut up eat my word, and taste my mouth in your ear.

*New York, 1960*

### **Man's glory**

Shines on top of Mountains where Grey Stone monastery sits & blinks  
at the sky  
There in Tangier in Soco Chico there God's Grammar Arabic jabbers  
shoe-shine Poverty beneath the ultra silent mosque  
There in Venice glittering in Canal Grande in Front of San Giorgio  
Maggiore Gondola'd to cream the fabulous tourist—  
There in Mexico in th' Archaeologic Museum where Coatlique Aztec  
Golgotha-head Goddess clasps her snakes & skulls & grins—  
There over Asia where the desolate white Stupas blast into the  
Buddhic Dome and the Mandala of the stars shines down—  
All over Europe where the masses weep & faint in Wooden Trains—  
By Florence, by the Windmills, all the churches singing together  
“We in the mountains and downtown Pray that America return to the  
Lamb”—  
And the Great Boom of the Cathedral at Seville, Granada groaning,  
Barcelona chanting out the Crannies of Sagrada Familia  
Long horns of Montpellier, Milan screaming and San Marco rocking in  
Venice like a great golden calliope



“America, America, under the elms in parks of Illinois, the Anger, the Anger, Beware!”

*August 1960*

### **Fragment: The Names II**

Bill Burroughs in Tangiers slowly transfiguring into Sanctity season  
after season no God save impersonal solitude

Mad Sheila shaking her head on a couch in Frisco, soft tear face half a  
year, 60 sleeping pills & blue asphyxiation—

Connie much too drunk, slapped in my apartment by plainclothesmen  
& strangled in an alley by a lonesome hood

Natalie redhaired in bathrobe on the roof listing sinners' names for  
Government, police scared her to fire escape, her body on the  
pavement in the newspapers—

Elise trembling by the phonograph with Bible in her hand, The Book  
of the Dead in her family wall reading her thoughts aloud, and her  
poor unmarried body broken on that ground Manhattan Heights

Bremser running state to state, trapped Hoboken, Vera Cruz rat tat tat  
Poetry defense, frameup reformatory he thinks the cops are real

One Harry Honig carried a laughing gas mask & bomb ten years back  
in NY the Kosmos exploded for

John Hoffman too ecstasy of the black sun, Mexican peyote or  
infantile paralysis

Iris suicide, delicate ships of paint fading into brown ocean universe—  
her longheaded junk-delicate girl's penmanship of Orient small cats  
on folded knees

New York & West coast grim as the A bomb deathwatch is set

Nobody knows the way out of Time trap maybe Burroughs maybe  
Jack in

Florida drinking with Joe McCarthy's ghost, grieving death of mother  
who isn't dead, scribing notebooks won't be read till cold war's lost  
by all

*1960/1961?*

## VI

### PLANET NEWS: TO EUROPE AND ASIA (1961–1963)

#### Who Will Take Over the Universe?

A bitter cold winter night  
conspirators at café tables  
    discussing mystic jails  
The Revolution in America  
    already begun not bombs but sit  
    down strikes on top submarines  
    on sidewalks nearby City Hall—  
How many families control the States?  
    Ignore the Government,  
    send your protest to Clint Murchison.  
The Indians won their case with Judge McFate  
    Peyote safe in Arizona—  
In my room the sick junky  
    shivers on the 7th day  
    Tearful, reborn to the Winter.  
Che Guevara has a big cock  
    Castro's balls are pink—  
The Ghost of John F. Dulles hangs  
    over America like dirty linen  
draped over the wintry red sunset,  
Fumes of Unconscious Gas  
    emanate from his corpse  
    & hypnotize the Egyptian intellectuals—  
He grinds his teeth in horror & crosses his  
    thigh bones over his skull  
Dust flows out of his asshole  
    his hands are full of bacteria  
    The worm is at his eye—

He's declaring counterrevolutions in the Worm-world,  
my cat threw him up last  
Thursday.  
& Forrestal flew out his window like an Eagle—  
America's spending money to overthrow the Man.  
Who are the rulers of the earth?

*New York, January 6, 1961*



“Southern Cult Composite: The Staten Island Massacre” by Harry Smith, 1984.

**Journal Night Thoughts**

NY January 1961

In bed on my green purple pink  
yellow orange bolivian blanket,  
the clock tick, my back against the wall  
—staring into black circled eyes magician  
man's bearded glance & story  
the kitchen spun in a wheel of vertigo,  
the eye in the center of the moving

mandala—the  
eye in the hand  
the eye in the asshole  
serpent eating or  
vomiting its tail

—the blank air a solid wall revolving  
around my retina—

The wheel of jewels and fire I saw moving  
vaster than my head in Peru  
Band circling in band and a black  
hole of Calcutta thru which  
I stared at my Atman

without a body—

The Giotto window on Boston giving  
to a scene in Bibled Palestine

A golden star  
and the flight to Egypt  
in an instant now

Come true again—the Kabbala sign  
in the vomit on the floor—

From a window on Riverside Drive,  
one boat moving slowly  
up the flowing river, small autos  
crawling on Hudson Thruway

a splash of white snow on  
the Palisades

and a small white park etched  
by bare thin branches  
with black birds aflutter in the  
frosty underbrush

Sept. 28, 1964

*Lower East Side*  
*2 Street*

*High*

★

*W/Harry Smith*

★

*Optical*  
*Phenomena*

★

*Yage*  
*in*  
*Pucallpa*

★

*Remembering*  
*Leary's Bedroom*  
*Harvard*

★

*Jack*  
*Hallucinating*

★

*Out Robt.*  
*Lowell's Window*

Riverside Drive, as in Breughel  
     a girl in red coat  
         —a footprint, a lone  
             passerby  
     on sidewalk under apartment wall—  
 and a blimp from the war floating in air  
     over the edge of the city—  
 Wagner's last echoes, and Baudelaire  
     inscribing his oceanic page  
         of confessions  
 Ah love is so sweet in the Springtime  
         Omnia amor vincit  
 Eliot's voice clanging over the sky  
     on upper Broadway  
 "Only thru Time is Time conquered"  
 I am the answer: I will swallow my  
     vomit and be naked—  
 A heavy rain, the plick of a raindrop  
         shattered on the fire escape rail  
             at the level of my eye—

★

*Unsteadily*  
*Walking*  
*in*  
*Manhattan*  
*Near Where*  
*Poe*  
*Wrote*  
*The*  
*Raven*

★

This woman is a serpent goddess accepting  
     the propitiation of a bunch of flowers  
     found in the Christmas snow  
         on Mad. Ave. dusk uptown—  
 We'll rush around in a redcross psychic  
     ambulance past the Museum of  
         Natural History  
     delivering Anxiety mushrooms to the dancing  
     red gummed skeletons  
         their lifted legs are crossed  
         they wear iron crowns  
 The cat vomited his canned food with a  
     mix of inch-long worms  
         that arched up over the  
             dread plop—  
 I threw it in the garbage bag aghast—  
 cockroach crawls up the bath tub Yosemite wall,  
 rust in the hot water faucet, a sweet smell  
     in the mouldy chicken soup,  
 and little black beings in the old bag of flour  
     on the pantry shelf last week

*Visiting*  
*Dorothy Norman*

★

*Psilocybin Taxi*

★

*The Citipati*  
*(Tibetan Bones)*

★

*Housecat*  
*in the*  
*Slums*

★

Natchez, he was saying with his head one side  
     of the center of the wheel  
         of Vertigo—  
 burned babies in the blaze of a fiery house  
     sending them back to the Sun—  
 They drank a black elixir, and threw it up  
     To have the serpent intertwined  
         in their eyeballs—  
 One man was born with genitals all over  
     his body—there were 15,000,000  
     Indians in North America then—  
     The mushroom image in the Spiro Mound  
 The battle with the two-headed  
     caterpillar big as a house  
     with waving lobster claws—  
 Here is the Homunculus wavering in the brain,  
     the aggregate of ignorant patterns  
         looking like Denny Dimwit  
     The genitals are larger than the head—  
         huge thumbs, and the crab image  
         of the back of the mouth—

*Smith's  
 Anthropological  
 Gossip*

★

*Penfield's  
 Homunculus*

★

'Twas a sunflower-monkey on Neptune  
     I imagined over the radio—  
 Somebody's got to make a break & contact  
     Khrushchev in the Noosphere—  
     because I took a sick crap near a skull  
         with long red hair in a coastal desert  
         gravepit by the Peruvian Pacific—  
     across the road, new green fields and hut trees  
 and now I'm paranoiac every day about the cops  
         (& god & universe)  
     as if it were all being tape recorded from my  
         skull to project the Kali Yuga—  
 He saw electric wires on the floor—He saw  
     the channel that heard yr mind  
         thru the music—  
 I saw the flower, slowly awakening its petals—  
 My face in the hot dog stand mirror  
     harried to be here again  
     to see myself alive on Broadway afraid I'm  
     in a forgotten movie where I die  
     not knowing my name—

*Ditty  
 Taped at Jack's  
 ★  
 Historic  
 Paranoia  
 from  
 Boston  
 to  
 Lima*

★

*Back in  
 Memory City*

★

The old man came out of his room Carpet  
 slippers, getting bald  
 with half a sheaf of indecipherable arrangements  
 of words in singsong  
 “rain in heart by heat a fool be clang”  
 Cerebral stroke stiff hand  
 His tongue stopped forever  
 but his mind went on  
 in what universe?

*A Retired  
 Schoolteacher  
 in  
 Newark:  
 Visit to  
 Friend of the  
 Family*

★

I dreamt I had to destroy the human  
 universe to be Messiah—  
 My toes wiggle on the bed, the breast has  
 eyes and mouth,  
 the belly eye & dumb lips and the loins  
 a blind one waiting—  
 a big fart gave the void a smelly minute—  
 The color of the wind? It could be the same  
 the color of the water—  
 Where does rain come from? Nice to look up  
 at the stars in Northport—  
 Er something. Uh-huh.

*LSD Roars*

★

I could see the hairs at the end of his nose.  
 We were involved in a great tragedy together—  
 I walked alone, in the street, by myself  
 with no God to turn to  
 But what I Am—  
 who can create baby universes  
 in the mouth of the void—  
 Spurt them out of my mind forever  
 to fill the Unimaginable with its  
 separate being—  
 So I left behind a message to the Consciousness  
 before I disappeared—  
 I wrote it on a stone & left it in Oklahoma  
 in that Indian mound,  
 drew a picture of a serpent crossing in  
 and out of its folds like a scaly  
 swastika—a green dragon  
 with ancient fangs—  
 Speak up and tell yr secret, is it a  
 living animal out there you're  
 afraid of still—?

*Gaga &  
 Dialogue  
 w/Lafcadia*

★

*N<sub>2</sub>O at the  
 Dentist*

★

*Mescaline Mouth  
 Ejaculations  
 of Me*

★

*Poesy*

★

*Death  
 Consciousness*

★

*Kaddish  
 Completed*

And my mother's skull not yet white  
in the darkness, a glimpse of  
that forgotten creature agape  
at dirty nothing—GO

BACK!

I come in the ass of my beloved, I lie back  
with my cock in the air to be kissed—  
I prostrate my sphincter with my eyes in  
the pillow, my legs are thrown up  
over your shoulder,  
I feel your buttocks with my hand  
a cock throbs I lie still my  
mouth in my ass—  
I kiss the hidden mouth, I have a third eye  
I paint the pupils on my palm, and an  
eyelash that winks—

*"You're not done  
with your mother  
yet."  
Sd Elise C.*

★

*Come to  
This  
End*

## Television Was a Baby Crawling Toward That Deathchamber

It is here, the long Awaited bleap-blast light that Speaks one red  
tongue like Politician, but happy its own govt.,

either we blow ourselves up now and die, like the old tribe of man,  
arguing among neutrons, spit on India, fuck Tibet, stick up America,  
clobber Moscow, die Baltic, have your tuberculosis in Arabia, wink  
not in Enkidu's reverie—

it's a long Train of Associations stopped for gas in the desert & looking  
for drink of old-time H<sub>2</sub>O—

made up of molecules, it ends being innocent as Lafcadio afraid to get  
up & cook his bacon—

I prophesy: the Pigs won't mind! I prophesy: Death will be old folks  
home!

I prophesy: Chango will prophesy on national Broadcasting System,

I prophesy, we will all prophesy to each other & I give thee happy  
tidings Robert Lowell and Jeanette MacDonald—

Dusty moonlight, Starbeam riding its own flute, soul revealed in the  
scribble, an ounce of looks, an Invisible Seeing, Hope, The Vanisher  
betokening Eternity

one finger raised warning above his gold eyeglasses—and Mozart  
playing giddy-note an hour on the Marxist gramophone—

All Be—let the Kabbalah star be formed of perfect circles in a room of



1950 unhappiness where Myrna Loy gets lost—  
The Bardo Thodol extends in the millions of black jello for every  
dying Mechanic—We will make Colossal movies—  
We will be a great Tantric Mogul & starify a new Hollywood with our  
unimaginable Flop—Great Paranoia!  
The Family presents, your Corpse Hour—attended by myriad flies—  
hyperactive Commentators freed at their most bestial—sneering  
literary— perhaps a captive & loan Square  
caught hiding behind a dummy-univac in the obscurest Morgues of  
Hearst —wherever—no more possible—  
Only remains, a photo of a riverswollen hand in black and white, arm  
covered by aged burlap to the wrist—  
skin peeling from the empty fingers—; yet discovered by a mad Negro  
high on tea & solitary enough himself to notice a Fate—  
therefore, with camera remembered and passed along by hand mail  
roaring Jet toward Chicago, Big Table empty this morning,  
nothing but an old frog-looking editor worried about his Aesthetics,  
That's life Kulchur '61—retired to New York to invent Morse Code &  
found a great yellow Telegraph—  
Merry Xmas Paul carroll and irving Rose in Thrall—give up thy song  
& flower to any passing Millennium!  
I am the One, you are the One, we are the One, A. Hitler's One as well  
as fast as his Many heavenly Jews are reborn,  
many a being with a nose—and many with none but an ear  
somewhere next to a Yelling Star—  
I myself saw the sunflower-monkeys of the Moon—spending their  
dear play-money electricity in a homemade tape-record minute of  
cartoony high Sound—  
goodbye Farewell repeated by Wagner Immortal in many a gladdened  
expanding mid-europe Hour  
that I'll be hearing forever if the world I go to's Music, Yes good to be  
stuck thru Eternity on that aching Liebestod Note  
which has been playing out there always for me, whoever can hear  
enough to write it down for a day to let men fiddle in space, blow a  
temporary brass tuba or wave a stick at a physical orchestra

and remember the Wagner-music in his own titty-head Consciousness  
—ah yes that's the message—

That's what I came here to compose, what I knocked off my life to  
Inscribe on my gray metal typewriter,

borrowed from somebody's lover's mother got it from Welfare, all  
interconnected and gracious a bunch of Murderers

as possible in this Kalpa of Hungry blood-drunkard Ghosts—We all  
have to eat—us Beings

gnaw bones, suck marrow, drink living white milk from heavenly  
Breasts or from bucktoothed negress or wolf-cow.

The sperm bodies wriggle in pools of vagina, in Yin, that reality we  
must have spasmed our Beings upon—

The brothers and sisters die if we live, the Myriads Invisible squeak  
reptile complaint

on Memory's tail which us pterodactyl-buzzard-dove-descended two  
foot mammal-born Geek-souls almost Forget—

Grab—a cock—any eye—bright hair—All Memory & All Eternity now,  
reborn as One—

no loss to those—the Peacock spreads its cosmic-eye Magnificat-  
feathered tail over its forgotten Ass—

The being roars its own name in the Radio, the Bomb goes off its  
twenty years ago,

I hear thy music O my mystery, my Father in myself, my mother in  
my eye, brother in my hand, sister-in-honey on my own Poetry's  
Tongue, my Hallelujah Way beyond all mortal inherited Heavens, O  
my own blind ancient Love-in-mind!

Who? but us all, a Me, a One, a Dying Being, The presence, now, this  
desk, hand running over the steps of imagination

over the letter-ladders on machine, vibrating humm-herald Extend-  
hope own unto Thee, returning infinite-myriad at the Heart, that is  
only red blood,

that is where murder is still innocence, that life ate, the white plasmic  
monsters forage in their fleet Macrocosm—bit apple or black huge  
bacteria gods loomed out of nowhere, potent

maybe once victorious on Saturn in dinosaur-inspired messy old  
hallucinated war—

same battle raging in tsraved cats and gahgard dogs for American  
ghostly bone—man and man, fairy against red, black on white on  
white, with teeth going to the dentist to escape in gas—

The President laughs in his Chair, and swivels his head on his neck  
controlling fangs of Number—

bacteria come numberless, atoms count themselves greatness in their  
pointy Empire—

Russian Neutrons spy on all Conspiracy—& Chinese yellow energy  
waves have ocean and Empyrean ready against attack & future  
starvation—Korean principalities of Photon are doubles in all but  
name—differing Wizards of Art of Electron divide as many as tribes  
of Congo—Africa's a vast jail of Shadows—I am not I,

my molecules are numbered, mirrored in all Me Robot Seraphy parts,  
cock-creator navel-marked, Eye Seer with delicate breasts, teeth &  
gullet to ingest the living dove-life

foreimage of the Self-Maw Death Is Now;—but there is the Saintly  
Meat of the Heart—feeling to thee o Peter and all my Lords—  
Decades American loves car-rides and vow-sworn faces lain on my  
breast,—my head on many more naked than my own sad hoping  
flesh—

our feelings! come back to the heart—to the old blind hoping Creator  
home in Mercy, beating everywhere behind machine hand clothes-  
man Senator iron powerd or fishqueen fugitive-com'd lapel—

Here I am—Old Betty Boop whoopsing behind the skull-microphone  
wondering what Idiot soap opera horror show we broadcast by  
Mistake —full of communists and frankenstein cops and

mature capitalists running the State Department and the Daily News  
Editorial hypnotizing millions of legional-eyed detectives to commit  
mass murder on the Invisible

which is only a bunch of women weeping hidden behind newspapers  
in the Andes, conspired against by Standard Oil,

which is a big fat fairy monopolizing all Being that has form'd it self  
to Oil,

and nothing gets in its way so it grabs different oils in all poor mystic  
aboriginal Principalities too weak to

Screech out over the radio that Standard Oil is a bunch of spying  
Businessmen intent on building one Standard Oil in the whole  
universe like an egotistical cancer  
and yell on Television to England to watch out for United Fruits they  
got Central America by the balls  
nobody but them can talk San Salvador, they run big Guatemala  
puppet armies, gas Dictators, they're the Crown of Thorns  
upon the Consciousness of poor Christ-indian Central America, and  
the Pharisees are US Congress & Publicans is the American People  
who have driven righteous bearded faithful pink new Castro 1961 is  
he mad? who knows—Hope for him, he stay true  
& his wormy 45-year dying peasants teach Death's beauty sugar  
beyond politics, build iron children schools  
for alphabet molecule stars, that mystic history & giggling revolution  
henceforth no toothless martyrs be memorized by some pubescent  
Juan who'll smoke my marihuana—  
Turn the Teacher on!—Yes not conspire dollars under navy-town  
boardwalk, not spy vast Services of gunny Secrecy under drear  
eyeglass Dulles to ASSASSINATE!  
INVADE! STARVE OUT! SUPPLY INVISIBLE ARMS! GIVE MONEY TO  
ORGANIZE DEATH FOR CUBAN REVOLUTION! BLOCKADE WHAT  
FRAIL MACHINERY!  
MAKE EVIL PROPAGANDA OVER THE WORLD! ISOLATE THE  
FAITHFUL'S SOUL! TAKE ALL RICHES BACK! BE WORLDLY  
PRINCE AND POWER OVER THE UNBELIEVABLE! MY GOD!  
AMERICA WILL BE REFUSED ETERNITY BY HER OWN MAD SON  
THE BOMB! MEN WORKING IN ELECTRICITY BE U.S. SADISTS  
THEIR MAGIC PHANOPOEIA THRU MASS MEDIA THE NASTIEST  
IN THIS FIRST HISTORY!  
EVIL SPELLS THRU THE DAILY NEWS! HORRIBLE MASOCHISMS  
THUNK UP BY THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION! DEATH  
TO JUNKIES THRU THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT! TAXES ON  
YOUR HATE FOR THIS HERE WAR!  
LEGIONS OF DECENCY BLACKMAIL THY CINEMAL FATE!  
CONSPIRACIES CONTROL ALL WHITE MAGICIANS! I CAN'T TELL  
YOU MY SECRET STORY ON TV!

Chambers of Commerce misquote Bob Hope who is a grim sex revolutionist talking in hysterical code flat awful jokes

Jimmy Durante's kept from screaming to death in the movies by a huge fat Cardinal, the Spell Man, Black Magician he won't let mad white Chaplin talk thru the State Megaphone! He takes evil pix with Swiss financial cunt!

It's the American Medical Association poisoning the poets with their double-syndicate of heroin cut with money-dust,

Military psychiatrists make deathly uniforms it's Tanganyikan nerve-skin in the submarinic navy they're prepared for eternal solitude, once they go down they turn to Reptiles

Human dragons trained to fly the air with bomb-claws clutched to breast & wires entering their brains thru muffled ears—connected to what control tower—jacked to what secret Lab where the macrocosm-machine

picks up vibrations of my thought in this poem—the attendant is afraid—Is the President listening? is

Evil Eye, the invisible police-cop-secrecy masters Controlling Central Intelligence—do they know I took Methedrine, heroin, magic mushrooms, & lambchops & guess toward a Prophecy tonight?

No the big dopes all they do is control each other—Doom! in the vast car America—they're screeching on two mind-wheels on a National Curve —the Car that's made to die by Mr. Inhuman

Moneyhand, by advertising nastyhead Inc. Dream Cancer Prexy Owner Distributor Publisher & TV Doctor of Emotional Breakdown—he told that Mayor to get in that car without his pubic hair and drive to Kill get to Las Vegas so the oldfashioned jewish communists wouldn't get their idealistic radio program on the air in time to make everybody cry in the desert for the Indian Serpent to come

back from the Oklahoma mound where he hid with his 15,000,000 visionary original Redskin patriot-wives and warriors—they made up one big mystic serpent with its tail-a-mouth like a lost Tibet

MURDERED AND DRIVEN FROM THE EARTH BY US JEWISH GOYIM who spend fifty billion things a year—things things!—to make the things-machinery that's turned the worlds of human consciousness into a thing of War

wherever and whoever is plugged in by real filaments or wireless or  
whatever magic wordy-synapse to the money-center of the mind  
whose Eye is hidden somewhere behind All mass media—what makes  
reporters fear their secret dreamy news—behind the Presidential  
mike & all its starry bunting, front for some mad BILLIONAIRES  
who own United Fruits & Standard Oil and Hearst The Press and  
Texas NBC and someone owns the Radios owns vast Spheres of Air  
—Subliminal Billionaire got  
State Legislatures filled with Capital Punishment Fiends because  
nobody's been in love on US soil long enough to realize We who  
pay the Public Hangman make State Murder thru Alien Gas who  
cause any form of hate-doom hanging  
do that in public everybody agreed by the neck suffering utmost pangs  
Each citizen himself unloved suicides him, because there's no  
beloved, now in America for All in the gas chamber the whole  
California Legislature  
screaming because it's Death here—we're so hopeless—The Soul of  
America died with ugly Chessman—strange saintly average  
madman driven to think for his own killers, in his pants and shirt  
with human haircut, said NO to—like a Cosmic NO—from the One  
Mouth of America speaking life or death—looked in the eye by  
America—  
Ah what a cold monster OneEye he must've saw thru the Star  
Spangled Banner & Hollywood with ugly smile forbidden movie &  
old heartless Ike in the White House officially allowing Chatterley  
attacked by Fed Lawyers—  
vast Customs agencies searching books—who Advises what book  
where—who invented what's dirty? The Pope? Baruch?—tender  
Genet burned by middleaged vice Officers  
sent out by The Automatic Sourface mongers whatever bad news he  
can high up from imaginary Empires name Scripps-Howard—just  
more drear opinions—Damn that *World Telegram* was Glad Henry  
Miller's depression Cancerbook not read to sad eyeglass Joe  
messenger to Grocer  
in Manhattan, or candystore emperor Hersh Silverman in Bayonne,  
dreaming of telling the *Truth*, but his Karma is selling jellybeans &  
being kind,

The Customs police denyd him his Burroughs they defecated on de Sade, they jack'd off, and tortured his copy of Sodom with Nitric Acid in a backroom furnace house at Treasury Bureau, pouring Fire on the soul of Rochester,

Warlocks, Black magicians burning and cursing the Love-Books, Jack be damned, casting spells from the shores of America on the inland cities, lacklove-curses on our Eyes which read genital poetry—

O deserts of deprivation for some high school'd gang, lone Cleveland that delayed its books of Awe, Chicago struggling to read its magazines, police and papers yapping over grimy gossip skyscraped from some sulphurous yellow cloud drift in from archtank hot factories make nebulous explosives near Detroit—smudge got on Corso's Rosy Page—

US Postmaster, first class sexfiend his disguise told everyone to open letters stop the photographic fucks & verbal suckeries & lickings of the asshole by tongues meant but for poison glue on envelopes Report this privileged communication to Yours Truly We The National Police—We serve you once a day—you humanical meat creep-hood—

and yearly the national furnace burned much book, 2,000,000 pieces mail, one decade unread propaganda from Vietnam & Chinese mag harangues, Engelian

dialectics handmade in Gobi for proud export to top hat & tails Old Bones in his penthouse on a skyscraper in Manhattan, laconic on two phones that rang thru the nets of money over earth, as he barked his orders to Formosa for more spies, abhorred all Cuba sugar from concourse with Stately stomachs—

That's when I began vomiting my paranoia when Old National Skullface the invisible sixheaded billionaire began brainwashing my stomach with strange feelers in the *Journal American*—the penis of billionaires depositing professional semen in my ear, Fulton Lewis *coming* with strychnine jizzum in his voice making an evil suggestion that entered my mouth

while I was sitting there gaping in wild dubiety & astound on my peaceful couch, he said to all the taxidriviers and schoolteachers in brokendown old Blakean America

that Julius and Ethel Rosenberg smelled bad & shd die, he sent to kill them with personal electricity, his power station is the spirit of

generation leaving him thru his asshole by Error, that very electric entered Ethel's eye

and his tongue is the prick of a devil he don't even know, a magic capitalist ghosting it on the lam after the Everett Massacre—fucks a Newscaster in the mouth every time he gets on the Microphone—

and those ghost jizzums started my stomach trouble with capital punishment, Ike chose to make an Artificial Death for them poor spies—if they were spying on me? who cares?—Ike disturbed the balance of the cosmos by his stroke-head deathshake, “NO”

It was a big electrocution in every paper and mass medium, Television was a baby crawling toward that deathchamber

Later quiz shows prepared the way for egghead omelet, I was rotten, I was the egghead that spoiled the last supper, they made me vomit more —whole programs of halfeaten comedians sliming out my Newark Labor Leaders' assholes

They used to wash them in the '30s with Young Politics Ideas, I was too young to smell anything but my own secret mind, I didn't even know assholes basic to Modern Democracy—What can we teach our negroes now?

That they are Negroes, that I am thy Jew & thou my white Goy & him Chinese?—They think they're Arab Macrocosms now!

My uncle thinks his Truthcloud's Jewish—thinks his Name is Nose-smell-Newark 5 decades—& that's all except there's Gentile Images of mirrory vast Universe—

and Chinese Microcosms too, a race of spade microcosms apart, like jewish truth clouds & Goyishe Nameless Vasts

But I am the Intolerant One Gasbag from the Morgue & Void, Garbler of all Conceptions that myope my eye & is Uncle Sam asleep in the Funeral Home—?

Bad magic, scram, hide in J. E. Hoover's bathingsuit. Make his pants fall in the ocean, near Miami—

Gangster CRASH! America will be forgotten, the identity files of the FBI slipt into the void-crack, the fingerprints unwhorled—no track where He came from—

Man left no address, not even hair, just disappeared & Forgot his big wall-street on Earth—Uncle I hate the FBI it's all a big dreamy skyscraper somewhere over the Mutual Network—I don't even



know who they are—like the Nameless—

Hallooo I am coming end of my Presidency—Everybody's fired—I am a hopeless whitehaired congressman—I lost my last election—landslide for Reader's Digest—not even humans—

Nobody home in town—just offices with many jangling telephones & automatic switchboards keep the message—typewriters return yr calls oft, Yakkata yak & tinbellring—THE POLICE ARE AT THE DOOR—

What are you doing eccentric in this solitary office? a mad vagrant Creep Truthcloud sans identity card—It's Paterson alright—anyway the people disappeared—downtown Fabian Bldg. branch office for The Chamber of Commerce runs the streetlights

all thru dark winter rain by univac piped from Washington Lobby—they've abolished the streets from the universe—just keep control of the lights—in case of ectoplasm trafficking thru dead Market—where the Chinese restaurant usta play Muzak in the early century—soft green rugs & pastel walls—perfumèd tea—

Goodbye, said the metal Announcer in doors of The Chamber of Commerce —we're merging with NAM forever—and the NAM has no door but's sealed copper 10 foot vault under the Federal Reserve Bldg—

Six billionaires that control America are playing Scrabble with antique Tarot —they've just unearthed another Pyramid—in the bombproof Cellar at Fort Knox

Not even the FBI knows who—They give orders to J. E. Hoover thru the metal phonegirl at the Robot Transmitter on top of RCA—you can see new Fortune officers look like spies from 20 floors below with their eyeglasses & gold skulls—silver teeth flashing up the shit-mouthed grin—weeping in their martinis! There is no secret to the success of the

Six Billionaires that own all Time since the Gnostic Revolt in Aegypto —they built the Sphinx to confuse my sex life, Who Fuckd the Void?

Why are they starting that war all over again in Laos over Neutral Mind? Is the United States CIA army Legions overthrowing somebody like Angelica Balabanoff?

Six thousand movietheaters, 100,000,000 television sets, a billion radios, wires and wireless crisscrossing hemispheres, semaphore lights and morse, all telephones ringing at once connect every mind by its ears to one vast consciousness This Time Apocalypse—everybody waiting for one mind to break thru—

Man-prophet with two eyes Dare all creation with his dying tongue & say I AM—Messiah swallow back his death into his stomach, gaze thru great pupils of his Bodies' eyes

and look in each Eye man, the eyeglassed fearful byriad-look that might be Godeyes see thru Death—that now are clark & ego reading manlaw —write newsbroadcasts to cover with Fears their

own Messiah that must come when all of us conscious—Breakthru to all other Consciousness to say the Word I Am as spoken by a certain God—Millennia knew and waited till this one Century—

Now all sentience broods and listens—contemplative & hair full of rain for 15 years inside New York—what millions know and hark to hear, & death will tell, but—

many strange magicians in buildings listening inside their own heads —or clouds over Manhattan Bridge—or strained thru music messages to —I Am from the central One! Come

blow the Cosmic Horn to waken every Tiglon & Clown sentience throughout the vasting circus—in the Name of God pick up the telephone call Networks announcing Suchness That—

I Am mutter a million old Gods in their beards, that had been sleeping at evening radios—cackling in their Larynx—Talking to myself again

said the Messiah turning a dial to remember his last broadcast—I scare myself, I eat my hand, I swallow my own head, I stink in the inevitable bathroom of death this Being requires—O Widen the Area of Consciousness! O

set my Throne in Space, I rise to sit in the midst of the Starry Visible! —Calling All Beings! in dirt from the ant to the most frightened Prophet that ever clomb tower to vision planets

crowded in one vast space ship toward Andromeda—That all lone soul in Iowa or Hark-land join the Lone, set forth, walk naked like a Hebrew king, enter the human cities and speak free,

at last the Man-God come that hears all Phantasy behind the matter-babble in his ear, and walks out of his Cosmic Dream into the cosmic street

open mouth to the First Consciousness—God's woke up now, you Seraphim, call men with trumpet microphone & telegraph, hail every sleepwalker with Holy Name,

Life is waving, the cosmos is sending a message to itself, its image is reproduced endlessly over TV

over the radio the babble of Hitler's and Claudette Colbert's voices got mixed up in the bathroom radiator

Hello hello are you the Telephone the Operator's singing we are the daughters of the universe

get everybody on the line at once plug in all being ears by laudspeaker, newspeak, secret message,

handwritten electronic impulse traveling along rays electric spiderweb magnetisms shuddering on one note We We We, mustached disc jockeys trembling in mantric excitement, flowery patterns bursting over the broken couch,

drapes falling to the floor in St. John Perse's penthouse, Portugal's water is running in all the faucets on the SS Santa Maria,

chopping machines descend on the pre-dawn tabloid, the wire services are hysterical and send too much message,

they're waiting to bam out the Armageddon, millions of rats reported in China, smoke billows out New York's hospital furnace smokestack,

I am writing millions of letters a year, I correspond with hopeful messengers in Detroit, I am taking drugs

and leap at my postman for more correspondence, Man is leaving the earth in a rocket ship,

there is a mutation of the race, we are no longer human beings, we are one being, we are being connected to itself,

it makes me crosseyed to think how, the mass media assemble themselves like congolese Ants for a purpose

in the massive clay mound an undiscovered huge Queen is born, Africa wakes to redeem the old Cosmos,

I am masturbating in my bed, I dreamed a new Stranger touched my  
heart with his eye,  
he hides in a sidestreet loft in Hoboken, the heavens have covered  
East Second Street with Snow,  
all day I walk in the wilderness over white carpets of City, we are  
redeeming ourself, I am born,  
the Messiah woke in the Universe, I announce the New Nation, in  
every mind, take power over the dead creation,  
I am naked in New York, a star breaks thru the blue skull of the sky  
out the window,  
I seize the tablets of the Law, the spectral Buddha and the spectral  
Christ turn to a stick of shit in the void, a fearful Idea,  
I take the crown of the Idea and place it on my head, and sit a King  
beside the reptile Devas of my Karma—  
Eye in every forehead sleeping waxy & the light gone inward—to  
dream of fearful Jaweh or the Atom Bomb—  
All these eternal spirits to be wakened, all these bodies touched and  
healed, all these lacklove  
suffering the Hate, dumbed under rainbows of Creation, O Man the  
means of Heaven are at hand, thy rocks & my rocks are nothing,  
the identity of the Moon is the identity of the flower-thief, I and the  
Police are one in revolutionary Numbness!  
Yawk, Mercy The Octopus, it's IT cometh over the Void & makes  
whistle its lonemouthed Flute You-me forever—  
Stop Arguing, Cosmos, I give up so I be, I receive a happy letter from  
Ray Bremser exiled from home in New Jersey jail—

Clocks are abuilding for a thousand years, ticking behind  
metalloidesque electronico-clankered industries smokeless in silent  
mind city—

Dawn of the Ages! Man thy Alarm rings thru sweet myriad mornings  
in every desperate-carred street! Saints wait in each metropolis  
for Message to Assassinate the old idea, that 20,000 yr old eye-god  
Man thought was Being Secret mystery,  
unbearable Judge above, God alien handless tongueless to poor man,

who'll scream for mercy on his deathbed—Oh I saw that black  
Octopus Death, with supernatural antennae spikes raying Awful waves  
at my consciousness, huge blind Ball invisible behind the rooms in  
the universe—a not-a-man—a no-one—Nobodaddy—  
Omnipotent Telepath more visionary than my own Prophetics &  
Memories —Reptile-sentient shimmer-feel-hole Here,  
Dense Soullessness wiser than Time, the Eater-Darkness hungry for All  
—but must wait till I leave my body to enter that  
One Mind nebula to my recollection—Implacable, my soul dared not  
die,  
Shrank back from the leprous door-mind in its breast, touch Him and  
the hand's destroyed,  
Death God in the End, before the Timeworld of creation—I mean  
some kind of monster from another dimension is eating Beings of  
our own Cosmos—  
I saw him try to make me leave my corpse-illusion Allen, myth movie  
world come to celluloid-end,  
I screamed seeing myself in reels of death my consciousness a  
cinematic toy played once in faded attic by man-already-forgotten  
His orphan starhood inked from Space, the movie industry itself blot  
up its History & all wracked myriad Epics, Space wiped itself out,  
lost in a wall-crack dream itself had once disappearing—maybe  
trailing endless comet-long trackless thru what unwonted  
dimensions it keeps dreaming existence can die inside of—vanish  
this Cosmos of Stars I am turning to bones in—  
That much illusion, and what's visions but visions, and these words  
filled Methedrine—I have a backache & 2 telegrams come midnight  
from messengers that cry to plug in the Electrode Ear to  
my skull downstreet, & hear what they got to say, big lives like trees  
of Cancer in Bronx & Long Island—Telephones connect the voids  
island blissy darkness scattered in many manmind—

*New York, February 1961*

### **This Form of Life Needs Sex**

I will have to accept women  
if I want to continue the race,

kiss breasts, accept  
strange hairy lips behind  
    buttocks,  
Look in questioning womanly eyes  
    answer soft cheeks,  
bury my loins in the hang of pearplum  
    fat tissue  
    I had abhorred  
before I give godspasm Babe leap  
    forward thru death—  
Between me and oblivion an unknown  
    woman stands;  
Not the Muse but living meat-phantom,  
a mystery scary as my fanged god  
    sinking its foot in its gullet &  
vomiting its own image out of its ass  
—This woman Futurity I am pledge to  
    born not to die,  
but issue my own cockbrain replica Me-Hood  
    again—For fear of the Blot?  
Face of Death, my Female, as I'm sainted  
    to my very bone,  
I'm fated to find me a maiden for  
    ignorant Fuckery—  
flapping my belly & smeared with Saliva  
    shamed face flesh & wet,  
—have long droopy conversations  
    in Cosmical Duty boudoirs,  
    maybe bored?  
Or excited New Prospect, discuss  
    her, Futurity, my Wife  
    My Mother, Death, My only  
    hope, my very Resurrection  
Woman  
    herself, why have I feared  
    to be joined true  
    embraced beneath the Panties of Forever  
in with the one hole that repelled me 1937 on?  
—Pulled down my pants on the porch showing  
    my behind to cars passing in rain—

& She be interested, this contact with Silly new Male  
that's sucked my loveman's cock  
in Adoration & sheer beggary romance-awe  
gulp-choke Hope of Life come  
and buggered myself innumerably boy-yangs  
gloamed inward so my solar plexus  
feel godhead in me like an open door—

Now that's changed my decades body old  
tho' admiring male thighs at my brow,  
hard love pulsing thru my ears,  
stern buttocks upraised  
for my masterful Rape  
that were meant for a private shit  
if the Army were All—  
But no more answer to life  
than the muscular statue  
I felt up its marbles  
envying Beauty's immortality in the  
museum of Yore—  
You can fuck a statue but you can't  
have children  
You can joy man to man but the Sperm  
comes back in a trickle at dawn  
in a toilet on the 45th Floor—  
& Can't make continuous mystery out of that  
finished performance  
& ghastly thrill  
that ends as began,  
stupid reptile squeak  
denied life by Fairy Creator  
become Imaginary  
because he decided not to incarnate  
opposite—Old Spook  
who didn't want to be a baby & die,  
didn't want to shit and scream  
exposed to bombardment on a  
Chinese RR track  
and grow up to pass his spasm on

the other half of the Universe—  
Like a homosexual capitalist afraid of the masses—  
and that's my situation, Folks—

*New York, April 12, 1961*

### **Sunset S.S. Azemour**

As orange dusk-light falls on an old idea  
I gaze thru my hand on the page  
sensing outward the intercoiled weird being I am in  
and seek a head of that—Seraphim  
advance in lightning flash through aether storm  
Messengers arrive horned bearded from Magnetic spheres  
disappearing radios receive aged galaxies  
Immensity wheels mirrored in every direction  
Announcement swift from Invisible to Invisible  
Eternity-dragon's tail lost to the eye  
Strange death, forgotten births, voices calling in the past  
“I was” that greets “I am” that writes now “I will be”  
Armies marching over and over the old battlefield—  
What powers sit in their domed tents and decree Eternal Victory?  
I sit at my desk and scribe the endless message from myself to my own  
hand

*Marseilles-Tanger, 1961*

### **Seabattle of Salamis Took Place off Perama**

If it weren't for you Mr Jukebox with yr aluminum belly roaring &  
thirty teeth eating dirty drx.  
yr eyes starred round the world, purple diamonds & white brain  
revolving black disks  
in every bar from Yokamama to Pyraeus winking & beaming Saturday  
Nite  
what silence harbor Sabbath dark instead of boys screaming and  
dancing wherever I go—



Hail Jukebox of Perama with attendant minstrel juvenile whores  
on illuminated porches where kids leap to noise bouncing over black  
ocean tide,  
leaning into azure neon with sexy steps, delicious idiot smile and  
young teeth, flowers in ears,  
Negro voices scream back 1000 years striped pants pink shirts patent  
leather shoes on their lean dog feet  
exaggerated sneakers green pullovers, long hair, hips & eyes!  
They're jumping & joying this minute over the bones of Persian sailors  
—

Echoes of Harlem in Athens! Hail to your weeping eyes New York!  
Hail to the noise wherever the jukebox is on TOO LOUD,  
The Muses are loose in the world again with their big black voice  
bazooky blues,  
Muses with bongo guitars electric flutes on microphones Cha Cha Cha  
Feeling happy in Havana Mambo moving delicate London new Lyre in  
Liverpool  
Tin Clarinet prophesying in Delphos, Crete jumping again!  
Panyotis dancing alone stepped drunk from a krater, Yorgis slapping  
his heels & kicking Cerberus' heads off!  
Doobie Doobie reigns forever on the shores! One drachma for Black  
Jack, one drachma brings Aharisti again, Na-ti-the-Ma-Fez,  
Open the Door Richard, I'm Casting a Spell on You, Apocalypse Rock,  
End of History Rag!

*Piraeus, September 1, 1961*

## **Galilee Shore**

With the blue-dark dome old-starred at night, green boat-lights  
purring over water,  
a faraway necklace of cliff-top Syrian electrics,  
bells ashore, music from a juke-box trumpeted,  
shadow of death against my left breast prest  
—cigarette, match-flare, skull wetting its lips—

Fisherman-nets over wood walls, light wind in dead willow branch  
on a grassy bank—the saxophone relaxed and brutal, silver horns echo  
—

Was there a man named Solomon? Peter walked here? Christ on this  
sweet water?

Blessings on thee Peacemaker!

English spoken  
on the street bearded Jews' sandals & Arab white head cloth—  
the silence between Hebrew and Arabic—  
the thrill of the first Hashish in a holy land—  
Over hill down the valley in a blue bus, past Cana no weddings—  
I have no name I wander in a nameless countryside—  
young boys all at the movies seeing a great Western—  
art gallery closed, pipe razor & tobacco on the floor.

To touch the beard of Martin Buber  
to watch a skull faced Gershom Scholem lace his shoes  
to pronounce Capernaum's name & see stone doors of a tomb  
to be meek, alone, beside a big dark lake at night—  
to pass thru Nazareth dusty afternoon, and smell the urine down near  
Mary's well  
to watch the orange moon peep over Syria, weird promise—  
to wait beside Galilee—night with Orion, lightning, negro voices,  
Burger's Disease, a glass of lemon tea—feel my left hand on my  
shaved chin—  
all you have to do is suffer the metaphysical pain of dying.  
Art is just a shadow, like cows or tea—  
keep the future open, make no dates it's all here  
with moonrise and soft music on phonograph memory—  
Just think how amazing! someone getting up and walking on the  
water.

*Tiberias, October 1961*

## Stotras to Kali Destroyer of Illusions

O Statue of Liberty Spouse of Europa Destroyer of Past Present Future  
They who recite this Anthem issuing from empty skulls the stars &  
stripes

certainly makes a noise on the radio beauteous with the twilight  
should one skinny Peruvian only spell your name right O thou who  
hast formidable eyebrows of spiritual money & beareth United  
Nations in your hair  
such Peruvian becomes higher Jaweh charming countless moviestars  
with disappearing eyes

O republic female mouth from which two politics trickle they who  
recite

the name thy 28th star OMAHA subjugate hungry ghost-hoards  
ascreech under Gold Reserve

O fortress America Guardian Blueprint who in thy nether right hand  
hangs a bathroom

in thy nether left the corpse of Edgar Poe in front right hand hanging  
the skull

of Roosevelt with gray eyeballs & left hand George Washington his  
tongue hanging out like a fish

Your huge goddess eye looming over his severed head your bottomless  
throat open

with great machinery roars inside teeth made of white radios &  
mountainous red tongue

licking vast bubbles of atomic gum left eye rolled to gray heavens  
above Dewline

right eye staring into magic engine wheels hissing with railroad steam  
arm after arm snaking into place in aether battleships dangling from  
one hand to another

the black corpse Thelonious Monk the flayed skin of Gertrude Stein  
held down

fluttering over the gaping Yoni, hands reaching out to honk all the  
horns of Broadway

William Randolph Hearst's bones circled in mystic ring on third toe &  
breast hung  
with newspapers shining with Earl Browder's cancer the 1964  
Elections flapping in her left  
nostril if you sneeze you'll destroy the western hemisphere right Vajra  
hand  
playing mah-jongg with her astrolabes it keeps her mind occupied  
especially with rhythmic  
breathing exercises & interpretive dancing one foot goddesslike on the  
corpse of Uncle Sam  
Top hand bearing the Telephone nobody's on the other end she's  
talking to herself  
because when the ear gets disconnected from the brain you still hear  
noise  
but who remembers what it means somebody else will pay the bill as  
fast as it takes  
for vultures to clean up a corpse at Tower of Silence That will be five  
minutes and  
extra charges if you go on talking the eleventh hand presenting an  
electric chair  
twelfth hand in the mudra of Foreign Aid and thirteenth palm closed  
in sign of Disarmament  
O Freedom with gaping mouth full of Cops whose throat is adorned  
with skulls of Rosenbergs  
whose breasts spurt Jazz into the robot faces of thy worshippers grant  
that recitation  
of this Hymn will bring them abiding protection money & dance in  
White House  
for even a dope sees Eternity who meditates on thee raimented with  
Space crosseyed  
creatrix of Modernity whose waist is beauteous with a belt of  
numberless Indian scalps  
mixed with negro teeth Who on the breast of James Dean in the vast  
bedroom of Forest Lawn  
Cemetery enjoyest the great Passion of Jesus Christ or seated on the

bone-yard ground  
strewn with the flesh of Lumumba haunted by the female shoes of  
Khrushchev & Stevenson's long red tongue  
enjoyest the worship of spies & endless devotions intoned by  
mustached radio announcers  
If by night thy devotee naked with long weird hair sit in the park &  
recite this Hymn  
while his full breasted girl fills his lap with provincial kisses and  
meditates on Thee  
Such such a one dwells in the land the supreme politician & knows  
Thy mystery  
O Wife of China should thy patriot recite thy anthem & China's cut-up  
& mixed together  
with that of Russia Thy elephant-headed infant mighty in all future  
worlds  
& meditate one year with knowledge of thy mystic copulation with  
China this next age  
Then such knower will delight in secret weapon official Intelligence  
kodaked in his telegraphic brain  
Home of the Brave thou gavest birth to the Steel Age before the  
Hydrogen Age the  
Cobalt Age earning power over entire planets all futurity Male-female  
spouse of the solar system  
Ah me why then shall I not prophesy glorious truths for Thee Ah me  
folks worship many other  
countries beside you they are brainwashed but I of my own  
uncontrollable lust for you  
lay my hands on your Independence enter your very Constitution my  
head absorbed in the lips of your  
Bill of Rights O Liberty whose bliss is union with each individual  
citizen intercourse  
Alaskan Oklahoman New Jerseyesque dreaming of embraces even  
Indonesian Vietnamese & those Congolese  
O Liberty Imagewife of Mankind of thy Mercy show thy favor toward  
each me everywhere helpless

before thy manifest Destiny by grace may I never be reborn American  
I and all I's  
neither Russian Peruvian nor Chinese Jew never again reincarnate  
outside Thee Mother  
Democracy O Formless One take me beyond Images & reproductions  
spouse beyond disunion  
absorbed in my own non-Duality which art Thou.

He O mother American Democracy who in the cremation ground of  
nations with disheveled hair in sweat of intensity meditates on thee  
And makes over his pubic hair to thee in poetry or electrical  
engineering he alone knows thy Cosmic You-Me.  
O America whoever on Tuesday at midnite utters This My Country  
'Tis of Thee in the basement men's room  
of the Empire State Building becomes a Poet Lord of Earth and goes  
mounted on Elephants  
to conquer Maya the Cold War whoever recites this my country 'tis of  
thee with the least halfhearted  
conviction he becomes himself Big Business & Giant Unions flowing  
with production and is after  
death father of his country which is the Universe itself and will at  
night in union with Thee  
O mother with eyes of delightful movies enter at last into amorous  
play united with all Presidents of US.

*Bombay, 1962*

### **To P.O.**

The whitewashed room, roof  
of a third-rate Mohammedan hotel,  
two beds, blurred fan  
whirling over yr brown guitar,  
knapsack open on floor, towel  
hanging from chair, Orange Crush,  
brown paper manuscript packages,  
Tibetan tankas, Gandhi pajamas,  
Ramakrishna *Gospel*, bright umbrella

a mess on a rickety wooden stand,  
the yellow wall-bulb lights up  
this scene Calcutta for the thirtieth night—  
Come in the green door, long Western gold  
hair plastered down your shoulders  
from shower: “Did we take our pills  
this week for malaria?” Happy birthday  
dear Peter, your 29th year.

*Calcutta, July 8, 1962*

## **Heat**

Forty feet long sixty feet high hotel  
Covered with old gray for buzzing flies  
Eye like mango flowing orange pus  
Ears Durga people vomiting in their sleep  
Got huge legs a dozen buses move inside Calcutta  
Swallowing mouthfuls of dead rats  
Mangy dogs bark out of a thousand breasts  
Garbage pouring from its ass behind alleys  
Always pissing yellow Hooghly water  
Bellybutton melted Chinatown brown puddles  
Coughing lungs Sound going down the sewer  
Nose smell a big gray Bidi  
Heart bumping and crashing over tramcar tracks  
Covered with a hat of cloudy iron  
Suffering water buffalo head lowered  
To pull the huge cart of year uphill

*Calcutta, July 21, 1962*

## **Describe: The Rain on Dasaswamedh Ghat**

Kali Ma tottering up steps to shelter tin roof, feeling her way to curb,  
around bicycle & leper seated on her way—to piss on a broom  
left by the Stone Cutters who last night were shaking the street with  
Boom! of Stone blocks unloaded from truck  
Forcing the blindman in his gray rags to retreat from his spot in the  
middle of the road where he sleeps & shakes under his blanket  
Jai Ram all night telling his beads or sex on a burlap carpet

Past which cows donkeys dogs camels elephants marriage processions  
drummers tourists lepers and bathing devotees  
step to the whine of serpent-pipes & roar of car motors around his  
black ears—

Today on a balcony in shorts leaning on iron rail I watched the leper  
who sat hidden behind a bicycle

emerge dragging his buttocks on the gray rainy ground by the glove-  
bandaged stumps of hands,

one foot chopped off below knee, round stump-knob wrapped with  
black rubber

pushing a tin can shiny size of his head with left hand (from which  
only a thumb emerged from leprous swathings)

beside him, lifting it with both ragbound palms down the curb into  
the puddled road,

balancing his body down next to the can & crawling forward on his  
behind

trailing a heavy rag for seat, and leaving a path thru the street  
wavering

like the Snail's slime track—imprint of his crawl on the muddy asphalt  
market entrance—stopping

to drag his can along stubbornly konking on the paved surface near  
the water pump—

Where a turban'd workman stared at him moving along—his back  
humped with rags—

and inquired why didn't he put his can to wash in the pump altarplace  
—and why go that way when free rice

Came from the alley back there by the river—As the leper looked up  
& rested, conversing curiously, can by his side approaching a  
puddle.

Kali had pissed standing up & then felt her way back to the Shop  
Steps on thin brown legs

her hands in the air—feeling with feet for her rag pile on the stone  
steps' wetness—

as a cow busied its mouth chewing her rags left wet on the ground for  
five minutes digesting



Till the comb-&-hair-oil-booth keeper woke & chased her away with a stick

Because a dog barked at a madman with dirty wild black hair who rag round his midriff & water pot in hand

Stopped in midstreet turned round & gazed up at the balconies, windows, shops and city stagery filled with glum activity

Shrugged & said *Jai Shankar!* to the imaginary audience of Me's,

While a white robed Baul Singer carrying his one stringed dried pumpkin Guitar

Sat down near the cigarette stand and surveyed his new scene, just arrived in the Holy City of Benares.

*Benares, February 1963*

## Death News

*Visit to W.C. W. circa 1957, poets Kerouac Corso Orlovsky on sofa in living room inquired wise words, stricken Williams pointed thru window curtained on Main Street: "There's a lot of bastards out there!"*

Walking at night on asphalt campus  
road by the German Instructor with Glasses  
W. C. Williams is dead he said in accent  
under the trees in Benares; I stopped and asked  
Williams is Dead? Enthusiastic and wide-eyed  
under the Big Dipper. Stood on the Porch  
of the International House Annex bungalow  
insects buzzing round the electric light  
reading the Medical obituary in *Time*.  
"out among the sparrows behind the shutters"  
Williams is in the Big Dipper. He isn't dead  
as the many pages of words arranged thrill  
with his intonations the mouths of meek kids  
becoming subtle even in Bengal. Thus  
there's a life moving out of his pages; Blake  
also "alive" thru his experienced machines.  
Were his last words anything Black out there  
in the carpeted bedroom of the gabled wood house  
in Rutherford? Wonder what he said,  
or was there anything left in realms of speech

after the stroke & brain-thrill doom entered  
his thoughts? If I pray to his soul in Bardo Thodol  
he may hear the unexpected vibration of foreign mercy.  
Quietly unknown for three weeks; now I saw Passaic  
and Ganges one, consenting his devotion,  
because he walked on the steely bank & prayed  
to a Goddess in the river, that he only invented,  
another Ganga-Ma. Riding on the old  
rusty Holland submarine on the ground floor  
Paterson Museum instead of a celestial crocodile.  
Mourn O Ye Angels of the Left Wing! that the poet  
of the streets is a skeleton under the pavement now  
and there's no other old soul so kind and meek  
and feminine jawed and him-eyed can see you  
What you wanted to be among the bastards out there.

*Benares, March 20, 1963*

### **Vulture Peak: Gridhakuta Hill**

I've got to get out of the sun  
mouth dry and red towel wrapped  
    round my head  
walking up crying singing *ah sunflower*  
Where the traveler's journey  
closed my eyes *is done* in the  
    black hole there  
    sweet rest far far away  
up the stone climb past where  
Bimbisara left his armies  
got down off his elephant  
and walked up to meet  
Napoleon Buddha pacing  
    back and forth on the platform  
    of red brick on the jut rock crag  
Staring out Lidded-eyed beneath  
the burning white sunlight  
down on Rajgir kingdom below  
    ants wheels within wheels of empire  
    houses carts streets messengers  
    wells and water flowing

into past-future simultaneous  
kingdoms here gone on Jupiter  
distant X-ray twinkle of the eye  
myriad brick cities on earth and under  
New York Chicago Palenque Jerusalem  
Delphos Macchu Picchu Acco  
Herculaneum Rajagriha  
here all windy with the tweetle  
of birds and blue rocks  
leaning into the blue sky—  
Vulture Peak desolate bricks  
flies on the knee hot shadows  
raven-screech and wind blast  
over the hills from desert plains  
south toward Bodh Gaya—  
All the noise I made with my mouth  
singing on the path up, Gary  
Thinking all the *pale youths* and  
*virgins shrouded with snow*  
chanting Om Shantih all over the world  
and who but *Peter du Peru*  
walking the streets of San Francisco  
arrived in my mind on Vulture Peak  
Then turned round and around on my heels  
singing and plucking out my eyes  
ears tongue nose and balls as I whirled  
longer and longer the mountains stretched  
swiftly flying in circles  
the hills undulating and roads speeding  
around me in the valley  
Till when I stopped the earth  
moved in my eyeballs  
green bulge slowly  
and stopped

\*

My thirst in my cheeks and tongue  
back throat drives me home.

*Benares, April 18, 1963*

## Patna-Benares Express

Whatever it may be whoever it may be  
The bloody man all singing all just  
However he die  
He rode on railroad cars  
He woke at dawn, in the white light of a new universe  
He couldn't do any different  
He the skeleton with eyes  
raised himself up from a wooden bench  
felt different looking at the fields and palm trees  
no money in the bank of dust  
no nation but inexpressible gray clouds before sunrise  
lost his identity cards in his wallet  
in the bald rickshaw by the Maidan in dry Patna  
Later stared hopeless waking from drunken sleep  
dry mouthed in the RR Station  
among sleeping shoeshine men in loincloth on the dirty concrete  
Too many bodies thronging these cities now

*Benares, May 1963*

## Last Night in Calcutta

Still night. The old clock Ticks,  
half past two. A ringing of crickets  
awake in the ceiling. The gate is locked  
on the street outside—sleepers, mustaches,  
nakedness, but no desire. A few mosquitoes  
waken the itch, the fan turns slowly—  
a car thunders along the black asphalt,  
a bull snorts, something is expected—  
Time sits solid in the four yellow walls.  
No one is here, emptiness filled with train  
whistles & dog barks, answered a block away.  
Pushkin sits on the bookshelf, Shakespeare's  
complete works as well as Blake's unread—  
O Spirit of Poetry, no use calling on you  
babbling in this emptiness furnished with beds  
under the bright oval mirror—perfect  
night for sleepers to dissolve in tranquil

blackness, and rest there eight hours  
—Waking to stained fingers, bitter mouth  
and lung gripped by cigarette hunger,  
what to do with this big toe, this arm  
this eye in the starving skeleton-filled  
sore horse tramcar-heated Calcutta in  
Eternity—sweating and teeth rotted away—  
Rilke at least could dream about lovers,  
the old breast excitement and trembling belly,  
is that it? And the vast starry space—  
If the brain changes matter breathes  
fearfully back on man—But now  
the great crash of buildings and planets  
breaks thru the walls of language and drowns  
me under its Ganges heaviness forever.  
No escape but thru Bangkok and New York death.  
Skin is sufficient to be skin, that's all  
it ever could be, tho screams of pain in the kidney  
make it sick of itself, a wavy dream  
dying to finish its all too famous misery  
—Leave immortality for another to suffer like a fool,  
not get stuck in the corner of the universe  
sticking morphine in the arm and eating meat.

*May 22, 1963*

### **Understand That This Is a Dream**

Real as a dream  
What shall I do with this great opportunity to fly?  
What is the interpretation of this planet, this moon?  
If I can dream that I dream / and dream anything dreamable / can I  
dream  
I am awake / and why do that?  
When I dream in a dream that I wake / up what  
happens when I try to move?  
I dream that I move  
and the effort moves and moves

till I move / and my arm hurts  
Then I wake up / dismayed / I was dreaming / I was waking  
when I was dreaming still / just now.  
and try to remember next time in dreams  
that I am in dreaming.  
And dream anything I want when I'm awoken.  
When I'm in awokeness what do I desire?  
I desire to fulfill my emotional belly.  
My whole body my heart in my fingertips thrill with some old  
fulfillments.  
Pages of celestial rhymes burning fire-words  
unconsumable but disappear.  
Arcane parchments my own and the universe the answer.  
Belly to Belly and knee to knee.  
The hot spurt of my body to thee to thee  
old boy / dreamy Earl / you Prince of Paterson / now king of me /  
lost Haledon  
first dream that made me take down my pants  
urgently to show the cars / auto trucks / rolling down avenue hill.  
That far back what do I remember / but the face of the leader of the  
gang  
was blond / that loved me / one day on the steps of his house blocks  
away  
all afternoon I told him about my magic Spell  
I can do anything I want / palaces millions / chemistry sets / chicken  
coops / white horses  
stables and torture basements / I inspect my naked victims  
chained upside down / my fingertips thrill approval on their thighs  
white hairless cheeks I may kiss all I want  
at my mercy. on the racks.  
I pass with my strong attendants / I am myself naked  
bending down with my buttocks out  
for their smacks of reproof / o the heat of desire

like shit in my asshole. The strange gang  
across the street / thru the grocery store / in the wood alley / out in  
the open on the corner /

Because I lied to the Dentist about that chicken coop roofing / slate  
stolen off his garage

by me and the boy I loved who would punish me if he knew  
what I loved him.

That now I have had that boy back in another blond form

Peter Orlovsky a Chinese teenager in Bangkok ten years twenty years  
Joe Army on the campus / white blond loins / my mouth hath kisses /  
full of his cock / my ass burning / full of his cock

all that I do desire. In dream and awake

this handsome body mine / answered

all I desired / intimate loves / open eyed / revealed at last / clothes  
on the floor

Underwear the most revealing stripped off below the belly button in  
bed.

That's that / yes yes / the flat cocks the red pricks the gentle pubic  
hair / alone with me

my magic spell. My power / what I desire alone / what after thirty  
years /

I got forever / after thirty years / satisfied enough with Peter / with  
all I wanted /

with many men I knew one generation / our sperm passing  
into our mouths and bellies / beautiful when love / given.

Now the dream oldens / I olden / my hair a year long / my  
thirtyeight birthday approaching.

I dream I

am bald / am disappearing / the campus unrecognizable / Haledon  
Avenue

will be covered with neon / motels / Supermarkets / iron

the porches and woods changed when I go back / to see Earl again

He'll be a bald / fleshy father / I could pursue him further in the  
garage

If there's still a garage on the hill / on the planet / when I get back.  
From Asia.

If I could even remember his name or his face / or find him /

When I was ten / perhaps he exists in some form.

With a belly and a belt and an auto

Whatever his last name / I never knew / in the phonebook / the  
Akashic records.

I'll write my Inspiration for all Mankind to remember,

My Idea, the secret cave / in the clothes closet / that house probably  
down /

Nothing to go back to / everything's gone / only my idea

that's disappearing / even in dreams / gray dust piles / instant  
annihilation

of World War II and all its stainless steel shining-mouthed cannons

much less me and my grammar school kisses / I never kissed in time /

and go on kissing in dream and out on the street / as if it were for  
ever.

No forever left! Even my oldest forever gone, in Bangkok, in Benares,

swept up with words and bodies / all into the brown Ganges /

passing the burning grounds and / into the police state.

My mind, my mind / you had six feet of Earth to hoe /

Why didn't you remember and plant the seed of Law and gather the  
sprouts of What?

the golden blossoms of what idea? If I dream that I dream /what  
dream

should I dream next? Motorcycle rickshaws / parting lamp shine /  
little taxis / horses' hoofs

on this Saigon midnight street. [Angkor Wat ahead and the ruined  
city's old Hindu faces](#)

and there was a dream about Eternity. What should I dream when I  
wake?

What's left to dream, more Chinese meat? More magic Spells? More  
youths to love before I change & disappear?

More dream words? This can't go on forever. Now that I know it all /



goes whither? For now that I know I am dreaming /  
What next for you Allen? Run down to the Presidents Palace full of  
Morphine /  
the cocks crowing / in the street. / Dawn trucks / What is the  
question?  
Do I need sleep, now that there's light in the window?  
I'll go to sleep. Signing off until / the next idea / the moving van  
arrives empty  
at the Doctor's house full of Chinese furniture.

*Saigon, May 31-June 1, 1963*

### **Angkor Wat**

Angkor—on top of the terrace  
in a stone nook in the rain  
Avalokitesvara faces everywhere  
high in their stoniness  
in white rainmist

Slithering hitherward paranoia  
Banyans trailing  
high muscled tree crawled  
over the roof its big  
long snaky toes spread  
down the lintel's red  
cradle-root  
elephantine bigness

Buddha I take my refuge  
bowing in the black bower  
before the openhanded lotus-man  
sat crosslegged  
and riding in the rain in the  
anxious motorcycle putting  
in the wetness my shirt  
covered with green plastic  
apron shivering

and throat choking  
with upsurge  
of stroke fear  
cancer Bubonic  
heart failure  
bitter stomach juices  
a wart growing on my rib  
Objection! This can't be  
Me!

What happens to me when I get high  
The echo of Sitaram, Sitaram Hindu  
fears—eat no meat or vomit  
the body—warnings in dream bearded  
Das Thakur—obsessed  
with meat, smoking, ganja  
sex, cannibal spies, Propagation  
of this Skin, thin  
vegetable soups, they was  
all Chinese eating pigs, was seven  
slanteyes watching me drink tea  
till I saluted the Buddha-baby in  
the cloth flowered pram  
sucking its chubby plum  
Music from Walt Disney hearts and roses  
sweet violins—  
yellow skins landing on the green  
vegetable planet—  
seven children with identical haircuts  
very polite, saluting  
clasped hand bow—  
the Fear ordering peas in the French  
restaurant, with whole garlic  
bread cheese and coffee hot  
and  
a

b

a  
n  
a  
n  
a to finish the bill on the table

pink  
p  
o  
n  
k of the rain on the roof tin  
below my shuttered window  
in the neon light a Hotel  
clean tiled room

U  
n  
d  
e  
r a fan and canopied mosquito net

All well in this solitude, plenty money  
for a long ride thru the forest in a  
rainy afternoon with  
long hair wet beard  
glasses clouding—and that  
nausea—passing out  
of the Churning of the Ocean

asuras with teeth fangs  
and fat eared Devas  
with military mustaches

hanging on to the great Chain Snake  
muscle sandstone railing  
length of the moat-bridge to

the South Gate, Avalokitesvara's huge  
many faces in opposite directions  
in high space  
thru which ran new black road  
at the knees of greater trees, one

needed a haircut, root-hair sprouting  
on branches—thru the forested  
Castle grounds to pathways fallen  
sandstone headless statues  
Damp black bas-relief Dancing Shiva  
or angel lady

The huge snake roots, the vaster  
serpent arms fallen  
octopus over the roof  
in a square courtyard—curved  
roofcombs looked Dragon-back-stone-scaled  
As frail as stone is, this harder wooden  
life crushing them

with the cricket-glare and parrot  
squads walking across the roof  
—last nite full moon in misted heaven  
and slow girl dance bent elbow and inspring  
fingers snaking it thru the middle—

I am afraid where I am  
“I am inert” ... “I’m just doing my  
Professional duty” ... “I’m scheming  
murders” ... “I’m chasing a story”  
I’m not going to eat meat anymore  
I’m taking refuge in the Buddha Dharma Sangha  
Hare Krishna Hare Krishna  
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare  
Hare Rama Hare Rama  
Rama Rama Hare Hare

who how satisfying in the ocean night  
as the exit of laughing gas,  
or the thrice-real moment of hashish  
or the “ordering men about, playing god,  
without drugs”

american husbands in sportshirts with clear,  
bright eyes and legs spread in  
the velocipedomotor bripping  
on holiday from US Army Saigon  
streets hotels I hitched  
get polite when you’s a hiker  
“I going to take *both* sides”

You have no right being a Hitler repeating that  
Abhaya mudra reassurance  
Palm out flat, patting the airhide  
of earth—

Nothing but a false Buddha afraid of  
my own annihilation, Leroi Moi—  
afraid to fail you yet terror those Men  
their tiger pictures and uniforms  
dream to see that Kerouac tiger too—  
Helikopter to— Sh, spies with telescopes  
for seeing the bullets that shoot—

Leroi I been done you wrong  
I’m just an old Uncle Tom in disguise all along  
afraid of physical tanks.  
and those buzzing headphones in my skull.  
and many a butterfly committed suicide  
its wings to the motheaten flame—  
Agh! I vomited in fear of the forest of ganja meats—  
Eternal Death silliness—Cowards die many times  
Not even afraid to be a Coward—Ashamed only by  
metal voices declaring war on Darkness

I seen plenty corpses but not them living wound-flowers  
healing split open “mouths” as you see the  
War Correspondent who wanted to Bash China  
Even I wound up with his Titoist anxieties

Whatever happened to Jeannie Frigididia  
Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy  
radio 20 years behind Cambodia  
Sounds like love is so sweet springtime  
all in my head going down worried  
about changing 100 Reales of meat  
Whatever you think happened to  
Jeannie Frigididia?  
Whatyathink happen to the Frigididy girl?  
You think she’ll be in the Ille Frigididy news?  
Is the Frigididy Universe gonna be awakened?  
Is Leary my laughter?

Plus ça change tonight from 6 P.M.  
wet handed by meat sex  
drank tea, drank carrot-potato thin soup  
bread cheese coffee peas pies coffee  
pineapple soda  
walked on the rainy. run out of ink  
market  
To write a letter to President Norodom Sihanouk  
to live in the flower-jazz palace at Phnom Penh  
Kingly neutrality enter China for U.P  
from Hong Kong  
write to Eisenhower, politely inquiring  
get China off the hook  
war of races not Marxism in

Viet Nam Pres. Diem’s Queer picture  
—a spy in the chinese soup  
on the restaurant bench—I being also a  
spy for the Left Consuling

“Geez that’s a great job yr doing fellers  
keep it up”

I wish I could fly o’er the leaves of the jungle and not  
get killed see the bamboo stakes  
piercing the foot of the beefy Marine?  
or the bodies Viet Cong piled on the tank  
Vietnamese bosses at Ap Bac battle lost whodunit?  
President’s messages back and forth in French and Charming  
Ike give OK retreat from pregnant belly  
of S.E. Asia,  
Antichinese riots Indonesia—out of the papers—  
not seen *Newsweek* a week or the *Times*

Monsoon riding thru the forest gate faces  
Creepers silence on Ta-Phrom temple halls  
narrow stone walk under sleeping trees—  
rain on Ta-Keo pyramid—perfect faces  
smiling ladies’ fiery headdresses in Thommanom  
till passing the soda stand in forest arbor  
ganja cigarette rolled in Terrasse Supérieur  
rooftower by Ikon  
of Buddha touching Earth  
the burnt out incense sticks in the tipped can  
I straightened and shoes off bowed

As I rode thru the forest Hari Hindoo and Lord of Mercy  
struggled like Asur-Devas  
with my mind-snake drifting  
motorized under the trees—that  
long road with a dip and slow strange  
rise into the arch of the four-headed  
Smile—gate to the old park  
of Khmer palaces—ancient morphine  
in a room—Garuda bebeaked and wing-sphinxed—

The many Sphinx-heads with ears on the towers

Looking around the country seventeen, cheek on eye,  
Bewildered in a hurry in the rain to make  
this City conquered by Chams (upriver  
burning the wooden city) of  
Stone to last in forest  
Even that permanence warped cleaned  
in the Alice in Wonderland giant garden  
of Ta-Phrom—followed

by the young guardian with a caterpillar  
like green frond in his hair  
—he shrank back a second when I went to  
touch his crown

And I'm following them naked to the waist  
chinese smooth limbed workmen or darker  
Cambodian cyclist Prisoners cutting the grass  
by the Grand Hotel's

cool waiting room with bar and USIS handout  
news-casts only Journals except  
for the State Paper reprinting the Prince  
King's questionless speech to  
Journalists itching with neon—

So many grounds to cover the terrors of the day  
All got to do with snakes and only one shy  
tail, I saw disappearing behind a  
rock, slow banded worm—the smiles  
of Avalokitesvara with his big mouth like  
Cambodian Pork Chops—the boys  
and why do I not even faintly desire those  
black silk girls in the alley of this  
clean new tourist city?—

Ah those Deva faces on the walls of Thommanom!  
Clean eyebrows and smiles of Lady Yore  
Ever Naomi in my ear—a sad case of refusing to



grow up give birth to die—

I am Coward in every direction—Coughing  
in the motorcycle trailer seat but  
the beautiful forest hath its rain to  
drown my noises—

Home to the Needle, further violation  
or is this vegetable smoke and vein warmth  
futile in the light of my friends Pronouncements  
Maybe Gary'll have the answer! Maybe Jack have  
the Answer? Will the Army answer me,

or will a clang of bells herald the God Creeley  
To whom I sent postcards of the cold stonebrows—  
in the green—on the spot

“Blind white mossed gray carved  
blocks of stone noses smiling  
thin lips  
green mossy fronds of giant  
trees, the white drift smoke  
sky

The millions of familiar  
raindrops dripping in  
floor rock crevasses  
on the broken crown of the  
gray lotus

The stone benches on the roof  
Snake balustrades  
Buddha's faces on the  
many towers, the forest snakes  
waiting in the tall trunks of  
wooden trees

Oh the beautiful pour of the rain noises  
waiting below the money cyclopede  
Motor driver covered with blue plastic

Angkor  
where I dreamed of trembling to  
write—here again after the  
hot sun, sleeping and dreaming  
2 days ago—back in the wished  
for rain past  
rain on my elbows

Buddha save me, what am  
I doing here  
again dreamed of this  
This awful stone monument  
being in the streams  
of change or the Clouds  
in the sky—  
Kneeled to the statue on  
Porch  
Saranam Gochamee Catchme quick  
forced with incense—have to  
go down to the  
velocycle  
thru the bat-tower  
again, or out  
in the rain!”

As might be read for poesy by Olson  
At least moves from perception to obsession  
according to waves of Me-ness  
Still clinging to the Earthen straw  
My eye

Confused with this blue sky cloud drift  
“illusion” over the treetops

dwelling in my mind “frightened aging nagging flesh”  
To step *out* of—? Who, Me?

Just a lot of words and propaganda  
I been spreading getting scared  
of my own bullshit  
Except when faced with my confusion  
words meat / death  
mind-soup  
eaten last night, greedily fried macaroni  
with rare beef—all the children  
scream at my long awkward hair,

On the bed as I ached and strained my  
sphincter opened hoped  
to get next time befucked by  
a Cambodian sweet policeman  
from the bicycle first day  
who had Lord Buddha's lips as on  
the towers—all alike many boys—the Monks  
of Lolei, smoking and eating beef,  
touched my toes and my beard pulled  
by the shaven kid in yellow

Nandi the bull waiting her owner in the Sun  
The house crumbling and Vishnu's arms  
broken, heads off the seated  
statues  
bat families hanging upside down in the  
door beams' cracks—Chinese families

overrunning the earth like greeneyed children of  
Science-fiction—Shall I blow  
them up, Professor?—and

O Leaf of Buddha! when we get to  
the green planets will we fight  
the strange snaky races of—  
Cancer Overpopulation  
It's a pyramid of faces—Sphinx-Avalokitesvara

all mixed up, I hope Buddha's been there,  
*Then* we'll know if his mind appeared  
in all the directions of Space—

The Pope died a saint to be dissolved in  
his Christ  
Philip Lamantia prophesied truly, all but  
Mao Tze Tung loved Pope John

Except those newspaper Catholics in Saigon  
He didn't change their plans yet—  
A walk, past the Saigon Market, where  
There's a few brass Buddhas for  
shop sale in the North Wing

Croست the big traffic circle between the Shell  
gas signs, where at nite the troop  
Cops got in buses to go to Hué  
Where telephones spoke blisters  
to the gas students—  
gathered in front of City Hall to redress  
their grievances—

Surabaya Johnnie not seen Bodrabadur Temple  
in Java next time round this part  
of the world

All the wire services eating sweet and  
sour pork and fresh cold lichee white-meat  
in sugarwater—  
Discussing the manly truth Gee Fellers—  
Even the fat whitehaired belly boy from  
Time and his Kewpiedoll wife  
Could've been seen in the movies dancing  
the rainy night at the border  
Chinese cha-cha, Hysteria

That UP kid flown down from Vientiane  
Laos fugitive Hepatitis  
Scared of the Yellow Men, or the slow  
Alcohol red face of the Logistics  
Analyst—"I got the Eichmann syndrome"  
said he newsweekly—reporters who  
never committed suicide like  
Hemingway had to, faced  
with the fat newsman with  
Seven children from  
Buddenbrooks  
They were living in Greece while Pound  
was taking a vow of silence  
"I knew too much"  
but it was all a mistake,  
I fled the Mekong delta, fled the 12,000  
Military speaking hot dog guts on the  
downtown aircooled streets,  
fled the Catinat Hotel, flushed my shit  
down the bathroom—

jumped in the cab suddenly, afraid  
after left Xaloi temple like a  
Negro disintegrated in New Orleans,  
afraid to publish that or they bomb  
my typesetter's woodsy Balcony  
in Louisiana—

Everywhere it's the fear I got in my own  
intestines—Kenyatta Prime Minister  
peacefully with his fly-whisk

and maybe the Mo Mo's underground  
Mao-Mao—everywhere is my own Rhodesia  
for Mysterious Choose Up Sides and Die  
like a "Man"

I never wanted to be a “human” being and  
this is what I got—a himalayan  
striped umbrella I don’t use  
in the jungle rain—my eyes  
    Lid-heavy—my mind skips  
back to the overweight knapsack I carry  
all these years’ scribbles bound in  
Ganges towels—

    Down, to drink  
    Iced coffee with sweet evaporated milk  
    Chinese coffee in small glasses, but  
Manger les Tripes No No—not eat  
    that mouthful of snake-apple

“give up desire for children”  
give up—this Prophecy—  
Everything drifted away in the dream  
    even the stone buildings of Low Library,  
    even the great dome of Columbia,  
even the great cities of Khmer—weak  
dancers at the portals of Angkor—  
    where I saw the praying young  
    head shaved peasant kneel at  
    the foot of the stairs on a purple  
    straw mat,  
The cries of the boy dancers to the  
deliberate slow walking drum’s  
    triple beat—Faunlike  
conscious asian steps on the  
    stonewalk—My cries of Sex  
    in bed echoed in their  
    lap-head grass eyes—  
Motorcyclists crying together  
entering the inner gates to  
the huge temple left behind by other  
Hindu dreamers—Kingdom  
Come or Kingdom Yore—

reassurance from Buddha's  
two arms, palms out  
stept up to 13th Century  
Sukothai feminacy  
step forward—

I've read the 1910 Guidebook about them  
giant trees strangling the heavy palace  
one altar full of little black bugs I never saw  
before,  
Broken or stray Lingams left over from another  
Imperial History, Goon squads with Moats,  
Kingly reservoirs dried up, must've  
been a big city full of wooden poles right  
near here, bamboo thatchments  
Chinese babies screaming at the bearded  
Han traveler—Palms together  
Salute I don't care I don't know



*Buddha footprint repetition*

Make that a dozen eggs—split em easy.  
Make that pig—tied up on the running board  
    between iron spokes, with a sharp  
wood stick set between his legs to  
carry him squeaking hoarsely protesting  
    being man-handled to  
get his throat cut for chinese  
    hordes—yes they eat

So much pork they'll make a butcher shop  
restaurant of the whole white folks universe  
which should be owned by Negroes but is  
    really haircut like Jews or  
    Indian Mounties in  
    Northern Canada  
They been “throwing up radioactive dolphins  
    in their icy bays—”?  
There was a great ice-floe up north I  
saw holes in the sea crust, weir  
cold green brine slurping up, or mist  
on my fingernail—

I sat in a hammock and waited—a  
big hole appeared in the English  
    Channel  
To let the human beings thru, hordes  
from Italy into White Anglia  
England achange—Stonehenge who  
went back that far to worship the  
    Sun?

Lady Mort's wormy intestines,  
always passed the basement in the Louvre  
with that Knight-at-Arms on a stone  
black table carried by hooded monks  
big as huge children getting  
stoned, tired—



It can't go on forever. I'm in the  
Jet Set, according to my memory,  
dissociated in Space from  
Bangkok to Calcutta 2 hours  
from Bangkok to Saigon the  
old elegance of the hitch thumb  
in Texas past the valley  
town and the green river—

Coughing in the airplane and my ears hurt  
a headache on the local slow  
airboat—over the great  
water, carrying the 10 tiny  
Buddhas of the negligent  
Mahant of Bodh Gaya—

Jumping in and out of space—soon  
faster than light I'll go back to the  
Graham Avenue past, and stare out the  
window happily at Paul R——  
passing down the 1942 Broadway—  
the gothic church, the alleys and  
Synagogues of Mea Shearim,

Jerusalem's hated Walls—  
I couldn't get over to the Holy Side and weep  
where I was supposed to by History  
Laws got confused stamped  
in my passport, lost in the refugee  
Station at Calcutta. It  
winds in and out of space and time the  
physical traveler—  
Returning home at last, years later as  
prophesied, "Is this the way that  
I'm supposed to feel?"

with my nightmare underwear downtown

in the gray haunted midnight street  
foggy Vancouver was winter  
then now Summer I'll see  
Thru the clear air the great Northern Mountains  
and aspire that lonely visible  
Space-peak before entering the

Moils of New Frisco San York Orleans  
Castro Bomb Shade Protest Shelter  
Better write a letter warning against  
the  
Aswan Nile not seen  
Peking's Jewelry feet not Come true  
Surely I'll live to take tea in a back yard  
in Kyoto and be calm!

"Make me ready—but not yet"  
No I am not "ready" to die when that Choke  
comes I'm afraid I'll scream and  
embarrass everybody—go out  
like a coward yellow fear I done left no  
Louis babies behind me Rebuke in  
Those 70 year eyes and I speak of Murder  
blessing him?—Alas  
to be kinder except I *was* kind to the  
Man on park bench after the Nite Club

who "schemed murders" as an  
analyst for air forces.  
They need conscience-stricken analysts, I'm  
a conscious-stricken panelist on this  
university show.  
Forward March, guessing  
which bullet which airplane which nausea  
be the dreadful doomy last  
begun while I'm still  
conscious—I'll go down and get a cold coffee at  
Midnight

*Siemréap, Cambodia, June 10, 1963*

**The Change:** *Kyoto–Tokyo Express*

I

*Black Magicians*

Come home: the pink meat image  
black yellow image with  
ten fingers and two eyes  
is gigantic already: the black  
curly pubic hair, the  
blind hollow stomach,  
the silent soft open vagina  
rare womb of new birth  
cock lone and happy to be home  
again  
touched by hands by mouths,  
by hairy lips—

Close the portals of the festival?

Open the portals to what Is,  
The mattress covered with sheets,  
soft pillows of skin,  
long soft hair and delicate  
palms along the buttocks  
timidly touching,  
waiting for a sign, a throb  
softness of balls, rough  
nipples alone in the dark  
met by a weird finger;  
Tears alright, and laughter  
allright  
I am that I am—

Closed off from this  
The schemes begin, roulette,  
brainwaves, bony dice,

Stroboscope motorcycles  
Stereoscopic Scaly  
Serpents winding thru  
cloud spaces of  
what is not—  
“... convoluted, lunging upon  
a pismire, a conflagration, a—”

## II

Shit! Intestines boiling in sand fire  
creep yellow brain cold sweat  
earth unbalanced vomit thru  
tears, snot ganglia buzzing  
the Electric Snake rising hypnotic  
shuffling metal-eyed coils  
whirling rings within wheels  
from asshole up the spine  
Acid in the throat the chest  
a knot trembling Swallow back  
the black furry ball of the great  
Fear

Oh!

The serpent in my bed pitiful  
crawling unwanted babes of  
snake covered with veins and pores  
breathing heavy frightened love  
metallic Bethlehem out the window  
the lost, the lost hungry  
ghosts here alive trapped  
in carpet rooms How can I  
be sent to Hell  
with my skin and blood

Oh I remember myself so

Gasping, staring at dawn over  
lower Manhattan the bridges  
covered with rust, the slime  
in my mouth & ass, sucking  
his cock like a baby crying Fuck  
me in my asshole Make love  
to this rotten slave Give me the  
power to whip & eat your heart  
I own your belly & your eyes  
I speak thru your screaming  
mouth Black Mantra Fuck you  
Fuck me Mother Brother Friend  
old white haired creep shuddering in  
the toilet slum bath floorboards—

Oh how wounded, how wounded, I  
murder the beautiful chinese women

It will come on the railroad, beneath  
the wheels, in drunken hate screaming  
thru the skinny machine gun, it will  
come out of the mouth of the pilot  
the dry lipped diplomat, the hairy  
teacher will come out of me  
again shitting the meat out of  
my ears on my cancer deathbed

Oh crying man crying woman  
crying guerrilla shopkeeper  
crying dysentery boneface on  
the urinal street of the Self

Oh Negro beaten in the eye in my  
home, oh black magicians  
in white skin robes boiling the  
stomachs of your children that  
you do not die but shudder in

Serpent & worm shape forever  
Powerful minds & superhuman  
Roar of volcano & rocket in  
Your bowels—

Hail to your fierce desire, your  
Godly pride, my Heaven's gate  
will not be closed until  
we enter all—

All human shapes, all  
trembling donkeys & apes, all  
lovers turned to ghost  
all achers on trains &  
taxicab bodies sped away  
from date with desire, old movies,  
all who were refused—

All which was rejected, the  
leper-sexed hungry of  
nazi conventions, hollow  
cheeked arab marxists of Acco  
Crusaders dying of starvation  
in the Holy Land—

Seeking the Great Spirit of the  
Universe in Terrible Godly  
form, O suffering Jews  
burned in the hopeless fire  
O thin Bengali sadhus adoring  
Kali mother hung with  
nightmare skulls O Myself  
under her pounding  
feet!

Yes I am that worm soul under

the heel of the daemon horses  
I am that man trembling to die  
in vomit & trance in bamboo  
eternities belly ripped by  
red hands of courteous  
chinamen kids—Come sweetly  
now back to my Self as I was—

Allen Ginsberg says this: I am  
a mass of sores and worms  
& baldness & belly & smell  
I am false Name the prey  
of Yamantaka Devourer of  
Strange dreams, the prey of  
radiation & Police Hells of Law

I am that I am I am the  
man & the Adam of hair in  
my loins This is my spirit and  
physical shape I inhabit  
this Universe Oh weeping  
against what is my  
own nature for now

Who would deny his own shape's  
loveliness in his  
dream moment of bed  
Who sees his desire to be  
horrible instead of Him

Who is, who cringes, perishes,  
is reborn a red Screaming  
baby? Who cringes before  
that meaty shape in  
Fear?

In this dream I am the Dreamer  
and the Dreamed I am  
that I am Ah but I have  
always known

oooh for the hate I have spent  
in denying my image & cursing  
the breasts of illusion—  
Screaming at murderers, trembling  
between their legs in fear of the  
steel pistols of my mortality—

Come, sweet lonely Spirit, back  
to your bodies, come great God  
back to your only image, come  
to your many eyes & breasts,  
come thru thought and  
motion up all your  
arms the great gesture of  
Peace & acceptance Abhaya  
Mudra Mudra of fearlessness  
Mudra of Elephant Calmed &  
war-fear ended forever!

The war, the war on Man, the  
war on woman, the ghost  
assembled armies vanish in  
their realms

Chinese American Bardo Thodols  
all the seventy hundred hells from  
Orleans to Algeria tremble  
with tender soldiers weeping

In Russia the young poets rise  
to kiss the soul of the revolution



in Vietnam the body is burned  
to show the truth of only the  
body in Kremlin & White House  
the schemers draw back  
weeping from their schemes—

In my train seat I renounce  
my power, so that I do  
live I will die

Over for now the Vomit, cut  
up & pincers in the skull,  
fear of bones, grasp  
against man woman & babe.

Let the dragon of Death  
come forth from his  
picture in the whirling  
white clouds' darkness

And suck dream brains &  
claim these lambs for his  
meat, and let him feed  
and be other than I

Till my turn comes and I  
enter that maw and change  
to a blind rock covered  
with misty ferns that  
I am not all now

but a universe of skin and breath  
& changing thought and  
burning hand & softened  
heart in the old bed of  
my skin From this single

birth reborn that I am  
to be so—

My own Identity now nameless  
neither man nor dragon or  
God

but the dreaming Me full  
of physical rays' tender  
red moons in my belly &  
Stars in my eyes circling

And the Sun the Sun the  
Sun my visible father  
making my body visible  
thru my eyes!

*Tokyo, July 18, 1963*

## VII

### KING OF MAY: AMERICA TO EUROPE

*(1963–1965)*

#### Nov. 23, 1963: Alone

Alone

in that same self where I always was  
with Kennedy throat brain bloodied in Texas  
the television continuous blinking two radar days  
with Charlie muttering in his underwear strewn bedroom  
with Neal running down the hall shouting about the racetrack  
with Ann with her white boy's ass silent under the Cupid thigh  
with Lucille talking to herself, feeding the pregnant cat Alice  
with Anne mourning her pockmarked womb & the hard muscled chest  
of her Lover  
with David's red wine fireplace casting shadows back to the Duchess  
farm-boy faggot of Wichita, on fire in mainstreet  
with Lance with his crummy painting & leopard blue breast seeking to  
buy a motorcycle to crosscountry smiling & wan  
with the manuscripts of nutritious Roselle the New York suicide on  
the round mahogany table near the kitchen  
with Leroi Jones' white-eyeballed war-cry unread, babbling in  
postmortem blue-sneer  
with myself confused shock-fingertipt on the rented typewriter  
with Alan with horses' teeth metafysiks demurely insisting he was  
intensely so over coffee  
with Glen o' the lisp & Justin the olding bluejacketed man-love off in  
autos to Mexico cactus hope  
with the fat lady with babe in the auto, feeding & grieving her

adolescence's backseat  
with "Go to Hell" spoke on the streetcorner down hill in dark  
November night  
with Judy's blood in the furnace building up weeks before in campus-  
forest headlines, white-haired parents on Television  
with Christopher running around in raincoats talking fast about his  
eyesockets seeing true streets of '60s  
with Jaime phoning collect from New York insulting his lonesome  
Cunt  
with Nemmie insisting she was drunk & insulting on the couch &  
Marko with a bandaged tendon hanging in front of his gaptooth  
with Hubert in beret & tweed beard absolutely sober on meth-freak  
newspaper splatter rorschach universe, drinking milk  
with Jordan on the phone suave & retired jobbing invisible mandalas  
upstairs from the technicolor gutter  
with Larry whitehaired chewing his teeth nodding in chairs weak &  
amiable lost the pointlessness  
with the cat curled in white fur in the kitchen chair  
with the transistor radio silent weeks on the typewriter desk  
with the novels *Happiness Bastard Sheep* from Tangier Wichita *Mad  
Cub* Yesterday Today & Tomorrow  
with *Now*, with *Fuck You*, with *Wild Dog Burning Bush Poetry Evergreen  
C Thieves Journal Soft Machine Genesis Renaissance Contact Kill Roy  
Etc.*  
with spaniards appearing at the doors to know what's happening you  
wanna score or am I the sacred fear the meth-head fuzz the insect  
trust or delicious José  
with Robert in his black jacket & tie deciding to make a point of his  
courtesy over the kitchen linoleum  
with the Ghosts of Natalie & Peter & Krishna & Ram intoned on the  
shag rugs in the darkness of abandoned rooms  
with *Blue Grace* in typescript stepping out of the taxi on the wall, and  
letters arriving from Málaga & Chicago  
with me breaking off to rush in to the other room where Adam & Eve  
lie to get my hair spermy

## Why Is God Love, Jack?

Because I lay my  
    head on pillows,  
Because I weep in the  
    tomed studio  
Because my heart  
    sinks below my navel  
because I have an  
    old airy belly  
    filled with soft  
    sighing, and  
    remembered breast  
    sobs—or  
    a hand's touch makes  
    tender—  
Because I get scared—  
Because I raise my  
    voice singing to  
        my beloved self—  
Because I do love thee  
    my darling, my  
    other, my living  
        bride  
my friend, my old lord  
    of soft tender eyes—  
Because I am in the  
    Power of life & can  
    do no more than  
    submit to the feeling  
    that I am the One  
        Lost  
Seeking still seeking the  
    thrill—delicious  
    bliss in the  
        heart abdomen loins  
        & thighs  
Not refusing this  
    38 yr. 145 lb. head  
    arms & feet of meat

Nor one single Whitmanic  
toenail contemn  
nor hair prophetic banish  
to remorseless Hell,  
Because wrapped with machinery  
I confess my ashamed desire.

*New York, 1963*

## **Morning**

Ugh! the planet screams  
Doves in rusty cornice-  
castles peer  
down on auto crossroads,  
a junky in white jacket  
wavers in yellow light on  
way to a negro in bed  
Black smoke flowing on roofs, terrific  
city coughing—  
garbage can lids music over  
truck whine on E. 5th St.  
Ugh! I'm awake again—  
dreary day ahead  
what to do?—Dull letters  
to be answered  
an epistle to M. Duchamp  
more me all day the same  
clearly

Q. "Do you want to live or die?"

A. "I don't know"

said Julius after 12 years

State Hospital

Ugh! cry negroes in Harlem  
Ugh! cry License Inspectors, Building  
Inspectors, Police Congressmen  
Undersecretaries of Defense.

Ugh! Cries Texas Mississippi!  
Ugh! Cries India  
Ugh! Cries US  
Well, who knows?

O flowing copious!  
total Freedom! To  
Do what? to blap! to  
embarrass! to conjoin  
Locomotive blossoms to Leafy  
purple vaginas.  
To be dull! ashamed! shot!  
Finished! Flopped!  
To say Ugh absolutely meaningless here  
To be a big bore! even to  
myself! Fulla shit!

Paper words! Fblup! Fizzle! Droop!  
Shut your big fat mouth!  
Go take a flying crap in the  
rain!  
Wipe your own ass! Bullshit!  
You big creep! Fairy! Dopy  
Daffodil! Stinky Jew!  
Mr. Professor! Dirty Rat! Fart!

Honey! Darling! Sweetie pie!  
Baby! Lovey! Dovey! Dearest!  
My own! Buttercup! O Beautiful!  
Doll! Snookums! Go fuck  
yourself,  
everybody Ginsberg!  
And when you've exhausted  
that, go forward?  
Where? kiss my ass!

O Love, my mouth against

a black policeman's breast.

*New York, 1963*

### **Waking in New York**

I  
I place my hand before my beard with awe  
and stare thru open-uncurtain window  
    rooftop rose-blue sky thru  
    which small dawn clouds ride  
        rattle against the pane,  
lying on a thick carpet matted floor  
    at last in repose on pillows my knees  
    bent beneath brown himalayan blanket, soft—  
fingers atremble to pen, cramp  
    pressure diddling the page white  
        San Francisco notebook—  
And here am on the sixth floor cold  
    March 5th Street old building plaster  
    apartments in ruin, super he drunk  
        with baritone radio AM nose-sex  
Oh New York, oh Now our bird  
    flying past glass window Chirp  
    —our life together here  
    smoke of tenement chimney pots dawn haze  
    passing thru wind soar Sirs—

How shall we greet Thee this Springtime oh Lords—?  
What gifts give ourselves, what police fear  
    stop searched in late streets  
Rockefeller Frisk No-Knock break down  
    my iron white-painted door?  
Where shall I seek Law? in the State  
    in offices of telepath bureaucracy—?  
in my dis-ease, my trembling, my cry  
    —ecstatic song to myself  
to my police my law my state my  
    many selfs—  
Aye, Self is Law and State Police



Kennedy struck down knew him Self  
Oswald, Ruby ourselves  
Till we know our desires Blest  
with babe issue,  
Resolve, accept  
this self flesh we bear  
in underwear, Bathrobe, smoking cigarette  
up all night—brooding, solitary, set  
alone, tremorous leg & arm—  
approaching the joy of Alones  
Racked by that, arm laid to rest,  
head back wide-eyed

Morning, my song to Who listens, to  
myself as I am  
To my fellows in this shape that building  
Brooklyn Bridge or Albany name—  
Salute to the self-gods on  
Pennsylvania Avenue!  
May they have mercy on us all,  
May be just men not murderers  
Nor the State murder more,  
That all beggars be fed, all  
dying medicined, all loveless  
Tomorrow be loved  
well come & be balm.

*March 16, 1964*

## II

On the roof cloudy sky fading sun rays  
electric torches atop—  
auto horns—The towers  
with time-hands giant pointing  
late Dusk hour over  
clanky roofs  
Tenement streets' brick sagging cornices  
baby white kite fluttering against giant  
insect face-gill Electric Mill

smokestacked blue & fumes drift up  
Red messages, shining high floors,  
Empire State dotted with tiny windows  
lit, across the blocks  
of spire, steeple, golden topped utility  
building roofs—far like  
pyramids lit in jagged  
desert rocks—  
The giant the giant city awake  
in the first warm breath of springtime  
Waking voices, babble of Spanish  
street families, radio music  
floating under roofs, longhaired  
announcer sincerity squawking  
cigar voice  
Light zips up phallos stories  
beneath red antennae needling  
thru rooftop chimneys' smog  
black drift thru the blue air—  
Bridges curtained by uplit apartment walls,  
one small tower with a light  
on its shoulder below the “moody, water-loving giants”

The giant stacks burn thick gray  
smoke, Chrysler is lit with green,  
down Wall street islands of skyscraper  
black jagged in Sabbath quietness—  
Oh fathers, how I am alone in this  
vast human wilderness  
Houses uplifted like hives off  
the stone floor of the world—  
the city too vast to know, too  
myriad windowed to govern  
from ancient halls—  
“O edifice of gas!”—Sun shafts  
descend on the highest building's  
striped blocktop a red light  
winks buses hiss & rush  
grinding, green lights

of north bridges,  
hum roar & Tarzan  
squeal, whistle  
swoops, hurrahs!

Is someone dying in all this stone building?  
Child poking its black head out of the womb  
like the pupil of an eye?  
Am I not breathing here frightened  
and amazed—?  
Where is my comfort, where's heart-ease,  
Where are tears of joy?  
Where are the companions? in  
deep homes in Stuyvesant Town  
behind the yellow-window wall?  
I fail, book fails—a lassitude,  
a fear—tho I'm alive  
and gaze over the descending—No!  
peer in the inky beauty of the roofs.

*April 18, 1964*

### **After Yeats**

Now incense fills the air  
and delight follows delight,  
quiet supper in the carpet room,  
music twangling from the Orient to my ear,  
old friends at rest on bright mattresses,  
old paintings on the walls, old poetry  
thought anew, laughing at a mystic toy  
statue painted gold, tea on the white table.

*New York, April 26, 1964*

### **I Am a Victim of Telephone**

When I lie down to sleep dream the Wishing Well it rings  
“Have you a new play for the brokendown theater?”  
When I write in my notebook poem it rings

“Buster Keaton is under the brooklyn bridge on Frankfurt and Pearl...”

When I unsheath my skin extend my cock toward someone’s thighs fat or thin, boy or girl

Tingaling—“Please get him out of jail... the police are crashing down”

When I lift the soup spoon to my lips, the phone on the floor begins purring

“Hello it’s me—I’m in the park two broads from Iowa ... nowhere to sleep last night... hit ’em in the mouth”

When I muse at smoke crawling over the roof outside my street window

purifying Eternity with my eye observation of gray vaporous columns in the sky

ring ring “Hello this is Esquire be a dear and finish your political commitment manifesto”

When I listen to radio presidents roaring on the convention floor the phone also chimes in “Rush up to Harlem with us and see the riots”

Always the telephone linked to all the hearts of the world beating at once

crying my husband’s gone my boyfriend’s busted forever my poetry was rejected

won’t you come over for money and please won’t you write me a piece of bullshit

How are you dear can you come to Easthampton we’re all here bathing in the ocean we’re all so lonely

and I lie back on my pallet contemplating \$50 phone bill, broke, drowsy, anxious, my heart fearful of the fingers dialing, the deaths, the singing of telephone bells

ringing at dawn ringing all afternoon ringing up midnight ringing now forever.

*New York, June 20, 1964*

**Today**

O I am happy! O Swami Shivananda—a smile!

O telephone sweet little black being, what many voices and tongues!  
Tonight I'll call up Jack tell him Buster Keaton is under the Brooklyn  
Bridge

by a vast red-brick wall still dead pan alive in red suspenders, portly  
abdomen.

Today I saw movies, publishers, bookstores, checks—wait, I'm still  
poor

Poor but happy! I saw politicians we wrote a Noise Law!

A Law to free poetry—Poor Plato! Whoops here comes Fascism! I rode  
in a taxi!

I rode a bus, ate hot Italian Sausages, Coca-Cola, a chili-burger, Kool-  
Aid I drank—

All day I did things! I took a nap—didn't I dream about lampshade  
academies and ouch! I am dying?

I stuck a needle in my arm and flooded my head with drowsy bliss ...

And a hairy bum asked Mr. Keaton for money drink! Oh Buster! No  
answer!

Today I was really amazed! Samuel Beckett had rats eyes and gold  
round glasses—

I didn't say a word—I had my picture taken and read all thru the NY  
Times

and Daily News, I read everybody's editorials, I protested in my mind  
I have the privilege of being

Mad. Today I did everything, I wore a pink shirt in the street, at home  
in underwear

I marveled Henry Miller's iron sink, how could he remember so  
clearly?

Hypnagogic vision in Brooklyn 50 years ago—just now my eyeball

troops marched in square mufti battalion dragging prisoners to—

eyelids lifted I saw a blue devil with fifteen eyes on the wall—  
everything's mine, antique Tibetan Tankas, a siamese cat asleep on  
its side relaxed—

I looked out of the window and saw Tonight, it was dark—someone  
said ooo! in Puerto Rican.

But it was light all day, sweating hot—iron eyes blinking at the

human element—  
Irreducible Me today, I bought cigarettes at a machine, I was really  
worried  
about my gross belly independent of philosophy, drama, idealism  
imagery—  
My fate and I became one today and today became today—  
just like a mystic prophecy—I'll conquer my belly tomorrow  
or not, I'll toy with Mr. Choice also for real—today I said “Forever”  
thrice—  
and walked under the vast Ladder of Doom, insouciant, not merely  
innocent  
but completely hopeless! In Despair when I woke this morning,  
my mouth furry smoked a Lucky Strike first thing when I dialed  
telephone to check on the Building Department—  
I considered the License Department as I brushed my teeth with an  
odd toothbrush  
some visitor left I lost mine—where? rack my brains it's there  
somewhere in the past—with the snubnosed uncle cock from the  
freakshow  
The old man familiar today, first time I thought of him in years, in the  
rain  
in Massachusetts but I was a child that summer The pink thing bulged  
at his open thigh fly  
he fingered it out to show me—I tarried till startled when the  
whiskied barker  
questioned mine I ran out on the boardwalk drizzle confronting the  
Atlantic Ocean  
—so trotted around the silent moody blocks home speechless  
to mother father vaginal jelly rubber instruments discovered in the  
closet—  
a stealthy memory makes hackles rise—“He inserts his penis into her  
vagina”—  
What a weird explanation! I who collected matchbook covers like J. P.  
Morgan  
gloating over sodden discoveries in the wet gutter—O happy grubby

sewers of Revere—distasteful riches—  
hopeless treasure I threw away in a week when I realized it was  
endless to complete—  
next year gathered all the heat in my loins to spurt my white surprise  
drops into the wet brown wood under a  
steamy shower, I used the toilet paper cardboard skeleton tube  
to rub and thrill around my unconscious own shaft—playing with  
myself unbeknownst to the entire population of Far Rockaway—  
remembered it all today—many years thinking of Kali-Ma and other  
matters—  
a big surprise it was Me—Dear Reader, I seem strange to myself—  
You recognize everything all over again where you are, it's wonderful  
to be introduced to strangers who know you already—  
like being Famous—a reverberation of Eternal Consciousness—  
Today heraldic of Today, archetypal mimeograph machines reprinting  
everybody's poetry,  
like finishing a book of surrealism which I haven't read for years—  
Benjamin Péret & René Crevel heroic for real—the old New  
Consciousness reminded  
me today—how busy I was, how fatal like a man in the madhouse,  
distracted  
with presence of dishes of food to eat—Today's “ *stringbeans in the  
moonlight*”  
Like today I brought home blueberry pie for the first time in years—  
Also today bit by a mosquito (to be precise, toward dawn)  
(toward dusk ate marshmallows at the News Stand and drank huge  
cold grape soda eyeing:  
this afternoon's *Journal* headline FBI IN HARLEM, what kind of Nasty  
old Epic  
Afternoons I imagine!) Another event, a \$10 bill in my hands, debt  
repaid,  
a café espresso smaller event—Feeling rich I bought a secondhand  
record of Gertrude Stein's actual Voice—  
My day was Harmonious—Though I heard no mechanic music—

I noticed some Nazi propaganda—I wrote down my dream about  
Earth dying—I wanted to telephone Long Island—I stood on a street  
corner and didn't know where to go—

I telephoned the Civil Liberties Union—discussed the Junk Problem &  
Supreme Court—

I thought I was planting suggestions in everybody's Me-ity—

thought a few minutes of Blake—his quatrains—I climbed four flights  
&

stood at Fainlight's Chinatown door locked up—I'm being  
mysterious—

What does this mean? Don't ask me today, I'm still thinking,

Trying to remember what happened while it's still happening—

I wrote a "poem," I scribbled quotation marks everywhere over Fate  
passing by

Sometimes I felt noble, sometimes I felt ugly, I spoke to man and  
woman

from *Times & Time*, summarized hugely—plots, cinematic glories, I  
boasted a little, subtly—

Was I seen thru? Too much happened to see thru All—

I was never alone except for two blocks by the park, nor was I  
unhappy—

I blessed my Guru, I felt like a shyster—told Ed how much I liked  
being made love to by delicate girl hands—

It's true, more girls should do that to us, we chalked up another mark  
what's wrong

and told everybody to register to vote this November—I stopped on  
the street and shook hands—

I took a crap once this day—How extraordinary it all goes!  
recollected, a lifetime!

Imagine writing autobiography what a wealth of Detail to enlist!

I see the contents of future magazines—just a peek Today being  
hurried—

Today is slowly ending—I will step back into it and disappear.

*New York, July 21, 1964*



## Message II

Long since the years  
letters songs Mantras  
eyes apartments bellies  
kissed and gray bridges  
walked across in mist  
Now your brother's Welfare's  
paid by State now Lafcadio's  
home with Mama, now you're  
in NY beds with big poetic  
girls & go picket on the street  
I clang my finger-cymbals in Havana, I lie  
with teenage boys afraid of the red police,  
I jack off in Cuban modern bathrooms, I ascend  
over blue oceans in a jet plane, the mist hides  
the black synagogue, I will look for the Golem,  
I hide under the clock near my hotel, it's intermission  
for Tales of Hoffmann, nostalgia for the 19th century  
rides through my heart like the music of The Moldau,  
I'm still alone with long black beard and shining eyes  
walking down black smoky tramcar streets at night  
past royal muscular statues on an old stone bridge,  
Over the river again today in Breughel's wintry city,  
the snow is white on all the rooftops of Prague,  
Salute beloved comrade I'll send you my tears from Moscow.

*March 1965*

## Big Beat

The *Olympics* have descended into  
red velvet basement  
theaters of Centrum  
long long hair over skeleton boys  
thin black ties, pale handsome  
cheeks—and screams and screams,  
Orchestra mob ecstasy rising from  
this new generation of buttocks and eyes  
and tender nipples  
Because the body moves again, the

body dances again, the body  
sings again  
the body screams new-born after  
War, infants cursed with secret cold  
jail deaths of the Fifties—Now  
girls with new breasts and striplings  
wearing soft golden puberty hair—  
1000 voices scream five minutes long  
clapping thousand handed in great ancient measure  
saluting the Meat God of XX Century  
that moves thru the theater like the  
secret rhythm of the belly in  
Orgasm  
Kalki! Apocalypse Christ! Maitreya! grim  
Chronos weeps  
tired into the saxophone,  
The Earth is Saved! Next number!  
SHE'S A WOMAN  
Electric guitar red bells!  
and Ganymede emerges stomping  
his feet for Joy on the stage  
and bows to the ground, and weeping, GIVES.  
Oh the power of the God on his throne  
constantly surrounded by white drums  
right hand Sceptered beating brass cymbals!

*Prague, March 11, 1965*

### **Café in Warsaw**

These spectres resting on plastic stools  
leather-gloved spectres flitting thru the coffeehouse one hour  
spectre girls with scarred faces, black stockings thin eyebrows  
spectre boys blond hair combed neat over the skull little chin beards  
new spectres talking intensely crowded together over black shiny  
tables late afternoon  
the sad soprano of history chanting thru a hi-fidelity loudspeaker  
—perspective walls & windows 18th century down New World  
Avenue to Sigmund III column'd

sword upraised watching over Polish youth 3 centuries—

O Polish spectres what've you suffered since Chopin wept into his  
romantic piano

old buildings rubble down, gaiety of all night parties under the air  
bombs,

first screams of the vanishing ghetto—Workmen step thru prewar  
pink-blue bedroom walls demolishing sunny ruins—

Now spectres gather to kiss hands, girls kiss lip to lip, red witch-hair  
from Paris

& fine gold watches—to sit by the yellow wall with a large brown  
briefcase—

to smoke three cigarettes with thin black ties and nod heads over a  
new movie—

Spectres Christ and your bodies be with you for this hour while you're  
young

in postwar heaven stained with the sweat of Communism, your loves  
and your white smooth cheekskin soft in the glance of each other's  
eye.

O spectres how beautiful your calm shaven faces, your pale lipstick  
scarves, your delicate heels,

how beautiful your absent gaze, legs crossed alone at table with long  
eyelashes,

how beautiful your patient love together sitting reading the art  
journals—

how beautiful your entrance thru the velvet-curtained door, laughing  
into the overcrowded room,

how you wait in your hats, measure the faces, and turn and depart for  
an hour,

or meditate at the bar, waiting for the slow waitress to prepare red  
hot tea, minute by minute

standing still as hours ring in churchbells, as years pass and you will  
remain in Nowy Swiat,

how beautiful you press your lips together, sigh forth smoke from  
your mouth, rub your hands

or lean together laughing to notice this wild haired madman who sits

weeping among you a stranger.

*April 10, 1965*

### **The Moments Return**

a thousand sunsets behind tramcar wires in open skies of Warsaw  
Palace of Culture chinese peaks blacken against the orange-clouded  
horizon—

an iron trolley rolling insect antennae sparks blue overhead, hat man  
limping past rusty apartment walls—

Christ under white satin gleam in chapels—trembling fingers on the  
long rosary—awaiting resurrection

Old red fat Jack mortal in Florida—tears in black eyelash, Bach's  
farewell to the Cross—

That was 24 years ago on a scratchy phonograph Sebastian Sampa  
bid adieu to earth—

I stopped on the pavement to remember the Warsaw Concerto, hollow  
sad pianos crashing like bombs, celestial tune

in a kitchen in Ozone Park—It all came true in the sunset on a  
deserted street—

And I have nothing to do this evening but walk in a fur coat on the  
cool gray avenue years later, a melancholy man alone—

the music fading to another universe—the moments return—  
reverberations of taxicabs arriving at a park bench—

My beard is misery, no language to these young eyes—that I  
remember myself naked in my earliest dream—

now sat by the car-crossing rueful of the bald front of my skull and  
the gray sign of time in my beard—

headache or dancing exhaustion or dysentery in Moscow or vomit in  
New York—

Oh—the Metropol Hotel is built—crowds waiting on traffic islands  
under streetlamp—the cry of tramcars on Jerusalemski—

Roof towers flash Red State—the vast stone avenue hung with yellow  
bulbs —stop lights blink, long trolleys grind to rest, motorcycles  
pass exploding—

The poem returns to the moment, my vow to record—my cold fingers

—& must sit and wait for my own lone Presence—the first psalm—  
I also return to myself, the moment and I are one man on a park  
bench on a crowded streetcorner in Warsaw—  
I breathe and sigh—*Give up desire for children* the bony-faced white  
bearded Guru said in Benares—am I ready to die?  
or a voice at my side on the bench, a gentle question—worn young  
man's face under pearl gray hat—  
Alas, all I can say is “No Panamay”—I can't speak.

*Easter Sunday, April 18, 1965*

### **Kral Majales**

And the Communists have nothing to offer but fat cheeks and  
eyeglasses and lying policemen  
and the Capitalists proffer Napalm and money in green suitcases to  
the Naked,  
and the Communists create heavy industry but the heart is also heavy  
and the beautiful engineers are all dead, the secret technicians  
conspire for their own glamour  
in the Future, in the Future, but now drink vodka and lament the  
Security Forces,  
and the Capitalists drink gin and whiskey on airplanes but let Indian  
brown millions starve  
and when Communist and Capitalist assholes tangle the Just man is  
arrested or robbed or had his head cut off,  
but not like Kabir, and the cigarette cough of the Just man above the  
clouds  
in the bright sunshine is a salute to the health of the blue sky.  
For I was arrested thrice in Prague, once for singing drunk on Narodni  
street,  
once knocked down on the midnight pavement by a mustached agent  
who screamed out BOUZERANT,  
once for losing my notebooks of unusual sex politics dream opinions,  
and I was sent from Havana by plane by detectives in green uniform,  
and I was sent from Prague by plane by detectives in Czechoslovakian

business suits,  
Cardplayers out of Cézanne, the two strange dolls that entered Joseph  
K's room at morn  
also entered mine, and ate at my table, and examined my scribbles,  
and followed me night and morn from the houses of lovers to the  
cafés of Centrum—  
And I am the King of May, which is the power of sexual youth,  
and I am the King of May, which is industry in eloquence and action  
in amour,  
and I am the King of May, which is long hair of Adam and the Beard  
of my own body  
and I am the King of May, which is Kral Majales in the  
Czechoslovakian tongue,  
and I am the King of May, which is old Human poesy, and 100,000  
people chose my name,  
and I am the King of May, and in a few minutes I will land at London  
Airport,  
and I am the King of May, naturally, for I am of Slavic parentage and  
a Buddhist Jew  
who worships the Sacred Heart of Christ the blue body of Krishna the  
straight back of Ram  
the beads of Chango the Nigerian singing Shiva Shiva in a manner  
which I have invented,  
and the King of May is a middleeuropean honor, mine in the XX  
century  
despite space ships and the Time Machine, because I heard the voice  
of Blake in a vision,  
and repeat that voice. And I am King of May that sleeps with  
teenagers laughing.  
And I am the King of May, that I may be expelled from my Kingdom  
with Honor, as of old,  
To show the difference between Caesar's Kingdom and the Kingdom  
of the May of Man—  
and I am the King of May, tho' paranoid, for the Kingdom of May is  
too beautiful to last for more than a month—

and I am the King of May because I touched my finger to my forehead  
saluting  
a luminous heavy girl trembling hands who said “one moment Mr.  
Ginsberg”  
before a fat young Plainclothesman stepped between our bodies—I  
was going to England—  
and I am the King of May, returning to see Bunhill Fields and walk on  
Hampstead Heath,  
and I am the King of May, in a giant jetplane touching Albion’s  
airfield trembling in fear  
as the plane roars to a landing on the gray concrete, shakes & expels  
air,  
and rolls slowly to a stop under the clouds with part of blue heaven  
still visible.  
And *tho* I am the King of May, the Marxists have beat me upon the  
street, kept me up all night in Police Station, followed me thru  
Springtime Prague, detained me in secret and deported me from our  
kingdom by airplane.  
Thus I have written this poem on a jet seat in mid Heaven.

*May 7, 1965*



## KRAL MAJALES

And the Communists have nothing to offer but fat chedda and  
eyeglasses and lying policemen  
and the Capitalists prefer Napalm and money in green suitcases  
to the Naked,  
and the Communists create heavy industry but the boat is also  
heavy  
and the beautiful engineers are all dead, the secret technicians  
conspire for their own pleasure  
in the Future, in the Future, but now drink vodka and lament the  
Security Forces,  
and the Capitalists drink gin and whiskey on airplanes but let  
Indian brown millions starve  
and when Communism and Capitalist snakes tangle the Just man  
is armed or robbed or had his head cut off,  
but not like Kahr, and the cigarette cough of the Just man above  
the clouds  
in the bright sunshine is a salute to the health of the blue sky.  
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Narodni street,  
once knocked down on the midnight pavement by a mustached  
agent who screamed out, ROGGERANT,  
once for losing my notebook of unusual political dream opinions,  
and I was sent from Havana by plane by detectives in green  
uniforms,  
and I was sent from Prague by plane by detectives in Czechoslovakian  
business suits,  
Cardplayers out of Cernast, the two strange dolls that entered  
Joseph K's room at noon  
also moved mine, and sat at my table, and examined my articles,  
and followed me night and morn from the houses of lovers to the  
cafes of Cernast—  
And I am the King of May, which is the power of sexual youth,  
and I am the King of May, which is industry in eloquence and  
action in amour,  
and I am the King of May, which is long hair of Adam and the  
Beard of my own body  
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and a Buddhist Jew  
who worships the Sacred Heart of Christ the blue body of Krishna  
the straight back of Ram  
The Beads of Change the Nigerian singing Shiva Shiva in a  
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century  
despite space ships and the Time Machine, because I heard the  
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To show the difference between Caesar's Kingdom and the King-  
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and I am the King of May, in a glass jetplane touching Albion's  
airfield trembling in fear  
at the plane runs to a landing on the grey concrete, shakes &  
expels air,  
and rolls slowly to a stop under the clouds with part of blue heaven  
still visible.  
And so I am the King of May, the Marxists have beat me upon  
the streets, kept me up all night in Police Station, followed  
me three Springtime Prague, detained me in secret and  
deported me from our kingdom by airplane.  
Then I have written this poem on a jet seat in mid Heaven.

May 7, 1965

Allen Ginsberg



0922

## Guru

It is the moon that disappears  
It is the stars that hide not I  
It's the City that vanishes, I stay  
with my forgotten shoes,  
my invisible stocking  
It is the call of a bell

Primrose Hill, May 1965

## Drowse Murmurs

... touch of vocal flattery  
exists where you wake us



at dawn with happy sphinx  
lids eyeball heavy anchored  
together in mysterious Signature,  
this is the end of the world  
whether Atom bomb hits  
it or I fall down death  
alone no body help help  
It's me myself caught in throes  
of Ugh! They got me whom you lately loved  
of soft cloth beds to stick his cock  
in the wrong way lost animal, what wd Zoology  
say on Park Bench watching the Spectacle  
of this time Me it's my body going to die,  
it's My ship sinking forever, O Captain  
the fearful trip is done! I'm all alone,  
This is human, and the cat that licks its ass  
also hath short term to be furry specter  
as I do woken by last thought leap  
up from my pillow as the cat leaps up  
on the desk chair to resolve its foot lick,  
I lick my own mind observe the pipe  
crawling up the brick wall, see picture  
room-sides hung with nails emblem  
abstract oil funny glyphs, girls  
naked, letters & newspapers the World  
Map colored over for emphasis somebody born—  
my thoughts almost lost, I absorb the big  
earth lamps hung from the ceiling for ready light,  
hear the chirp of birds younger than I  
and faster doomed, that jet plane whistle  
hiss roar above roofs stronger winged  
than any thin-jawed bird—the precise robot  
for air flying's stronger than me even,  
tho' metal fatigue may come before I'm 90—  
I scratch my hairy skull and lean on elbow bone  
as alarm clock Sat Morn rings next door  
and wakes a sleeper body to face his day.  
How amazing here, now this time newspaper  
history, when earth planet they say revolves  
around one sun that on outer Galaxy arm

revolves center so vast slow pinwheel  
big this speckless invisible molecule I am  
sits up solid motionless early dawn thinking  
high in every direction photograph spiral nebula  
photograph death BLANK photograph this awakened  
brick minute bird-song pipe-flush elbow lean  
in soft pillow to scribe the green sign Paradis.

*June 1965*

### **Who Be Kind To**

Be kind to your self, it is only one  
and perishable  
of many on the planet, thou art that  
one that wishes a soft finger tracing the  
line of feeling from nipple to pubes—  
one that wishes a tongue to kiss your armpit,  
a lip to kiss your cheek inside your  
whiteness thigh—  
Be kind to yourself Harry, because unkindness  
comes when the body explodes  
napalm cancer and the deathbed in Vietnam  
is a strange place to dream of trees  
leaning over and angry American faces  
grinning with sleepwalk terror over your  
last eye—  
Be kind to yourself, because the bliss of your own  
kindness will flood the police tomorrow,  
because the cow weeps in the field and the  
mouse weeps in the cat hole—  
Be kind to this place, which is your present  
habitation, with derrick and radar tower  
and flower in the ancient brook—  
Be kind to your neighbor who weeps  
solid tears on the television sofa,  
he has no other home, and hears nothing  
but the hard voice of telephones  
Click, buzz, switch channel and the inspired  
melodrama disappears  
and he's left alone for the night, he disappears

in bed—  
Be kind to your disappearing mother and  
father gazing out the terrace window  
as milk truck and hearse turn the corner  
Be kind to the politician weeping in the galleries  
of Whitehall, Kremlin, White House  
Louvre and Phoenix City  
aged, large nosed, angry, nervously dialing  
the bald voice box connected to  
electrodes underground converging thru  
wires vaster than a kitten's eye can see  
on the mushroom shaped fear-lobe under  
the ear of Sleeping Dr. Einstein  
crawling with worms, crawling with worms, crawling  
with worms the hour has come—  
Sick, dissatisfied, unloved, the bulky  
foreheads of Captain Premier President  
Sir Comrade Fear!  
Be kind to the fearful one at your side  
Who's remembering the Lamentations  
of the bible  
the prophecies of the Crucified Adam Son  
of all the porters and char men of  
Bell gravia—  
Be kind to your self who weeps under  
the Moscow moon and hide your bliss hairs  
under raincoat and suede Levi's—  
For this is the joy to be born, the kindness  
received thru strange eyeglasses on  
a bus thru Kensington,  
the finger touch of the Londoner on your thumb,  
that borrows light from your cigarette,  
the morning smile at Newcastle Central  
station, when longhair Tom blond husband  
greet the bearded stranger of telephones—  
the boom bom that bounces in the joyful  
bowels as the Liverpool Minstrels of  
Cavern Sink  
raise up their joyful voices and guitars  
in electric Afric hurrah

for Jerusalem—  
The saints come marching in, Twist &  
Shout, and Gates of Eden are named  
in Albion again  
Hope sings a black psalm from Nigeria,  
and a white psalm echoes in Detroit  
and reechoes amplified from Nottingham to Prague  
and a Chinese psalm will be heard, if we all  
live out our lives for the next 6 decades—  
Be kind to the Chinese psalm in the red transistor  
in your breast—  
Be kind to the Monk in the 5 Spot who plays  
lone chord-bangs on his vast piano  
lost in space on a bench and hearing himself  
in the nightclub universe—  
Be kind to the heroes that have lost their  
names in the newspaper  
and hear only their own supplication for  
the peaceful kiss of sex in the giant  
auditoriums of the planet,  
nameless voices crying for kindness in the orchestra,  
screaming in anguish that bliss come true  
and sparrows sing another hundred years  
to white haired babes  
and poets be fools of their own desire—O Anacreon  
and angelic Shelley!  
Guide these new-nippled generations on space  
ships to Mars' next universe  
The prayer is to man and girl, the only  
gods, the only lords of Kingdoms of  
Feeling, Christs of their own  
living ribs—  
Bicycle chain and machine gun, fear sneer  
& smell cold logic of the Dream Bomb  
have come to Saigon, Johannesburg,  
Dominica City, Phnom Penh, Pentagon  
Paris and Lhasa—  
Be kind to the universe of Self that  
trembles and shudders and thrills  
in XX Century,

that opens its eyes and belly and breast  
chained with flesh to feel  
the myriad flowers of bliss  
that I Am to Thee—  
A dream! a Dream! I don't want to be alone!  
I want to know that I am loved!  
I want the orgy of our flesh, orgy  
of all eyes happy, orgy of the soul  
kissing and blessing its mortal-grown  
body,  
orgy of tenderness beneath the neck, orgy of  
kindness to thigh and vagina  
Desire given with meat hand  
and cock, desire taken with  
mouth and ass, desire returned  
to the last sigh!  
Tonight let's all make love in London  
as if it were 2001 the years  
of thrilling god—  
And be kind to the poor soul that cries in  
a crack of the pavement because he  
has no body—  
Prayers to the ghosts and demons, the  
lackloves of Capitals & Congresses  
who make sadistic noises  
on the radio—  
Statue destroyers & tank captains, unhappy  
murderers in Mekong & Stanleyville,  
That a new kind of man has come to his bliss  
to end the cold war he has borne  
against his own kind flesh  
since the days of the snake.

*June 8, 1965*

## **Studying the Signs**

*After Reading Briggflatts*

White light's wet glaze on asphalt city floor,  
the *Guinness Time* house clock hangs sky misty,

yellow *Cathay* food lamps blink, rain falls  
on rose neon *Swiss Watch* under Regent archway,  
*Sun Alliance and London Insurance Group* stands  
granite—"Everybody gets torn down" ... as a high  
black taxi with orange doorlight passes around  
iron railing blazoned with red sigma *Underground*—  
Ah where the cars glide slowly around Eros  
shooting down on one who stands in Empire's Hub  
under his shining silver breast, look at Man's  
sleepy face under half-spread metal wings—  
*Swan & Edgar's* battlement walls the moving Circus,  
princely high windows barred (shadow bank  
interior office stairway marble) behind castiron  
green balconies emblomed with single swans afloat  
like white teacups what—*Boots'* blue sign lit up  
over an enamel weight-machine's mirror clockface  
at door betwixt plateglass *Revlon* & slimming biscuit  
plaques and that alchemical blood-crimson pharmacy  
bottle perched on street display. *A Severed Head*  
"relished uproariously" above the masq'd *Criterion*  
marquee, with Thespis and Ceres plaster Graces lifting  
white arms in the shelled niches above a fire gong  
on the wooden-pillared facade whose mansard gables  
lean in blue-black sky drizzle, thin flagpole.  
Like the prow of a Queen Mary the curved building  
sign *Players* package, blue capped center  
Navy encircled by his life-belt a sweet bearded  
profile against 19th century sea waves—  
last a giant red delicious *Coca-Cola* signature  
covers half the building back to gold *Cathay*.  
Cars stop three abreast for the light, race forward,  
turtleneck youths jump the fence toward *Boots*,  
the night-gang in Mod slacks and ties sip  
coffee at the *Snac-A-Matic* corner opendoor,  
a boy leaned under *Cartoon Cinema* lifts hand  
puffs white smoke and waits agaze—a wakened  
pigeon flutters down from streetlamp to the fountain,  
primly walks and pecks the empty pave—now deep  
blue planet-light dawns in Piccadilly's low sky.

*June 12, 1965*

## **Portland Coliseum**

A brown piano in diamond  
white spotlight  
Leviathan auditorium  
iron rib wired  
hanging organs, vox  
black battery  
A single whistling sound of  
ten thousand children's  
larynxes asinging  
pierce the ears  
and flowing up the belly  
bliss the moment arrived

Apparition, four brown English  
jacket christhair boys  
Goofed Ringo battling bright  
white drums  
Silent George hair patient  
Soul horse  
Short black-skulled Paul  
wit thin guitar  
Lennon the Captain, his mouth  
a triangular smile,  
all jump together to End  
some tearful memory song  
ancient two years,

The million children  
the thousand worlds  
bounce in their seats, bash  
each other's sides, press  
legs together nervous  
Scream again & claphand  
become one Animal  
in the New World Auditorium

—hands waving myriad  
snakes of thought  
screech beyond hearing  
while a line of police with  
folded arms stands  
Sentry to contain the red  
sweatered ecstasy  
that rises upward to the  
wired roof.

*August 27, 1965*



## VIII

### THE FALL OF AMERICA

(1965–1971)

*Thru the Vortex West Coast to East (1965–1966)*

*Zigzag Back Thru These States (1966–1967)*

*Elegies for Neal Cassady (1968)*

*Ecologues of These States (1969–1971)*

*Bixby Canyon to Jessore Road (1971)*

#### ***Thru the Vortex West Coast to East (1965–1966)***

#### **Beginning of a Poem of These States**

*Memento for Gary Snyder*

Under the bluffs of Oroville, blue cloud September skies, entering  
U.S. border, red red apples bend their tree boughs propt with sticks—

At Omak a fat girl in dungarees leads her big brown horse by  
asphalt highway.

Thru lodgepole pine hills Coleville near Moses Mountain—a white  
horse standing back of a 2 ton truck moving forward between trees.

At Nespelem, in the yellow sun, a marker for Chief Joseph's grave  
under rilled brown hills—white cross over highway.

At Grand Coulee under leaden sky, giant red generators humm thru  
granite & concrete to materialize onions—

And gray water laps against the gray sides of Steamboat Mesa.

At Dry Falls 40 Niagaras stand silent & invisible, tiny horses graze  
on the rusty canyon's mesquite floor.

At Mesa, on the car radio passing a new corn silo, Walking Boogie  
teenager's tender throats, "I wish they could all be California girls"—

as black highway curls outward.

On plains toward Pasco, Oregon hills at horizon, Bob Dylan's voice on airways, mass machine-made folksong of one soul—*Please crawl out your window*—first time heard.

Speeding thru space, Radio the soul of the nation. The Eve of Destruction and The Universal Soldier.

And tasted the Snake: water from Yellowstone under a green bridge; darshana with the Columbia, oilslick & small bird feathers on mud shore. Across the river, silver bubbles of refineries.

There Lewis and Clark floated down in a raft: the brown-mesa'd gorge of Lake Wallula smelling of rain in the sage, Greyhound buses speeding by.

Searching neither for Northwest Passage, nor Gold, nor the Prophet who will save the polluted Nation, nor for Guru walking the silver waters behind McNary Dam.

Roundup time in Pendleton, pinched women's faces and hulking cowboy hats in the tavern, I'm a city slicker from Benares. Barman murmurs to himself, two hands full of beer, "Who wanted that?"

Heavy rain at twilight, trumpets massing & ascending repeat The Eve of Destruction, Georgia Pacific sawmill burners lift smoke thru the dusky valley.

Cold night in Blue Mountains, snow-powdered tops of droopy Tamarack and Fir at gray sunrise, coffee frozen in brown coffeepot, toes chilled in Czechoslovakian tennis sneakers.

Under Ponderosa pine, this place for sale—45th Parallel, half way between equator and North Pole—Tri-City Radio broadcasting clear skies & freezing nite temperatures; big yellow daisies, hay bales piled in square stacks house-high.

"Don Carpenter has a real geologist's hammer, he can hit a rock & split it open & look inside & utter some mantra."

Coyote jumping in front of the truck, & down bank, jumping thru river, running up field to wooded hillside, stopped on a bound & turned round to stare at us—Oh-Ow! shook himself and bounded away waving his bushy tail.

Rifles & cyanide bombs unavailing—he looked real surprised & pointed his thin nose in our direction. Hari Om Namō Shivaye!

Eat all sort of things & run solitary—3 nites ago hung bear dung on a tree and laughed

—Bear: “Are you eating my corpses? Say that again!”

Coyote: “I didn’t say nothing.”

Sparse juniper forests on dry lavender hills, down Ritter Butte to Pass Creek, a pot dream recounted: Crossing Canada border with a tin can in the glove compartment, hip young border guards laughing—In meadow the skeleton of an old car settled: Look To Jesus painted on door.

Fox in the valley, road markers dript with small icicles, all windows on the white church broken, brown wooden barns leaned together, thin snow on gas station roof.

Malheur, Malheur National Forest—signs glazed snowfrost, last night’s frozen dreams come back—staring out thru skull at cold planet—Mila-Repa accepted no gifts to cover his jeweled penis—Strawberry Mountain top white under bright clouds.

Postcards of Painted Hills, fossil beds near Dayville, Where have all the flowers gone? flowers gone? Ra and Coyote are hip to it all, nailed footpaw tracks on Day River bottom, cows kneeled at rest in meadow afternoon.

Ichor Motel, white tailfins in driveway, isolate belfried brown farmhouse circled with trees, chain saws ringing in the vale.

Rilled lava overgrown with green moss cracked in cold wind—Blue Heron and American white egret migrate to shrunken waters of Unhappy —mirage lakes wrongside of the road, dust streaming under Riddle Mountain, Steen Range powder white on horizon—

Slept, water froze in Sierra cup, a lake of bitter water from solar plexus to throat—Dreamt my knee was severed at hip and sutured back together—

Woke, icy dew on poncho and saffron sleep bag, moon like a Coleman lantern dimming icicle-point stars—vomited on knees in arroyo grass, nostrils choking with wet red acid in weak flashlight—

Dawn weakness, climbing worn lava walls following the muddy spring, waterfowl whistling sweetly & a tiny raccoon

pawed forward daintly in green mud, looking for frogs burrowed away from Arctic cold—disappeared into a silent rock shelf.

Climbed up toward Massacre Lake road—sagebrush valley-floor stretched South—Pronghorn abode, that eat the bitterroot and dry spice-bush, hunters gathering in trucks to chase antelope—

A broken corral at highway hill bottom, wreck of a dead cow in cold slanting sun set rays, eyes eaten out, neck twisted to ground, belly caved on kneebone, smell of sweet dread flesh and acrid new sage.

Slept in rusty tin feeding trough, Orion belt crystal in sky, numb metal-chill at my back, ravens settled on the cow when sun warmed my feet.

Up hills following trailer dust clouds, green shotgun shells & beer-bottles on road, mashed jackrabbits—through a crack in the Granite Range, an alkali sea—Chinese armies massed at the borders of India.

Mud plate of Black Rock Desert passing, Frank Sinatra lamenting distant years, old sad voic'd September'd recordings, and Beatles crying Help! their voices woodling for tenderness.

All memory at once present time returning, vast dry forests afire in California, U.S. paratroopers attacking guerrillas in Vietnam mountains, over porcelain-white road hump the tranquil azure of a vast lake.

Pyramid rocks knotted by pleistocene rivers, topheavy lava isles castled in Paiute water, cutthroat trout; tomato sandwiches and silence.

Reno's Motel traffic signs low mountains walling the desert oasis, radio crooning city music afternoon news, Red Chinese Ultimatum 1 A.M. tomorrow.

Up Donner Pass over concrete bridge superhighways hung with gray clouds, Mongolian Idiot chow-yuk the laughable menu this party arrived.

Ponderosa hillsides cut back for railroad track, I have nothing to do, laughing over Sierra top, gliding adventurer on the great fishtail iron-finned road, Heaven is renounced, Dharma no Path, no Saddhana to fear,

my man world will blow up, humming insects under wheel sing my own death rasping migrations of mercy, I tickle the Bodhisattva and salute the new sunset, home riding home to old city on ocean

with new mantra to manifest Removal of Disaster from my self,

autumn brushfire's smoky mass in dusk light, sun's bright red ball on horizon purple with earth-cloud, chanting to Shiva in the car-cabin.

Pacific Gas high voltage antennae trailing thin wires across flatlands, entering Coast Range 4 lane highway over last hump to giant orange Bay glimpse, Dylan ends his song "You'd see what a drag you are," and the Pope

cometh to Babylon to address United Nations, 2000 years since Christ's birth the prophecy of Armageddon

hangs the Hell Bomb over planet roads and cities, year-end come, Oakland Army Terminal lights burn green in evening darkness.

Treasure Island Naval Base lit yellow with night business, thousands of red tail lights move in procession over Bay Bridge,

San Francisco stands on modern hills, Broadway lights flash the center gay honky-tonk Elysium, Ferry building's sweet green clock lamps black Embarcadero waters, negroes screaming over radio.

Bank of America burns red signs beneath the neon pyramids, here is the city, here is the face of war, home 8 o'clock

gliding down freeway ramp to City Lights, Peter's face and television, money and new wanderings to come.

*September 1965*

## **Carmel Valley**

Grass yellow hill,  
    small mountain range blue sky  
    bright reservoir below road tiny cars  
The wing tree green wind sigh  
    rises, falls—  
    Buddha, Christ, fissiparous  
    Tendencies—  
White sun rays pierce my eyeglasses—  
    gray bark animal arms,  
    skin peeling,  
    sprig fingers pointing, twigs trembling  
    green plate-thins bobbing,  
    knotted branch-sprouts—  
No one will have to announce New Age  
No special name, no Unique way,

no crier by Method or  
Herald of Snaky Unknown,  
No Messiah necessary but the Country ourselves  
fifty years old—  
Allah this tree, Eternity this Space Age!  
Teenagers walking on Times Sq. look up  
at blue planets thru neon metal  
buildingtops,  
Old men lie on grass afternoons  
old Walnut stands on green mountain hide,  
ants crawl the page, invisible  
insects sing, birds  
flap down,  
Man will relax on a hill remembering tree friends.

*Chez Baez, November 1965*

### **First Party at Ken Kesey's with Hell's Angels**

Cool black night thru the redwoods  
cars parked outside in shade  
behind the gate, stars dim above  
the ravine, a fire burning by the side  
porch and a few tired souls hunched over  
in black leather jackets. In the huge  
wooden house, a yellow chandelier  
at 3 A.M. the blast of loudspeakers  
hi-fi Rolling Stones Ray Charles Beatles  
Jumping Joe Jackson and twenty youths  
dancing to the vibration thru the floor,  
a little weed in the bathroom, girls in scarlet  
tights, one muscular smooth skinned man  
sweating dancing for hours, beer cans  
bent littering the yard, a hanged man  
sculpture dangling from a high creek branch,  
children sleeping softly in their bedroom bunks.  
And 4 police cars parked outside the painted  
gate, red lights revolving in the leaves.

*December 1965*

### **Continuation of a Long Poem of These States**

Stage-lit streets  
Downtown Frisco whizzing past, buildings  
ranked by Freeway balconies  
Bright Johnnie Walker neon  
sign Christmastrees  
And Christmas and its eves  
in the midst of the same deep wood  
as every sad Christmas before, surrounded  
by forests of stars—  
Metal columns, smoke pouring cloudward,  
yellow-lamp horizon  
warplants move, tiny  
planes lie in Avionic fields—  
Meanwhile Working Girls sort mail into the red slot  
Rivers of newsprint to soldiers' Vietnam  
*Infantry Journal, Kanackee*  
*Social Register, Wichita Star*  
And Postoffice Christmas the same brown place  
mailhandlers' black fingers  
dusty mailbags filled  
1948 N.Y. Eighth Avenue was  
when Peter drove the mailtruck 1955  
from Rincon Annex—  
Bright lights' windshield flash,  
adrenalin shiver in shoulders  
Around the curve  
crawling a long truck  
3 bright green signals on forehead  
Jeweled Bayshore passing the Coast Range  
one architect's house light on hill crest  
..... negro voices rejoice over radio  
Moonlit sticks of tea  
Moss Landing Power Plant  
shooting its cannon smoke  
across the highway, Red taillight  
speeding the white line and a mile away  
Orion's muzzle  
raised up

to the center of Heaven.

*December 18, 1965*

**These States: into L.A.**

Organs and War News

Radio static from Saigon

“And the Glory of the Lord”

Newscaster Voice thru Aether—

The Truce—

12 hours, 30 hours?

Thirty Days, said Mansfield.

Cars roll right lane,

bridge lights

rising & falling on night-slope—

headlights cross speeding reflectors

Handel rejoicing

chorus whine Requiem, roar in yr Auto

window shoulders

Memories of Christmas—

and the deep Christmas begins:

U.S. 101 South

The President at home

in his swinging chair on the porch

listening to Christmas Carols

Vice-President returning from Far East

“Check into yourself that you are wrong—

You may be the Wrong” says Pope His

Christmas Message—

Overpopulation, overpopulation

Give me 3 acres of land

Give my brother how much?

Each man have fine estate?

settle giant Communes?

LSD Shakti-snake settles like gas into Consciousness

—Brightest Venus I’ve ever seen

Canyon-floor road, near

bursting tides

& caves they’d slept in earlier years

covered with green water



height of a man.  
A stranger walked that ground.  
Five years ago we picnicked  
in this place.  
Auto track by a mud log, Bixby Creek  
wove channels  
thru the shifting sands.  
I saw the ghost of Neal  
pass by, Ferlinghetti's ghost  
The ghost of Homer roaring at the surf  
barking & wagging his tail  
My own footprint at the sea's lips  
white foam to the rock where I sang Harekrishna  
sand garden drying, kelp  
standing head upward in sunlight.  
Dinosaur hard, scabrous  
overgrown with seaweed tendrils,  
Professors of rock ...

Where's Stravinsky? Theda Bara? Chaplin? Harpo Marx?  
Where's Laurel and his Hardy?  
Laughing phantoms  
going to the grave—  
Last time this town I saw them in movies  
Ending *The Road to Utopia* 'O Carib Isle!  
Laurel aged & white-haired Hardy  
Hydrogen Comic smoke billowing  
up from their Kingdom—  
Grauman's Chinese Theater's drab sidewalk front's  
concrete footprints, stood there  
stupid, anal, exciting  
upside down, Crosseyed moviestar'd  
I craned my neck at Myrna Loy & Shirley Temple shoe-marks—

Raccoon crouched at road-edge, praying—  
Carlights pass—  
Merry Christmas to Mr. & Mrs.  
Chiang Kai Shek

Merry Christmas to President Johnson & pray for Health  
Merry Christmas to MacNamara, State Secretary Rusk,  
                    Khrushchev hid in his apartment house,  
                    to Kosygin's name, to Ho Chi Minh grown old,  
Merry Christmas to rosycheeked Mao Tze Tung  
    Happy New Year Chou En Lai & Laurel and Hardy  
Merry Christmas to the Pope  
            & to the Dalai Lama Rebbe Lubovitcher  
    to the highest Priests of Benin,  
    to the Chiefs of the Faery Churches—  
Merry Christmas to the Four Shankaracharyas,  
    to all Naga Sadhus, Bauls & Chanting Dervishes from Egypt to  
                                    Malaya—

Black Sign Los Angeles 140 Miles  
    stifling car-heat—  
        Music on the tacky radio,  
            senseless, senseless coughs of emotion—  
The Ally Cease-Fire Will Not Be Extended  
    “..... on a densely populated area”  
“... —Peking will never join the United Nations as long  
as it remains under what it termed American Domination.”

MOBILIZE THE NATIONAL GUARD, sd Senator Anderson  
    IY Mental Rejectees will be reexamined  
        for service in Vietnam.  
Bradley high on acid  
    drawing pictures on Army Forms?  
    Peter classified Psycho telling his Sergeant  
        “An Army is an Army against Love.”

Xmas day work stack of papers on the President's desk  
                    a foot high!  
                    he has to finish them tonight!  
this determined NBC News entering Lompoc, famed of  
                                    W. C. Fields  
    who proved that Everyman's a  
        natural bullshit artist:

“spends about 75% of his time on Foreign Matters and is,  
uh, very involved ...”

“and all letters are answered.”

WHAT no Xmas message from the  
Texas White House?

The President must be very *down*—

He’s maintaining his communications networks  
circling the Planet.

Mambo canned music mush

Ventura radio Xmas sound

Commercial announcements,

Few minutes of live speech, little joy or thanksgiving,  
no voice from Himalayas

Good Cheer Happy Kalpa

for Dominica Vietnam Congo China India America

Tho England rang with the Beatles!

“healing all that was oppressed with the Devil.”

& at Santa Barbara exit

the Preacher hollered in tongues

YOUR NAME IS WRITTEN IN HEAVEN

passing 38th Parallel

Lodge spoke from Saigon “We are morally right,  
we are Morally Right,

serving the cause of freedom forever giving these people  
an opportunity ... almost like thinking”—

He’s broadcasting serious-voice on Xmas Eve to America  
Entering Los Angeles space age

three stations simultaneous radio—

Cut-Up Sounds that fill Aether,

voices back of the brain—

The voice of Lodge, all well, Moral—

voice of a poor poverty worker,

“Well they dont know anybody dont

know anything about the poor all

the money’s going to the politicians

in Syracuse, none of it’s going to the poor.”

Evers’ voice the black Christmas March

“We want to be treated like Men, like human ...”

Mass Arrest of Campers Outside LBJ Ranch  
Aquamarine lights revolving along the highway,  
night stars over L.A., exit trees,  
turquoise brilliance shining on sidestreets—

*Xmas Eve 1965*

### **A Methedrine Vision in Hollywood**

Here at the atomic Crack-end of Time XX Century  
History swift past horse chariot earth wheel  
So I in mid-age, finished with half desire  
Tranquil in my hairy body, familiar beard face,  
Same fingers to pen  
as twenty years ago began  
scribbled Confession to fellow Beings  
Americans—  
Heavenly creatures,

This universe a thing of dream  
substance naught & Keystone void  
vibrations of symmetry Yes No  
Foundation of Gold Element Atom  
all the way down to the first Wave  
making opposite Nothing a mirror  
which begat a wave of Ladies marrying  
waves of Gentlemen till I was born in 1926  
in Newark, New Jersey under the sign of  
sweet Gemini—

Whole universes hived upon the first  
dumb Jerk  
that wasn't there—The  
Only One escape from the black Not Ever  
was Itself,  
a extra click of Life woke  
because Nothing had no hand to switch off  
the Light.  
The first dumb Jerk,

one wave, Forward! one way too many—  
So forward got backward, & Sideways both  
got there simultaneous with up  
and down who got each other  
Meanwhile the first Being got its non-Being  
Opposite which never had to be there before  
This calamity, this accident, this Goof,  
this Imperceptible Sneak of Dimension,  
Some Move-Push tickle, Aleph or Aum  
swallowed before uttered,  
one-eyed sparkle, giant glint, any tiny fart  
or rose-whiff before roses were  
Thought Impossible  
filled every corner of Emptiness with Symmetries of  
Impossible Universe with no Idea  
How Come, & Opposite Possible Kosmoses assembled Doubtless—  
One makes two, symmetry's infinite touch  
makes Sound bounce, light sees  
waves reproduce oceans,  
vibrations are red white & blue—

All like a 3 dimensional TV dream  
like Science-fiction opera  
sung by inexistent Gas-brains  
in their N-dimensional bag,  
Some what a bubble, some what dewdrop  
Some what a blossom, some what lightning flash,  
Some what the old Jew in the Hospital—  
snap of dying fingers,  
“Where did it all go?”

Made of Ideas, waves, dots, hot projectors  
mirror movie screens,  
Some what the Shadow cast at Radio City  
Music Hall Xmas 1939  
gone, gone, utterly completely gone  
to a world of Snow  
White and the Seven Dwarfs—

Made up of cartoon picture clouds, papier-mâché  
Japanese lantern stage sets strung  
with moon lights, neon arc-flames,  
electric switches, thunder  
reverberating from phonograph record tape machine  
Tin sheets of Zeus on  
the Microphone jacked to gigantic Amplifiers, gauge  
needle jumping, red lights warning Other  
Dimensions off the overloaded public address Sound  
Systems feedback thru blue void  
echoing the Real of Endless Film.

*Xmas 1965*

### **Hiway Poesy: L.A.-Albuquerque-Texas-Wichita**

up up and away!  
we're off, Thru America—

Heading East to San Berdoo  
as West did, Nathanael,  
California Radio Lady's voice  
Talking about Viet Cong—  
*Oh what a beautiful morning*  
Sung for us by Nelson Eddy

Two trailer trucks, Sunkist oranges / bright colored  
piled over the sides  
rolling on the road  
Gray hulk of Mt. Baldy under  
white misted skies  
Red Square signs unfold, Texaco Shell  
Harvey House tilted over the superhighway—

Afternoon Light  
Children in back of a car  
with Bubblegum  
a flight of birds out of a dry field like mosquitoes

“... several battalions of U.S. troops in a search and destroy operation in the Coastal plain near Bong Son, 300 mi. Northeast of Saigon. Thus far the fighting has been a series of small clashes. In a related action 25 miles to the South, Korean troops killed 35 Viet Cong near Coastal highway Number One.”

“For he’s oh so Good  
and he’s oh so fine  
and he’s oh so healthy  
in his body and his mind”

The Kinks on car radio

In Riverside,  
a 1920s song—  
“It’s the only words I know / that you’ll  
understand”  
For my uncle Max dead 5 years ago  
it’s settled—buried  
under the blue mountain wall,  
Veined with snow at the top  
clouds passing  
icy remote heights  
Palmtrees on valley floor  
stick up toothpick hairheads—  
Toy automobiles piled crushed and mangled  
topped by a hanging crane,  
The planet hanging,  
the air hanging,  
Trees hang their branches,  
A dirt truck hanging on the highway—  
Spectacle of Afternoon,  
giant pipes glistening in the universe  
Magic that weighs tons and tons,  
Old bum with his rough  
tattered pack hunched  
walking up the hill hanging  
to Ukipah  
cloth cap pulled over his head  
black fingernails.

A wall, a wall, a Mesa Wall, There's desert  
flat mountain shadows  
miles along the pale pink floor  
—Indio in space.

The breath of spring, the breath of fear  
Mexican border ...  
The LSD cube—  
silence.

There's those Hellies again,  
over hiway, as over Mekong  
belly lights blinking red  
prob'ly surveying the border—  
shotguns stickin' out all over  
—Two birds swoop under car dashboard.  
Purple Mist,  
motor tire drone.

Sacrifice for Prosperity, says Johnson.  
Joshua Tree Monument  
Blue dusk.  
Bomb China  
says Southern Senator Stennis—  
Mobil's neon Pegasus flying overhill.

Colorado River border,  
Two lemons an orange seized,  
Scaly Mites  
and the cube of acid smuggled into Arizona ...

“It all comes from Crystal hill”—  
The whole countryside's Quartzite hereabouts—  
Huntley's Perspective on the News  
Sukarno a Nut? A wildman?  
or potential friend?  
Brought to you by Mercury  
boasting “sweet



success taste”—  
They can go around saying things about people,  
and once their policy's adopted it'll rule a decade—  
Somebody decided “he's a nut!”  
official policy, re-echoed to 14 Million Readers of *Time*  
as we drive along in the Bat-mobile thru Arizona—  
Approaching Hope, dream maps unfolded  
Waves with larger & larger loops,  
Tree-posts flashing auto headlights  
hit my retina  
I saw what it was  
light saw light,  
a flash in the pan.  
Eyes register, nerves send waves along to the brain  
Finger touch is electric waves  
carlights glare thru eyes—  
Voice repeating itself,  
wavering over the microphones—  
Meditation passing Hope ...

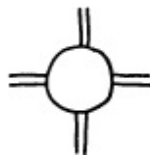
Horrific outskirts' Eastern Traffic Sign,  
*Turn backward...*  
Dull sleep on my eyes

\* \* \* \*

Morning *Phoenix Gazette*, editorial January 27, '66  
“No time for probe of CIA  
No Good Purpose would be served—  
Why poke on the Nose?  
... Virtual epidemic of attacks,  
Pacifists let Reds take over the world, rather than  
Fighting Against Them—  
well meaning people ... distasteful intelligence  
Sacrosanct... scuttle ... demand an investigation ...  
Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.”  
Righto! The Navaho trail—  
Crescent moon setting on low hills West—

Military forces over radio  
push bombing N. Vietnam.  
*Lifelines*, sponsored by Henry L. Hunt, Beans.  
Dead voiced announcer, denouncing  
“a communist conspiracy among the youth ...  
speakers on campuses / trained to condition  
idealistic brains ...”  
It's Chase Manhattan Bank lends money to South African  
White government—Rockefeller boy!  
Unless Chase Bank quits I prophesy blood violence.  
Ford has a factory,  
Ford has a factory there—  
“they're aw-fly proud  
of being South African.”  
“... A hotbed of anti Semitism too?”

PAINTED DESERT,  
petrified forest  
Leslie Howard's scratchy '30s image  
... eating jurassic steak  
Petroglyphs over there the Man in the Moon,  
the guy with four fingers ...  
over there, this is the sun, with two spikes out the North,  
two spikes South, two spikes ray East & West



Milky way over here, the Moon,  
... and all the animal tentacles  
Nebula spiraled “... Roger 1943”  
And I hit Julius for eating his avocado cheese sandwich too fast.

Gas flares, oil refinery night smoke,  
high aluminum tubes winking red lights  
over space ship runways  
petrochemical witches' blood boiling underground—

“Looks like they’re gettin ready to go to Mars.”  
Approaching Thoreau—  
Fort Wingate Army Depot entrance—  
and there’s the Continental Divide.  
Anti Vietnam War Demonstrator soldiers sentenced  
For Contempt of President:  
Hard Labor—  
Learn thyself in Shell Refinery’s Oil Storage Seaboard Rackets,

Lying back on the car seat,  
eyelids heavy,  
legs spread leaned against the table,  
Oh that I were young again and the skin in my anus folds rose,  
“*La illaba el (lill) Allah bu*”  
Finally bored,  
Over a hill, singing *Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram*  
Albuquerque Sparkling blue brilliant  
more diamonds & pearls of electricity  
running out of power-plants than ever heard of  
Turkey or Israel—  
intense endless iridescence on black  
velvet desert—  
Ah what a marvel  
orange blue Neon Circling itself Solar System’d  
Speed Wash Texaco 19¢ Famous Hamburgers  
Lion House Italian Village Pizza ah!  
radio warbles Electronic noise  
echo chamber vibrations—  
Albuquerque streets’ fantastic Neon Stars  
collapsing to bright red blinks  
Satellite Globes plunging their  
tiny lamps in and out—  
the eyeball.

\* \* \* \*

Space stretching North dotted with silver gastanks  
to Sandia Range  
Hitchhiking student

supported by National Defense Fund  
with his black horn rimmed glasses,  
thin blond hair,  
“If your country calls you, would you go?”  
“If my country drafted me ...  
then I would go.”  
Selfish young american always interested in his own skin  
—and blue car speeding along the highway  
sticker on back  
“I’m proud I’m an American”  
right front seat, a 10 gallon hat  
driver a fat car salesman—  
Sitting icy tipped  
distant earth peaks over Hilltops  
& here’s an ugly little oasis, used car tractors  
fenced off by barbed wire  
below roadside—  
Evenings cool clear, sharp  
brilliant blue stars—  
Just what we needed, State Penitentiary!  
Two miles off into the brown furze rolling  
East of the highway  
“This is Ford Country what are *you* driving?” Be a Ford dealer?  
Great snow meadows roof Sangre De Cristo  
clouds, North, dipping misty rivulet tails of pointy fog.

.....

It’s a hard question ...  
which would you rescue, your mother-in-law  
or the last text of Shakespeare?

\* \* \* \*

Two hitchhikers, one Cajun dumb mouth  
who sang brown voiced  
blues his travelin’ baby.  
T’other highschool smart  
wavy hair, unbeautiful, unbeautiful and gentle  
pinched pachuco face

had ideas of his own philosophy—  
thumbing out of Albuquerque  
To New Orleans Mardigras  
\$900 a week, working rolling drunks, or  
fixin signs with ladders and hammers  
had spent 3 youth years in Siam,  
Champagne & Pussy 50¢  
kindly eyes  
“I love to eat, and I love girls.”  
Sang them Prajnaparamita Sutra  
entering Panhandle,  
left them back at Tukumkarie—  
talking in the truckstop booth,  
fat truck drivers  
headed south.

On Radio entering Texas  
Please For Jesus!  
Grunts & Screams & Shouts,  
Shouts for the Poison Redeemer,  
Shouts for the Venomous Jesus of Kansas.  
Onward to Wichita!  
Onward to the Vortex!  
To the Birchite Hate Riddles,  
cock-detesting, pussy-smearing  
dry ladies and evil Police  
of Central Plains State  
Where boredom & fury  
magick bars and sirens around  
the innocent citykid eye  
& Vampire stake of politics Patriotism’s driven  
into the white breast of Teenage  
joyful murmurers  
in carpet livingrooms  
on sidestreets—  
Beautiful children’ve been driven from Wichita  
McClure & Branaman gone  
J. Alan White departed left no address  
Charlie Plymell come *Now* to San Francisco

Ann Buchanan passing thru,  
Bruce Connors took his joke to another coast—  
in time the *White Dove Review*  
fluttered up from Tulsa  
Flatland entering Great Plains  
Evil gathers in Cities,  
Eye mouth newspapers  
Television concentrates its blue  
flicker of death in the frontal lobe—  
Police department sirens wail,  
The Building Department inspector Negates  
What the Fire Department has failed to burn down—  
Students departing for Iowa & Chicago,  
New York beckoning at the end of the stage—  
While Soviets have made soft landing on the moon  
Today, be it rock or dust?  
Now's Solar System born anew?  
Red lights, red lights at highway end,  
glass reflectors,  
there's no one On the Road.  
“... Don't know what will happen to the proud  
American soldiers in Vietnam”  
said Ex Ambassador Ex General Taylor—

In this great space, Murchison & Hunt,  
Texas millionaires  
sit in Isolate skyscrapers  
on flatland dotted with lights  
or, from cities, isolate from fairies  
and screaming european dowagers & sopranos,  
plot conspiracies against Communists,  
send messages to New York, Austin, Wichita  
Vancouver, Seattle, to Los Angeles—  
Radio programs about the Federal Octopus—  
Seraphs of Money Power on Texas plains  
huge fat-bellied power-men  
shoving piles of Capital  
by train  
across grasslands—

Shoving messages into myriad innocent-cleaned ears  
Spiritual messages about spiritual war—  
Come to Jesus  
where the money is!  
Texas voice  
singing Vietnam Blues  
Twanging  
“I don’t like to die / a man I ain’t about t’ crawl”  
In Vital-heart,  
Big truck slowly lumbers through town—  
Hotels raise signs, neon winks.  
Liberal’s the beginning of Kansas  
Martial music filling airwaves—  
only the last few weeks  
waves of military music  
drum taps drum beats trumpets  
pulsing thru radiostations  
not even sad,  
bald Sopranos  
Sacred Tenors from 1920s  
Singing antique music style  
What Patriot wrote that shit?  
Something to drive out the Indian  
Vibrato of Buffy Sainte-Marie?  
Doom call of McGuire?  
The heavenly echo of Dylan’s despair  
before the silver microphone  
in his snake suit,  
a reptile boy  
disappearing in Time—  
soft shoe dancing on the Moon?  
It’ll be a relief when the Chinese take over Texas!  
*Lifeline* pumping its venom “Communist Conspiracy”  
Secret documents Infiltrate & smash Vatican—  
broadcast to these empty plains,  
Isolate farmhouses with radios  
hearing the Horror Syndicate  
take over the Universe!

Radiostations whistling & crashing against each other on autoradio—  
Full moonlight on blue snow  
Loudspeaker blasting midnite static  
    thru some European Swansong,  
Dit dat dits of outerspace communication  
    blanking out Ear's substance  
Vatican whistles undertone  
    bloops and eeeeeps, trillion-antennae'd  
    grid of the Shabda  
If it's silent it isn't there—

\* \* \* \*

Entering Kansas  
    little red towers blink distance,  
    *Lifeline*, continued over 7 stations—  
H. L. Hunt his books read,  
    Cold reasoning voice over Kansas plains—  
O that's Liberal Spread before us!  
Truck stopped by roadside Weighing Station

\*

Heavy Jewish voice heard over Kansas Radio  
    Varning the Jews, Take safety in Christ  
    —Dr. Michaelson  
    and the Hebrew-Christian Hour  
    —P.O.B. 707 Los Angeles 53—

In 1866 & 1881 the Carbon Companies paid  
\$2,500,000 for the bones of Buffalos  
    Representing 31,000,000 Buffalos.  
Handful of Buffalo, lightbrown back shining in the sun  
    Grazing at the edge of River Ginnesca—  
Peter says Oooo! What  
    visions they must have of human beings—  
    silent tolerant, head bent,  
        cropping grass—  
'Right now they're trying to take the Indian territories  
    away, near Hopiland.'



Wanna build subdivisions,  
Mineral rights—  
The last lands of the redskins—  
Saw it in the paper t'other day  
on the Highway near Tucson—

Blue morning in Kansas,  
black lambs dotted in snow  
Ice gleaming in brown grass at roadside  
Corn stacks, small  
lined up around tree groves—  
Kingman Salvage, rusty autos under rusty hill,  
Jodrell Bank reporting Sensational pictures Rocks on the Moon,  
“it's a hard surface—”  
information about Hog Scallops at Birth,  
Meat prices, Grain prices  
Steer Meat Dollar values,  
Appeal to end Property Tax

Green signs,  
Welcome to Wichita  
Population 280,000

*January 28–29, 1966*

### **Chances “R”**

Nymph and shepherd raise electric tridents  
glowing red against the plaster wall,  
The jukebox beating out magic syllables,  
A line of painted boys snapping fingers  
& shaking thin Italian trouserlegs  
or rough dungarees on big asses  
bumping and dipping  
ritually, with no religion but the  
old one of cocksuckers  
naturally, in Kansas center of America  
the farmboys in Diabolic bar light  
alone stiff necked or lined up

dancing row on row like Afric husbands  
& the music's sad here, whereas Sunset Trip or  
Jukebox Corner it's ecstatic pinball machines—  
Religiously, with concentration and free  
    prayer; fairy boys of the plains  
    and their gay sisters of the city  
step together to the center of the floor  
    illuminated by machine eyes, screaming drumbeats,  
    passionate voices of Oklahoma City  
    chanting No Satisfaction  
Suspended from Heaven the Chances R  
    Club floats rayed by stars  
    along a Wichita tree avenue  
    traversed with streetlights on the plain.

*Wichita, February 1966*

### **Wichita Vortex Sutra**

I  
Turn Right Next Corner  
    *The Biggest Little Town in Kansas*  
        *Macpherson*  
Red sun setting flat plains west streaked  
    with gauzy veils, chimney mist spread  
    around christmas-tree-bulbed refineries—aluminum  
    white tanks squat beneath  
    winking signal towers' bright plane-lights,  
    orange gas flares  
    beneath pillows of smoke, flames in machinery—  
    transparent towers at dusk

*In advance of the Cold Wave*  
    *Snow is spreading eastward to*  
        *the Great Lakes*  
News Broadcast & old clarinets  
    Watertower dome Lighted on the flat plain  
    car radio speeding across railroad tracks—

Kansas! Kansas! Shuddering at last!  
PERSON appearing in Kansas!  
angry telephone calls to the University  
Police dumbfounded leaning on  
their radiocar hoods  
While Poets chant to Allah in the roadhouse Showboat!  
Blue eyed children dance and hold thy Hand O aged Walt  
who came from Lawrence to Topeka to envision  
Iron interlaced upon the city plain—  
Telegraph wires strung from city to city O Melville!  
Television brightening thy *rills of Kansas lone*  
I come,  
lone man from the void, riding a bus  
hypnotized by red tail lights on the straight  
space road ahead—  
& the Methodist minister with cracked eyes  
leaning over the table  
quoting Kierkegaard “death of God”  
a million dollars  
in the bank owns all West Wichita  
come to Nothing!  
Prajnaparamita Sutra over coffee—Vortex  
of telephone radio aircraft assembly frame ammunition  
petroleum nightclub Newspaper streets illuminated by Bright  
EMPTINESS—

Thy sins are forgiven, Wichita!  
Thy lonesomeness annulled, O Kansas dear!  
as the western Twang prophesied  
thru banjo, when lone cowboy walked the railroad track  
past an empty station toward the sun  
sinking giant-bulbed orange down the box canyon—  
Music strung over his back  
and empty handed singing on this planet earth  
I’m a lonely Dog, O Mother!  
Come, Nebraska, sing & dance with me—  
Come lovers of Lincoln and Omaha,  
hear my soft voice at last  
As Babes need the chemical touch of flesh in pink infancy

lest they die Idiot returning to Inhuman—  
Nothing—  
So, tender lipped adolescent girl, pale youth,  
give me back my soft kiss  
Hold me in your innocent arms,  
accept my tears as yours to harvest  
equal in nature to the Wheat  
that made your bodies' muscular bones  
broad shouldered, boy bicept—  
from leaning on cows & drinking Milk  
in Midwest Solitude—  
No more fear of tenderness, much delight in weeping, ecstasy  
in singing, laughter rises that confounds  
staring Idiot mayors  
and stony politicians eyeing  
Thy breast,  
O Man of America, be born!  
Truth breaks through!  
How big is the prick of the President?  
How big is Cardinal Vietnam?  
How little the prince of the FBI, unmarried all these years!  
How big are all the Public Figures?  
What kind of flesh hangs, hidden behind their Images?

Approaching Salina,  
Prehistoric excavation, *Apache Uprising*  
in the drive-in theater  
Shelling Bombing Range mapped in the distance,  
Crime Prevention Show, sponsor Wrigley's Spearmint  
Dinosaur Sinclair advertisement, glowing green—  
South 9th Street lined with poplar & elm branch  
spread over evening's tiny headlights—  
Salina Highschool's brick darkens Gothic  
over a night-lit door—  
What wreaths of naked bodies, thighs and faces,  
small hairy bun'd vaginas,  
silver cocks, armpits and breasts  
moistened by tears

for 20 years, for 40 years?  
Peking Radio surveyed by Luden's Coughdrops  
Attacks on the Russians & Japanese,  
Big Dipper leaning above the Nebraska border,  
handle down to the blackened plains,  
telephone-pole ghosts crossed  
by roadside, dim headlights—  
dark night, & giant T-bone steaks,  
and in *The Village Voice*  
New Frontier Productions present  
Camp Comedy: *Fairies I Have Met*.  
Blue highway lamps strung along the horizon east at Hebron  
Homestead National Monument near Beatrice—

Language, language  
black Earth-circle in the rear window,  
no cars for miles along highway  
beacon lights on oceanic plain  
language, language  
over Big Blue River  
chanting *La illaha el (lill) Allah hu*  
revolving my head to my heart like my mother  
chin abreast at Allah  
Eyes closed, blackness  
vaster than midnight prairies,  
Nebraskas of solitary Allah,  
Joy, I am I  
the lone One singing to myself  
God come true—  
Thrills of fear.  
nearer than the vein in my neck—?  
What if I opened my soul to sing to my absolute self  
Singing as the car crash chomped thru blood & muscle  
tendon skull?  
What if I sang, and loosed the chords of fear brow?  
What exquisite noise wd  
shiver my car companions?  
I am the Universe tonite  
riding in all my Power riding

chauffeured thru my self by a long haired saint with eyeglasses  
What if I sang till Students knew I was free  
    of Vietnam, trousers, free of my own meat,  
    free to die in my thoughtful shivering Throne?  
        freer than Nebraska, freer than America—  
            May I disappear  
            in magic Joy-smoke! Pouf! reddish Vapor,  
Faustus vanishes weeping & laughing  
    under stars on Highway 77 between Beatrice & Lincoln—  
    “Better not to move but let things be” Reverend Preacher?  
        We’ve all already disappeared!

Space highway open, entering Lincoln’s ear  
    ground to a stop Tracks Warning  
        Pioneer Boulevard—  
    William Jennings Bryan sang  
    *Thou shalt not crucify mankind upon a cross of Gold!*  
        O Baby Doe! Gold’s  
    Department Store hulks o’er 10th Street now  
    —an unregenerate old fop who didn’t want to be a monkey  
    now’s the Highest Perfect Wisdom dust  
        and Lindsay’s cry  
    survives compassionate in the Highschool Anthology—  
a giant dormitory brilliant on the evening plain  
    drifts with his memories—  
There’s a nice white door over there  
    for me O dear! on Zero Street.

*February 15, 1966*

II  
Face the Nation  
Thru Hickman’s rolling earth hills  
    icy winter  
        gray sky                      bare trees lining the road  
South to Wichita  
    you’re in the Pepsi Generation Signum enroute  
Aiken Republican on the radio              60,000  
    Northvietnamese troops now infiltrated but over 250,000  
    South Vietnamese armed men

our Enemy—  
Not Hanoi our enemy  
Not China our enemy  
The Viet Cong!  
McNamara made a “bad guess”  
“Bad Guess?” chorused the Reporters.  
Yes, no more than a Bad Guess, in 1962  
“8000 American Troops handle the  
Situation”  
Bad Guess  
in 1954, 80% of the  
Vietnamese people would’ve voted for Ho Chi Minh  
wrote Ike years later *Mandate for Change*  
A bad guess in the Pentagon  
And the Hawks were guessing all along  
Bomb China’s 200,000,000  
cried Stennis from Mississippi  
I guess it was 3 weeks ago  
Holmes Alexander in Albuquerque Journal  
Provincial newsman  
said I guess we better begin to do that Now,  
his typewriter clacking in his aged office  
on a side street under Sandia Mountain?  
Half the world away from China  
Johnson got some bad advice Republican Aiken sang  
to the Newsmen over the radio  
The General guessed they’d stop infiltrating the South  
if they bombed the North—  
So I guess they bombed!  
Pale Indochinese boys came thronging thru the jungle  
in increased numbers  
to the scene of TERROR!  
While the triangle-roofed Farmer’s Grain Elevator  
sat quietly by the side of the road  
along the railroad track  
American Eagle beating its wings over Asia  
million dollar helicopters  
a billion dollars worth of Marines  
who loved *Aunt Betty*  
Drawn from the shores and farms shaking

from the high schools to the landing barge  
blowing the air thru their cheeks with fear  
in *Life* on Television  
Put it this way on the radio  
Put it this way in television language  
Use the words  
language, language:  
“A bad guess”  
Put it this way in headlines  
Omaha World Herald—*Rusk Says Toughness*  
*Essential For Peace*  
Put it this way  
Lincoln Nebraska morning Star—  
*Vietnam War Brings Prosperity*  
Put it *this* way  
Declared McNamara speaking language  
Asserted Maxwell Taylor  
General, Consultant to White House  
Viet Cong losses leveling up three five zero zero per month  
Front page testimony February '66  
Here in Nebraska same as Kansas same known in Saigon  
in Peking, in Moscow, same known  
by the youths of Liverpool three five zero zero  
the latest quotation in the human meat market—  
Father I cannot tell a lie!

A black horse bends its head to the stubble  
beside the silver stream winding thru the woods  
by an antique red barn on the outskirts of Beatrice—  
Quietness, quietness  
over this countryside  
except for unmistakable signals on radio  
followed by the honkytonk tinkle  
of a city piano  
to calm the nerves of taxpaying housewives of a Sunday morn.  
Has anyone looked in the eyes of the dead?  
U.S. Army recruiting service sign *Careers With A Future*  
Is anyone living to look for future forgiveness?  
Water hoses frozen on the street, the



Crowd gathered to see a strange happening garage—  
Red flames on Sunday morning  
in a quiet town!  
Has anyone looked in the eyes of the wounded?  
Have we seen but paper faces, Life Magazine?  
Are screaming faces made of dots,  
electric dots on Television—  
fuzzy decibels registering  
the mammal voiced howl  
from the outskirts of Saigon to console model picture tubes  
in Beatrice, in Hutchinson, in El Dorado  
in historic Abilene  
O inconsolable!

Stop, and eat more flesh.  
“We will negotiate anywhere anytime”  
said the giant President

Kansas City Times 2/14/66: “Word reached U.S. authorities that  
Thailand’s leaders feared that in Honolulu Johnson might have tried  
to persuade South Vietnam’s rulers to ease their stand against  
negotiating with the Viet Cong.

American officials said these fears were groundless and Humphrey  
was telling the Thais so.”

AP dispatch

The last week’s paper is Amnesia.

Three five zero zero is numerals  
Headline language poetry, nine decades after Democratic Vistas  
and the Prophecy of the Good Gray Poet  
Our nation “of the fabled damned”  
or else ...  
Language, language  
Ezra Pound the Chinese Written Character for truth  
defined as man standing by his word  
Word picture: forked creature  
Man  
standing by a box, birds flying out

representing mouth speech  
Ham Steak please waitress, in the warm café.  
Different from a bad guess.  
The war is language,  
language abused  
for Advertisement,  
language used  
like magic for power on the planet:  
Black Magic language,  
formulas for reality—  
Communism is a 9 letter word  
used by inferior magicians with  
the wrong alchemical formula for transforming earth into gold  
—funky warlocks operating on guesswork,  
handmedown mandrake terminology  
that never worked in 1956  
for gray-domed Dulles,  
brooding over at State,  
that never worked for Ike who knelt to take  
the magic wafer in his mouth  
from Dulles' hand  
inside the church in Washington:  
Communion of bum magicians  
congress of failures from Kansas & Missouri  
working with the wrong equations  
Sorcerer's Apprentices who lost control  
of the simplest broomstick in the world:  
Language  
O longhaired magician come home take care of your dumb helper  
before the radiation deluge floods your livingroom,  
your magic errandboy's  
just made a bad guess again  
that's lasted a whole decade.

NBCBSUPAPINSLIFE

Time Mutual presents  
World's Largest Camp Comedy:  
Magic In Vietnam—  
reality turned inside out

changing its sex in the Mass Media  
for 30 days, TV den and bedroom farce  
Flashing pictures Senate Foreign Relations Committee room  
Generals faces flashing on and off screen  
    mouthing language  
State Secretary speaking nothing but language  
McNamara declining to speak public language  
The President talking language,  
    Senators reinterpreting language  
General Taylor *Limited Objectives*  
    *Owls* from Pennsylvania  
    Clark's Face *Open Ended*  
    Dove's *Apocalypse*  
    Morse's hairy ears  
Stennis orating in Mississippi  
    half billion chinamen crowding into the  
        polling booth,  
Clean shaven Gen. Gavin's image  
    imagining *Enclaves*  
Tactical Bombing the magic formula for  
a silver haired Symington:  
Ancient Chinese apothegm:  
    *Old in vain.*  
Hawks swooping thru the newspapers  
    talons visible  
wings outspread in the giant updraft of hot air  
    loosing their dry screech in the skies  
        over the Capitol  
Napalm and black clouds emerging in newsprint  
Flesh soft as a Kansas girl's  
    ripped open by metal explosion—  
three five zero zero on the other side of the planet  
    caught in barbed wire, fire ball  
    bullet shock, bayonet electricity  
bomb blast terrific in skull & belly, shrapneled throbbing meat  
While this American nation argues war:  
    conflicting language, language  
        proliferating in airwaves  
filling the farmhouse ear, filling  
    the City Manager's head in his oaken office

the professor's head in his bed at midnight  
the pupil's head at the movies  
    blond haired, his heart throbbing with desire  
    for the girlish image bodied on the screen:  
        or smoking cigarettes  
        and watching Captain Kangaroo  
        that fabled damned of nations  
        prophecy come true—

Though the highway's straight,  
    dipping downward through low hills,  
    rising narrow on the far horizon  
        black cows browse in caked fields  
        ponds in the hollows lie frozen,  
            quietness.

Is this the land that started war on China?  
    This be the soil that thought Cold War for decades?  
    Are these nervous naked trees & farmhouses  
        the vortex  
        of oriental anxiety molecules  
that've imagined    American Foreign Policy  
    and magick'd up paranoia in Peking  
        and curtains of living blood  
        surrounding far Saigon?

Are these the towns where the language emerged  
    from the mouths here  
        that makes a Hell of riots in Dominica  
sustains the aging tyranny of Chiang in silent Taipeh city  
Paid for the lost French war in Algeria  
    overthrew the Guatemalan polis in '54  
maintaining United Fruit's banana greed  
        another thirteen years  
    for the secret prestige of the Dulles family lawfirm?

Here's Marysville—  
    a black railroad engine in the children's park,  
        at rest—  
and the Track Crossing  
    with Cotton Belt flatcars  
        carrying autos west from Dallas

Delaware & Hudson gondolas filled with power stuff—  
a line of boxcars far east as the eye can see  
    carrying battle goods to cross the Rockies  
    into the hands of rich longshoremen loading  
        ships on the Pacific—  
Oakland Army Terminal lights  
    blue illumined all night now—  
Crash of couplings and the great American train  
    moves on carrying its cushioned load of metal doom  
Union Pacific linked together with your Hoosier Line  
    followed by passive Wabash  
        rolling behind  
    all Erie carrying cargo in the rear,  
Central Georgia's rust colored truck proclaiming  
    *The Right Way*, concluding  
the awesome poem writ by the train  
    across northern Kansas,  
land which gave right of way  
to the massing of metal meant for explosion  
    in Indochina—  
Passing thru Waterville,  
Electronic machinery in the bus humming prophecy—  
    paper signs blowing in cold wind,  
        mid-Sunday afternoon's silence in town  
    under frost-gray sky  
        that covers the horizon—  
That the rest of earth is unseen,  
    an outer universe invisible,  
    Unknown except thru  
        language  
        airprint  
            magic images  
or prophecy of the secret  
    heart the same  
    in Waterville as Saigon one human form:  
When a woman's heart bursts in Waterville  
    a woman screams equal in Hanoi—  
On to Wichita to prophesy! O frightful Bard!  
    into the heart of the Vortex  
        where anxiety rings

the University with millionaire pressure,  
lonely crank telephone voices sighing in dread,  
and students waken trembling in their beds  
with dreams of a new truth warm as meat,  
little girls suspecting their elders of murder  
committed by remote control machinery,  
boys with sexual bellies aroused  
chilled in the heart by the mailman  
with a letter from an aging white haired General  
Director of selection for service in Deathwar  
all this black language  
writ by machine!  
O hopeless Fathers and Teachers  
in Hué do you know  
the same woe too?

I'm an old man now, and a lonesome man in Kansas  
but not afraid  
to speak my lonesomeness in a car,  
because not only my lonesomeness  
it's Ours, all over America,  
O tender fellows—  
& spoken lonesomeness is Prophecy  
in the moon 100 years ago or in  
the middle of Kansas now.  
It's not the vast plains mute our mouths  
that fill at midnite with ecstatic language  
when our trembling bodies hold each other  
breast to breast on a mattress—  
Not the empty sky that hides  
the feeling from our faces  
nor our skirts and trousers that conceal  
the bodylove emanating in a glow of beloved skin,  
white smooth abdomen down to the hair  
between our legs,  
It's not a God that bore us that forbid  
our Being, like a sunny rose  
all red with naked joy  
between our eyes & bellies, yes

All we do is for this frightened thing  
we call Love, want and lack—  
fear that we aren't the one whose body could be  
beloved of all the brides of Kansas City,  
kissed all over by every boy of Wichita—  
O but how many in their solitude weep aloud like me—  
On the bridge over Republican River  
almost in tears to know  
how to speak the right language—  
on the frosty broad road  
uphill between highway embankments  
I search for the language  
that is also yours—  
almost all our language has been taxed by war.  
Radio antennae high tension  
wires ranging from Junction City across the plains—  
highway cloverleaf sunk in a vast meadow  
lanes curving past Abilene  
to Denver filled with old  
heroes of love—  
to Wichita where McClure's mind  
burst into animal beauty  
drunk, getting laid in a car  
in a neon misted street  
15 years ago—  
to Independence where the old man's still alive  
who loosed the bomb that's slaved all human consciousness  
and made the body universe a place of fear—  
Now, speeding along the empty plain,  
no giant demon machine  
visible on the horizon  
but tiny human trees and wooden houses at the sky's edge  
I claim my birthright!  
reborn forever as long as Man  
in Kansas or other universe—Joy  
reborn after the vast sadness of War Gods!  
A lone man talking to myself, no house in the brown vastness to hear,  
imaging the throng of Selves  
that make this nation one body of Prophecy  
language by Declaration as Pursuit of

Happiness!  
I call all Powers of imagination  
to my side in this auto to make Prophecy,  
all Lords  
of human kingdoms to come  
Shambu Bharti Baba naked covered with ash  
Khaki Baba fat-bellied mad with the dogs  
Dehorahava Baba who moans Oh how wounded, How wounded  
Sitaram Onkar Das Thakur who commands  
give up your desire  
Satyananda who raises two thumbs in tranquillity  
Kali Pada Guha Roy whose yoga drops before the void  
Shivananda who touches the breast and says OM  
Srimata Krishnaji of Brindaban who says take for your guru  
William Blake the invisible father of English visions  
Sri Ramakrishna master of ecstasy eyes  
half closed who only cries for his mother  
Chaitanya arms upraised singing & dancing his own praise  
merciful Chango judging our bodies  
Durga-Ma covered with blood  
destroyer of battlefield illusions  
million-faced Tathagata gone past suffering  
Preserver Harekrishna returning in the age of pain  
Sacred Heart my Christ acceptable  
Allah the Compassionate One  
Jaweh Righteous One  
all Knowledge-Princes of Earth-man, all  
ancient Seraphim of heavenly Desire, Devas, yogis  
& holymen I chant to—  
Come to my lone presence  
into this Vortex named Kansas,  
I lift my voice aloud,  
make Mantra of American language now,  
I here declare the end of the War!  
Ancient days' Illusion!—  
and pronounce words beginning my own millennium.  
Let the States tremble,  
let the Nation weep,  
let Congress legislate its own delight  
let the President execute his own desire—



this Act done by my own voice,  
    nameless Mystery—  
published to my own senses,  
    blissfully received by my own form  
approved with pleasure by my sensations  
    manifestation of my very thought  
    accomplished in my own imagination  
    all realms within my consciousness fulfilled  
60 miles from Wichita  
    near El Dorado,  
    The Golden One,  
in chill earthly mist  
    houseless brown farmland plains rolling heavenward  
    in every direction  
one midwinter afternoon Sunday called the day of the Lord—  
    Pure Spring Water gathered in one tower  
    where Florence is  
    set on a hill,  
    stop for tea & gas

Cars passing their messages along country crossroads  
    to populaces cement-networked on flatness,  
    giant white mist on earth  
and a Wichita Eagle-Beacon headlines  
    *"Kennedy Urges Cong Get Chair in Negotiations"*  
The War is gone,  
    Language emerging on the motel news stand,  
    the right magic  
    Formula, the language known  
in the back of the mind before, now in black print  
    daily consciousness  
Eagle News Services Saigon—  
    Headline Surrounded Vietcong Charge Into Fire Fight  
    the suffering not yet ended  
    for others  
The last spasms of the dragon of pain  
    shoot thru the muscles  
    a crackling around the eyeballs  
    of a sensitive yellow boy by a muddy wall

Continued from page one     area  
after the Marines killed 256 Vietcong captured 31  
ten day operation Harvest Moon last December  
Language language  
U.S. Military Spokesmen  
Language language  
Cong death toll  
has soared to 100 in First Air Cavalry  
Division's Sector of  
Language language  
Operation White Wing near Bong Son  
Some of the  
Language language  
Communist  
Language language soldiers  
charged so desperately  
they were struck with six or seven bullets before they fell  
Language Language M 60 Machine Guns  
Language language in La Drang Valley  
the terrain is rougher infested with leeches and scorpions  
The war was over several hours ago!  
Oh at last again the radio opens  
blue Invitations!  
Angelic Dylan singing across the nation  
"When all your children start to resent you  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?"  
His youthful voice making glad  
the brown endless meadows  
His tenderness penetrating aether,  
soft prayer on the airwaves,  
Language language, and sweet music too  
even unto thee,  
hairy flatness!  
even unto thee  
despairing Burns!

Future speeding on swift wheels  
straight to the heart of Wichita!  
Now radio voices cry population hunger world

of unhappy people  
waiting for Man to be born  
O man in America!  
*you certainly smell good*  
the radio says  
passing mysterious families of winking towers  
grouped round a quonset-hut on a hillock—  
feed storage or military fear factory here?  
Sensitive City, Ooh! Hamburger & Skelley's Gas  
lights feed man and machine,  
Kansas Electric Substation aluminum robot  
signals thru thin antennae towers  
above the empty football field  
at Sunday dusk  
to a solitary derrick that pumps oil from the unconscious  
working night & day  
& factory gas-flares edge a huge golf course  
where tired businessmen can come and play—  
Cloverleaf, Merging Traffic East Wichita turnoff  
McConnell Airforce Base  
nourishing the city—  
Lights rising in the suburbs  
Supermarket Texaco brilliance starred  
over streetlamp vertebrae on Kellogg,  
green jeweled traffic lights  
confronting the windshield,  
Centertown ganglion entered!  
Crowds of autos moving with their lightshine,  
signbulbs winking in the driver's eyeball—  
The human nest collected, neon lit,  
and sunburst signed  
for business as usual, except on the Lord's Day—  
Redeemer Lutheran's three crosses lit on the lawn  
reminder of our sins  
and Titsworth offers insurance on Hydraulic  
by De Voors Guard's Mortuary for outmoded bodies  
of the human vehicle  
which no Titsworth of insurance will customize for resale—  
So home, traveler, past the newspaper language factory  
under Union Station railroad bridge on Douglas

to the center of the Vortex, calmly returned  
to Hotel Eaton—  
Carry Nation began the war on Vietnam here  
with an angry smashing ax  
attacking Wine—  
Here fifty years ago, by her violence  
began a vortex of hatred that defoliated the Mekong Delta—  
Proud Wichita! vain Wichita  
cast the first stone!—  
That murdered my mother  
who died of the communist anticommunist psychosis  
in the madhouse one decade long ago  
complaining about wires of masscommunication in her head  
and phantom political voices in the air  
besmirching her girlish character.  
Many another has suffered death and madness  
in the Vortex from Hydraulic  
to the end of 17th—enough!  
The war is over now—  
Except for the souls  
held prisoner in Niggertown  
still pining for love of your tender white bodies O children of Wichita!  
*February 14, 1966*

### **Auto Poesy: On the Lam from Bloomington**

Setting out East on rain bright highways  
Indianapolis, police cars speeding past  
gas station—Stopped for matches  
PLOWL of Silence,  
Street bulbs flash cosmic blue—darkness!  
POW, lights flash on again!  
pavement-gleam  
Mobil station pumps lit in rain  
ZAP, darkness, highway power failure  
rain hiss  
traffic lights dead black—  
Ho! Dimethyl Triptamine flashing circle vibrations  
center Spiked—  
Einsteinian Mandala,

Spectrum translucent,  
... Television eyeball dots in treehouse Ken Kesey's  
Power failure inside the head,  
neural apparatus crackling—  
So drift months later past  
Eli Lilly pharmaceuticals' tower walls  
asleep in early morning dark outside Indianapolis  
Street lamps lit humped along downtown Greenfield  
News from Dallas, Dirksen declareth  
"Vietnam Protesters have forgotten the lessons of History"  
Across Ohio River, noon  
old wire bridge, auto graveyards,  
Washington town covered with rust—hm—

February 1966

### Kansas City to Saint Louis

Leaving K.C. Mo. past Independence past Liberty  
Charlie Plymell's memories of K.C. renewed

*The Jewel-box Review,*  
white-wigged fat camps yakking abt  
Georgie Washington and Harry T.  
filthier than any poetry reading I ever gave  
applauded  
by the police negro wives Mafia subsidized

To East St. Louis on the broad road  
Highway 70 crammed with trucks  
Last night almost broke my heart dancing to  
Cant Get No Satisfaction  
lotsa beer & slept naked in the guest room—  
Now

Sunlit wooded hills overhang the highway  
rolling toward the Sex Factories of Indiana—  
Automobile graveyard, red cars dumped  
bleeding under empty skies—  
Burchfield's paintings, Walker Evans' photos,  
a white Victorian house on a hill—  
Trumble & Bung of chamber music

pianoesque on radio—midwest culture  
before rock and roll

If I knew twenty years ago what I know now  
I coulda led a symphony orchestra in Minneapolis  
& worn a tuxedo

Heart to heart, the Kansas voice of Ella Mae  
“are you afraid of growing old,  
afraid you’ll no longer be attractive to your husband?”  
“... I dont see any reason” says the radio

“for those agitators—  
Why dont they move in with the negroes? We’ve been separated all  
along, why change things now? But I’ll hang up, some other Martian  
might want to call in, who has another thought.”

The Voice of Leavenworth  
echoing thru space to the car dashboard  
“... causes and agitations, then, then they’re doing the work of the  
communists as J. Edgar Hoover says, and many of these people are  
people with uh respectable, bility, of a cloak of respectability that  
shows uh uh teachers professors and students ...”

hollow voice, a minister  
breathing thru the telephone  
“God created all the races ... and it is only men who tried to mix em  
up, and when they mix em up that’s when the trouble starts.”

*No place like Booneville though, buddy—  
End of the Great Plains,  
late afternoon sun, rusty leaves on trees  
One of these days those boots will walk all over you*

We the People—shelling the Viet Cong  
“Inflation has swept in upon us ... Johnson administration rather than  
a prudent Budget... discipline the American people rather than  
discipline itself...”

I lay in bed naked in the guest room,  
my mouth found his cock,  
my hand under his behind  
Till the whole body stiffened  
and sperm choked my throat.

*Michele, John Lennon & Paul McCartney*  
wooing the decade  
gaps from the 30s returned  
*It's the only words I know that*  
*You ll understand...*

Old earth rolling mile after mile patient  
The ground  
I roll on  
the ground  
the music soars above  
The ground electric arguments  
ray over  
The ground dotted with signs for Dave's Eat Eat  
scarred by highways, eaten by voices  
Pete's Café—  
Golden land in setting sun  
Missouri River icy brown, black cows,  
grass tufts standing up hairy on hills  
mirrored to heaven—  
Spring one month to come.  
Sea shells on the ground strata'd by the turnpike—  
Old ocean evaporated away,  
Mastodons stomped, dinosaurs groaned  
when these brown hillocks were  
leafy steam-green-swamp-think Marsh nations  
before the Birch Society was a gleam in the  
Pterodactyl's eye  
—Aeroplane sinking groundward  
toward my white Volkswagen prehistoric  
white cockroach under high tension wires—  
my face, Rasputin in car mirror.

Funky barn, black hills approaching Fulton  
where Churchill rang down the Curtain  
on Consciousness  
and set a chill which overspread the world  
one icy day in Missouri  
not far from the Ozarks—  
Provincial ears heard the Spenglerian Iron  
Terror Pronouncement  
Magnificent Language, they said,  
for country ears—  
St Louis calling St Louis calling  
Twenty years ago,  
Thirty years ago  
the Burroughs School  
Pink cheeked Kenney with fine blond hair,  
his almond eyes aristocrat  
gazed,  
Morphy teaching English & Rimbaud  
at midnight to the fauns  
W.S.B. leather cheeked, sardonic  
waiting for change of consciousness,  
unnamed in those days—  
coffee, vodka, night for needles,  
young bodies  
beautiful unknown to themselves  
running around St Louis  
on a Friday evening  
getting drunk in awe & honor of the  
terrific future these  
red dry trees at sunset go thru two decades later  
They could've seen  
the animal branches, wrinkled to the sky  
& known the gnarled prophecy to come,  
if they'd opened their eyes outa the whiskey-haze  
in Mississippi riverfront bars  
and gone into the country with a knapsack to  
smell the ground.

Oh grandfather maple and elm!



Antique leafy old oak of Kingdom City in the purple light  
come down, year after year,  
to the tune  
of mellow pianos.

Salute, silent wise ones,  
Cranking powers of the ground,  
awkward arms of knowledge  
reaching blind above the gas station  
by the high TV antennae  
Stay silent, ugly Teachers,  
let me & the Radio yell about Vietnam and mustard gas.

“Torture ... tear gas legitimate weapons ...  
Worries language beyond my comprehension” the radio  
commentator says himself.

Use the language today  
“... a great blunder”  
in Vietnam, heavy voices,  
“A great blunder ... once you’re in, uh,  
one of these things, uh ...”  
“Stay in.” Withdraw,  
Language, language, uh, uh  
from the mouths of Senators, uh  
trying to think of Senators, uh  
trying to think on their feet  
Saying uhh, politely

*Shift linguals, said Burroughs, Cut the Word Lines!*  
He was right all along.

“... a procurer of these dogs  
... take them from the United States ... Major Caty ... as long as it’s  
not a white dog ... Sentry Dog Procurement Center, Texas ... No dogs,  
once trained, are ever returned to the owner ...”

*French Truth,*

*Dutch Civility*

Black asphalt, blue stars,  
tail light procession speeding East,  
The hero surviving his own murder,  
his own suicide, his own  
addiction, surviving his own

poetry, surviving his own  
disappearance from the scene—  
returned in new faces, shining  
through the tears of new eyes.  
New small adolescent hands  
on tiny breasts,  
pale silken skin at the thighs,  
and the cherry-prick raises hard  
innocent heat pointed up  
from the muscular belly  
of basketball highschool English class spiritual Victory,  
made clean at midnight in the bathtub of old City  
hair combed for love—  
millionaire body from Clayton or spade queen from E St Louis  
laughing together in the TWA lounge  
Blue-lit airfields into St Louis,  
past billboards ruddy neon,  
looking for old hero renewed,  
a new decade—  
Hill-wink of houses,  
Monotone road gray bridging the streets  
thin bones of aluminum sentineled dark  
on the suburban hump bearing high wires  
for thought to traverse  
river & wood, from hero to hero—

Crane all's well, the wanderer returns  
from the west with his Powers,  
the Shaman with his beard  
in full strength,  
the longhaired Crank with subtle humorous voice  
enters city after city  
to kiss the eyes of your high school sailors  
and make laughing Blessing  
for a new Age in America  
spaced with concrete but Souled by yourself  
with Desire,  
or like yourself of perfect Heart, adorable  
and adoring its own millioned population

one by one self-wakened  
under the radiant signs  
of Power stations stacked above the river  
highway spanning highway,  
bridged from suburb to suburb.

*March 1966*

### **Bayonne Entering NYC**

Smog trucks mile after mile high wire  
Pylons trestled toward New York  
black multilane highway showered w/blue arc-lamps,  
city glare horizonizing  
Megalopolis with burning factories—  
Bayonne refineries behind Newark Hell-light  
truck trains passing trans-continental gas-lines,  
blinking safety signs KEEP AWAKE  
Giant giant giant transformers,  
electricity Stacks' glowing smoke—  
More Chimney fires than all Kansas in a mile,  
Sulphur chemical Humble gigantic viaducts  
networked by road side  
What smell burning rubber, oil  
“freshens your mouth”  
Railroad rust, deep marsh garbage-fume  
Nostril horns—  
city Announcer jabbering at City Motel,  
flat winking space ships descending overhead  
GORNEY GORNEY MORTUARY  
Brilliant signs the  
10 P.M. clock churchspire lit in Suburb City,  
New Jersey's colored streets asleep—  
High derrick spotlights lamped an inch above  
roofcombs  
Shoprite lit for Nite people before the vast  
Hohokus marshes and Passaic's flat gluey  
Blackness ringed with lightbulbs.  
Blue Newark airport,  
Lights at the field edge,  
Robot towers blazon'd Eastern Air TWA

above the lavender bulbed runway  
across the barrage of car bridges—

I was born there in Newark  
Public Service sign of the twenties  
visible miles away through smoke  
gray night over electric fields  
My aunts and uncles died in hospitals,  
are buried in graves surrounded by Railroad Tracks,  
tomed near Winking 3 Ring Ballantine Ale's home  
where Western Electric has a Cosmic plant,  
Pitt-Consoles breathes forth fumes  
acrid above Flying Service tanks  
Where superhighway rises over Monsanto  
metal structures moonlit  
Pulaski Skyway hanging airy black in heaven my childhood  
neighbored with gigantic harbor stacks,  
steam everywhere  
Blue Star buses skimming skyroads  
beside th'antennae mazes  
brilliant by Canalside—

Empire State's orange shoulders lifted above the Hell,  
New York City buildings glitter  
visible over Palisades' trees  
Guys From War put tiger in yr Tank—  
Radio crawling with Rockmusic youngsters,  
STOP—PAY TOLL  
let the hitchhiker off in the acrid Mist—  
Blue uniformed attendants rocking on their heels in green booths  
Light parade everywhere  
Cliff rooms, balconies & giant nineteenth century schools,  
reptilian trucks on Jersey roads  
Manhattan star-spread behind Ft. Lee cliffside  
Evening lights reflected across Hudson water—  
brilliant diamond-lantern'd Tunnel  
Whizz of bus-trucks shimmer in Ear  
over red brick

under Whitmanic Yawp Harbor here  
roll into Man city, my city, Mannahatta  
Lower East Side ghosted &  
grimmed with Heroin, shit-black from Edison towers  
on East River's rib—

Green-hatted doormen awaken the eve  
in statuary-niched yellow lobbies—  
zephyrous canyons brightlit, gray stone Empire State  
too small to be God  
lords it over sweet Macy's & Seafood City  
by junkie Grant Hotel—  
Ho Ho turn right by the Blackman who crosses the street  
lighting his cigarette, lone on asphalt  
as the Lord in Nebraska—  
Down 5th Avenue, brr—the irregular spine  
of streetlights—  
traffic signals all turned red at once—  
insect lamps blink in dim artery  
replicated down stone vales to Union Square—  
In silence wait to see your home  
Cemented asphalt, wire roof-banked,  
canyoned, hived & churchied with mortar,  
mortised with art gas—  
passing Ginsberg Machine Co.  
th'axhead antique Flatiron  
Building looms, old photographs  
parked in the mind—  
Cannastra your 21st Street lofts dark no more raw  
meat law business  
Tonight Naomi your 18th Westside Stalinesque  
madstreet's blocked by a bus,  
Dusty your 16th (drunk in yr party dress) walls  
emptiness Hudson River perspectiv'd  
Dali in London? Joe Army yr brokenbone Churches  
stand brown in time—  
How quiet Washington Monument!  
& fairy youth turns head downstreet  
crossing 5th Avenue under trafficlite,

doorman playing poodledog  
on brilliant-lit sidewalk No. 1.  
an old reporter w/ brown leather briefcase  
leaves the shiny-pillared apartment—  
Gee it's a Miracle to be back on this street  
where strange guy mustache  
stares in the windshield—  
Lovely the Steak Sign! bleeps on & off  
beneath Woman's prison—  
Sixth Avenue bus back-window bright glass  
Lady in kerchief leans backward,  
corner Whalen's Drugs, an old Beret familiar face  
nods goodbye girl  
Humm, Macdougall I lived here,  
Humm, perfect, there's empty space  
Park by the bright-lit bookstore—  
Where I'll find my mail  
& Harmonium, new from Calcutta  
Waiting I come back to New York & begin to Sing.

*March 1966*

## Growing Old Again

The delicate french girl jukebox husky lament  
softens the air over checkered tablecloths  
I haven't been in Kettle of Fish a year  
Between my Moscows and Wichitas a lonesome moment  
Content to gaze at Bodenheim & Gould in garish oil,  
Phantoms I'm not over the bar wall mirroring photos  
of old habitués renowned characteristic seasons for lack  
of immortality, a bunch of provincial drunks fucked up  
D.T. unbearables or Mafia brothers-in-law.  
Old charm of anonymity, phonograph memory playing  
familiar bar tunes infrequent visited much  
once real hotspot cops on telephone me drunk loved  
some heart friend image money at same table same  
prophecy felt immortal then—now come true sit  
decade hence jukebox-dazed an Angel remembered to forget.

*March 3, 1966*

## Uptown

Yellow-lit Budweiser signs over oaken bars,  
“I’ve seen everything”—the bartender handing me change of \$10,  
I stared at him amiably eyes thru an obvious Adamic beard—  
with Montana musicians homeless in Manhattan, teenage  
curly hair themselves—we sat at the antique booth & gossiped,  
Madame Grady’s literary salon a curious value in New York—  
“If I had my way I’d cut off your hair and send you to Vietnam”—  
“Bless you then” I replied to a hatted thin citizen hurrying to the  
barroom door  
upon wet dark Amsterdam Avenue decades later—  
“And if I couldn’t do that I’d cut your throat” he snarled farewell,  
and “Bless you sir” I added as he went to his fate in the rain, dapper  
Irishman.

*April 1966*

## The Old Village Before I Die

Entering Minetta's soft yellow chrome, to the acrid bathroom  
22 years ago a gold kid wrote "human-kindness" contrasting  
"humankind-ness" on enamel urinal where Crane's match skated—  
Christmas subway, lesbian slacks, friend bit someone's earlobe off  
tore gold ring from queer ear, weeping, vomited—  
My first drunk nite flashed here, Joe Gould's beard gray  
("a professional bore" said Bill cruelly)—but as I was less than twenty,  
New scene rayed eternal—caricatures of ancient comedians  
framed over checkertabled booths, first love struck my heart heavy  
prophecy of this moment I looked in the urinal mirror returning  
decades  
late same heavy honey in heart—bearded hairy bald with age  
Soft music Smoke gets in your eyes Michele Show Me the Way to Go  
to Jail  
from stereophonic jukebox that once echoed You Always Hurt The  
One You Love as dear Jack  
did know under portraits of Al Smith, Jimmy Walker, Jimmy Durante,  
Billy Rose.

*May 11, 1966*

### **Consulting I Ching Smoking Pot Listening to the Fugs Sing Blake**

That which pushes upward  
                    does not come back  
He led me in his garden  
                    tinkle of 20 year phonograph  
Death is icumen in  
                    and mocks my loss of liberty  
One must see the Great Man  
                    Fear not it brings blessing  
                    No Harm  
                    from the invisible world  
Perseverance  
                    Realms beyond  
                    Stoned  
in the deserted city



which lies below consciousness

June 1966

*Zigzag Back Thru These States*  
*(1966–1967)*

*Wings Lifted over the Black Pit*

City Flats, Coal yards and brown rivers  
Tower groups toyed by silver bridge  
Sudden the snake uncoils  
w/ thousands of little bodies riding granite scales  
looped in approach to Geo. Washington's steel trestle  
roped to Jersey west  
Blue sunray on air heights, bubbled with thick steam  
roofing the planet—  
The jet plane glides toward Chicago.

Blue ground lands, chill cabin, white wings  
Stretch over mist-ribboned horizon  
small windows let in half moon  
a silver jet hangs in the sky south  
Brown gas of the City wrapped over hills—  
Chanting Mantras all the way  
Hare Krishna etc.  
Till dinner, great Lake below,  
Heard a sweet drone in the plane-whine  
Hari Om Namō Shivaye—So  
Made my own music  
American Mantra—  
“Peace in Chicago,  
Peace in Saigon—”  
Raw orange sunset, & plunging in white cloud-shore  
Floated thru vast fog-waves  
down to black Chicago bottom  
O'Hare Field's runway's blue insect lights on Wingèd Machinery  
Ozark Airways zoom up toward the Moon  
Square Networks bulb-lit  
Twinkling blocks massed toward horizon  
Kremlin'd with red towers,

Aethereal cloverleaves' pinpointed circlets,  
Metropolis by night,  
By air, Man's home filamented black panorama-skin  
    brilliant below my chair & book—  
Impossible to be Mayor! know all details!?  
Alleyed with light,  
    lampless yards  
        blazing compounds factoried cube-like,  
            prisons shining brilliant!  
Suburban moviehouses' tiny glow  
    by the Delicatessen corner,  
Vast hoards of men Negro'd in the gloom,  
    gnashing their teeth for miles.  
Tears in attick's blackness  
Swastikas worshipped in the White Urb,  
    clean teeth bared in Reptilian smiles—

Newsphoto Vision: M. L. King Attacked by Rocks—  
Dark Land,  
    Sparse networks of Serpent electricity  
        Dotted between towers  
    Signaling to themselves beneath the moon—

\*

Living like beasts,  
    befouling our own nests,  
        Smoke & Steam, broken glass & beer cans,  
                    Auto exhaust—  
Civilization shit littering the streets,  
Fine black mist over apartments  
    watercourses running with oil  
        fish fellows dead—

*June 1966*

## **Cleveland, the Flats**

*To D. A. Levy*

Into the Flats, thru Cleveland's

Steeple trees illuminated  
Lake Bridge Light college cars speed round white lines  
thru Green Lights, past downtown's pale Hotels  
Triple towers smokestacked steaming in blue nite  
buildings in water, the shimmer of that  
factory in the blackness  
a little tinkle RR engine bell  
See the orange bedroom shack  
under the viaduct  
crisscrossed with 1930s raindrops Tragedies  
extrapolating railroads overhead—  
Asphalt road bumps—  
that blue flame burning? Industry!  
Bom! Bom! Mahadev! Microphone Icecream!  
Battle Conditions! Come in Towers!  
Buster Keaton died today, folksongs in the iron smell  
of Republic Steel, hish—!  
American children crossing Jones Laughlin's yellow  
bridge saying o how  
Beautiful, and Work ye Tarriers Work  
in the fiery hill on the Press,  
under black smoke—  
Oh yes look, the lake mill lights—  
Like an organpipe that smokestack  
Hart Crane died under—  
Black Tank Skeleton lifted over railroads' orange lamps,  
illustrious robots stretched with wires,  
smoking organpipes of God in the Cleveland Flats  
Open hearth furnaces light up sky,  
all night gas station  
Polack Stokers running out of money  
“Bearded short Amish, square-faced & incestuous,  
big-eared buck-toothed women, like cross-eyed cats”  
Steelton downhill, that smell What is it?  
The guys wander up & down their gas refining Cracker  
climbing ladders in white light—  
Butane smells—Creosote—  
“Looka that gas-cloud we just passed thru—”  
Twin heavy smokestacks there—  
Space age children wandering like lost orphans

thru the landscape filled with iron—  
their grandfathers sweated over forges!  
now all they know is all them rockets they see silvery  
Quivering on Television—  
I don't know any more.  
Move ye wheels move  
for Independent Towel—  
Dakota Hotel, old Red brick apartment,  
up Carnegie to University Circle,  
Om Om Om Sa Ra Wa Buddha Dakini Yea,  
Benzo Wani Yea Benzo Bero  
Tsani Yea Hum Hum Hum  
Phat Phat Phat Svaha!

*June 1966*

### **To the Body**

Enthroned in plastic, shrouded in wool, diamond crowned,  
transported in aluminum, shoe'd in synthetic rubber, fed by  
asparagus, adored by all animals,  
ear-lull'd by electric mantra rock, chemical roses acrid in the nose,  
observant of large-nostril'd air factories, every crack of the skin kissed  
by beloved grandmothers,  
so man woman child are tender meat become consciously genital with  
the shudder & blush of substance  
adorned with hair at crotch and brain—beard on lion and youth by  
fireside.

*June 15, 1966*

### **Iron Horse**

I  
This is the creature I am!  
Sittin in little roomette Santa Fe train  
naked abed, bright afternoon sun light  
leaking below closed window-blind  
White hair at chest, ridge  
where curls old Jewish lock  
Belly bulged outward, breathing as a baby

old appendix scar  
creased where the belt went  
detumescent cannon on two balls soft pillowed  
Soft stirring shoots thru breast to belly—  
What romance planned by the body unconscious?  
What can I shove up my ass?  
Masturbation in America!  
little spasm delight, prick head  
getting bigger  
thumb and index finger slowly stroking  
along cock sides, askew  
cupp'd in hand  
Serpent-reptile prick head  
moving in and out its meat-nest—  
Turn and watch the landscape,  
wave my baton  
at the passing truckdriver?  
Lie back on bunk and lift the shade a bit  
enjoy sun on my flagpole?  
Ah, rest, relax, no fear  
look at the sphincter-spasm itself  
in a mirror  
of sound—  
Awk—if you jerk—oh it feels so good  
Oh if only somebody'd come in &  
shove som'in up that ass a mine—  
Oh those two soldiers talking about Cambodia!  
I wantem to come in and lay my head down  
and shove it in and make me  
Come like I'm coming now,  
Come like I'm coming now,  
Come like I'm coming now—  
Ahh—white drops fall,  
millions of children—  
Santa Fe what can they do to prevent  
passengers from  
soiling their  
small blankets with love?  
Wipe up cream—what if  
The Conductor knocked?

Go way, I'm—  
I have to compose a poem  
I have to write a financial report  
I have to meditate myself  
I have to  
put on my pants—

just lie back look at the landscape  
see a tree  
& cross Ameriky—  
Compromised!  
among green Spinach fields!  
Felt good for a minute, flash came thru body  
And the Sphincter-spasm spoke  
backward to the soldiers in the observation car  
I'd hated their Cambodia gossip!  
but longed for in moment truth  
to punish my 40 years' lies—  
Oh what a wretch I am! What  
monster naked in this metal box—  
Hart Crane, under  
Laughing Gas in the Dentist's Chair 1922 saw  
Seventh Heaven  
said Nebraska scholar.  
On thy train O Crane I had small death too.

Green valley-fields of California telephone-wired—  
Lovers' Desire's State!  
Hollywood starry State!  
Rock poesy State!  
end of the land!  
where I lay me naked in a pullman coach—  
D——  
Thy secrecy arrogance befits thee not  
Sweet Prince—  
open yr ass to my mouth—  
a poem to thee!  
—my voice an overdramatic madman's

murmuring to myself late afternoon drowse—  
going home,  
past cement robots,  
gazing out on palmtrees with reptilian gaze,  
All's negative O Edward Carpenter!  
As 'twere thy dainty Chinaman near Paris  
making crude remarks—  
I'll jus liah hear like a nigger & moan my soul!  
Sixty telephone wires strung across poles,  
Hedges of spinach,  
hair combed,  
quite a bit of excitement coursing along city-edge  
plugged in to human ears  
Operators screaming at soldiers  
returned from Vietnam,  
murder marriage or orgasmic babe born  
bawling Daddy Come Home!  
Train stop, yellow capp'd workmen  
roar at the engine with waterhoses,  
I'll take a nap dream, last night  
Homer dog swallowed a furry mollusk—  
barking and gulping—the black sucker parasite  
ate belly & crawled up throat,  
pink mucous flesh bubble  
half-retched from dog chest  
I smoke too much I'll die lung cancer  
eyes closed sensory illusion dotted  
no-think moviescreens,  
worms'll grow eyeballs silently,  
mosquitoes will row in valley bay night—  
Sausalito, certainly had your big prick there—  
Yellow light laid over planet  
telegraph wires over consciousness  
every direction Knowing I am here,  
engine slowly throbbing uphill—  
  
Night darkling over Mojave desert,  
Yellow planet-light disappearing, mounds westward,  
Soldiers asleep, rocking away from the War.

Autolite headed toward disappearing sun.  
Pew! Pew! Pew! cry the children  
    pulling each other's arms,  
    What an earth to live on!  
Lights of the City, south,  
    brightening a piece of the night—  
and the diamond-green gleam an airfield light—  
    Hey! ya bit me, ya bit me,  
    hello Missus Fight!  
Green Green Green blinks the Diner sign  
    where truckmen roam  
    in darkness toward Barstow.  
Stars as when I was a child.  
    Mojave's firmament same Passaic's—  
This space capsule softer than trees  
    in chemical landscape  
    with electronic clicks.  
And is Heaven any different from where we are?  
How could it be better or worse?  
    Tho delicate chemical brain changes  
    Aethereal sensations  
    Muladhara sphincter up thru mind aura  
    Sahasrarapadma promise  
    another Universe—  
Whitman, Carpenter, Gavin Arthur, saying  
    We are leaves of the Tree,  
    saying  
    We are drops of water running to the ocean  
    thru the fish's mouth—  
And we shall stand in Flesh in Paradise  
    with the Virgin of the 19th Century—?

Borax, Borax, Borax,  
    Crystal lights upon a hill, faery castles  
    Might be in heaven, only Mojave—  
    Borax, Borax, Borax  
Borax the Dinosaur slounges thru  
    fronds under Pleiades—  
    Delicate filament of highway lights



the nerves between cities—  
Borax, Borax Borax Borax  
near Bel Mar desert Motel—

AUM

—my enemy machine chatterjabber mind  
making Borax Borax Borax Borax  
spinal column thought  
o'er turkeys, oil, wind, headlights—  
A child peeps thru glass moving night  
where red tail lights keep time  
to the Santa Fe train  
rolling over Crane's gloom.

Ho! a Crescent moon  
Mr. Cummings & Mr. Vinal both dead—

“Why you like beer as much as I do,”  
sd the old gal  
to a tableful of cans—  
“Lady, it's my life.”—  
Where the soldiers sat talkabout gotten their head busted off  
and there's a cherry in the gin & tonic  
an angel upside down playing with himself  
kneeling abed looks  
between legs into mirror  
to see the two spots where he sat so long studied Bible  
reddened each buttock—  
Cigarettes and alcohol,  
the Hundred&81st Airborne  
Hmm—They'd be better off puffin'  
a peaceful O pipe  
or sipping kif Sebsi in a café  
green fig trees  
blue Gibraltar Strait...

“The tricks are what makes business!

you got a college education, it ain't what you got  
it's what you do with yr. college education Son."  
And they're all actors.  
Waiting at Barstow the engine humming  
—"I wanna be an entertainer,  
I wanna be a comedy writer," he said—  
his hands once colored with Vietnamese blood.  
The engine humming—  
All others silent, lost in thought.  
And the soldier talked all about his troubles with his red hair.  
And how he took his girl home after 3 drinks  
when she squinted her eyes at him and said  
"I wanna go with yew,"  
and how he drove her to her house  
and said "I'm giving you a last chance"  
and how she leaned her head on his  
shoulder and said  
"Anywhere you're goin take me"  
and how he  
took off her pants  
and she said that he shd take off his pants  
and he wouldn't take off his pants  
and how they'd have some  
love play like everybody  
and then, he'd drive her home,  
but when he's out at a bar  
if anybody looks at his girl  
he looks 'em in the eye and snaps his finger & says  
whatter ya lookin like that fur—  
and out in a bar alone,  
anybody's fair game for his love.  
So I sat an I listened,  
and I brooded in my beard  
and saw he was ugly eyed  
though his voice beautiful Edward Carpenter.  
Now I'm lying here  
Cabinette in complete darkness  
Airfields passing by,  
Stars, a few dim white fixed friendly  
in blackness outside

the modern railroad window  
doubled to reflect  
passing gas—

“Matter-babble behind the ear” six years ago—  
Old poetry grows stale,  
forlorn, as always forlorn  
“Ah love is so sweet in the Springtime,”  
Jeanette MacDonald sang  
three decades ago—  
on marble balustrade in giant darkness  
downtown Paterson Fabian Theater balcony  
I wept, How soft flesh is—  
Watching boyish Ronald Reagan  
emote  
his shadow  
across the Thirties—  
Same black vastness  
pierced  
by emotion,  
melancholy toward the stars—  
Political planets whirling round the Sun,  
consciousness expansion,  
earth girdled by telegraph wires, Edward,  
they never dreamed of television then.

Railroad chugging thru yr thighs,  
clear your throat,  
lie there in the dark,  
cough with cancer  
close your eyes ...  
I didn't even dream, passing Tehachapi  
and woke, sleepy numb, reluctant  
to face my own language.  
But came back to it,  
tape machine  
passing Mojave,  
evening ease,

*Na-mu sa-man-da mo-to-nan o-ha-ra-chi ko-to-sha  
so-no-nan to-ji-to en gya-gya gya-ki gya-ki un-nun shi-fu-ra shi-fu-ra ha-  
ra-shi-fu-ra ha-ra-chi-fu-ra chi-shu-sa chi-chu-sa shu-shi-ri shu-shi-ri so-  
ha-ja so-ba-ja se-chi-gya shi-ri-ei so-mo-ko*

The universe is empty.

Click of train

eyes closed ... the long green courthouse building

“Like a monster with many eyes.”

On valley balcony overlooking Bay Bridge,  
a horse in leafy corral...

600 Cong Death Toll this week

language language

escalating

“and the honor & the glory will go to him who speaks  
with the voice of a man of feeling,” said Walter Lippmann

face creased w/ wrinkles,

Bakersfield Gazette.

Wear beads, live

in small polkadot tent, tasseled rooftop

in Bixby’s Canyon middle

peaceful Ashram

“It’s mine, it’s mine, I don’t want anybody else own  
my piece of land private special from Police”

... I must be criminal, mind

wanders

nailing down roof boards—

tell him I stopped at the bar.

No time No time Sam Lewis—

Oh—No time Carolyn,

No time now, Neal.

Do you love me?

No, I’m an awkward jerk that’s been around yr neck for  
so long you got used to it & kinda fond.

The salesman’s eyes close,

he stands his jacket off

tie hanging down white shirt

You run ’em a merry chase, Son?

Open your eyes and stars  
are back where they were.  
And Dr. Louria committed suicide,  
accused of abortion,  
that sensitive man.  
Well gimme yr piece of perspective  
for use in the slotmachine marketplace future—

You hafta get permission down in  
Freehold New Jersey to see Tibetan Monks.  
You hafta get permission.  
The magic formula's printed on the back of yr chair Lady,  
yr going to be the most important illuminator  
since Dr. Johnson?  
And Huncke suffers rejection,  
contrariety of others.  
“Reform U.S. Government stinks detail,”  
like, congratulations Whitey, you'll go far  
in yr black Maria, right?  
A public meeting in my head,  
way back on River Street.



Morning, crossing New Mexico border  
massive cliff waves  
in mid-earth America—A blessing  
these sandstone organpipes under the shimmer-  
ing consciousness of LSD.  
Defiance, Wingate, Red Cliffs, Thoreau,  
Indian Gallup ahead,  
ran by here with Peter in the white bus once  
level everywhere, fenced, flat  
to Texas horizon gray-fleeced with cloud haze,  
where Gemini men walked space that day—

And ninety-nine soldiers piled on the train at Amarillo—  
    Hadn't read the paper four weeks  
        training Air Force  
        Pneumohydraulics—  
Ninety-nine soldiers entering the train  
    and all so friendly  
    Only a month  
        hair clipped & insulted  
They weren't too sad,  
glad going to some electronics field near Chicago  
—Been taking courses in Propaganda,  
How not to believe what they were told  
    by the enemy,  
Young fellas that some of them had long hair  
    before they came to the heated camp  
    friendly, over hamburgers  
        Volunteered  
assignments behind the line of Great Machines  
    that drop Napalm,  
milking  
    the Calf of Gold.  
Three months from now  
    Vietnam, they said.

Walking the length of the train,  
Lounge Car with Time Magazine  
    Amarillo Globe, US News & World Report  
    Reader's Digest Coronet Universal Railroad Schedule,  
    everyone on the same track,  
    bound leatherette read on sofas,  
    America heartland passing flat  
    trees rising in night—  
Dining Car  
    negro waiters negro porters  
    negro sandwichmen negro bartenders white jacketed  
    kindly old big-assed Gents half bald,  
Going, sir, California to Chicago  
    feeding the Soldiers.  
Blue eyed children climbing chair backs

staring at my beard, gay.

A consensus around card table beer—

“It’s my country,  
better fight ’em over there than here,”  
afraid to say “No it’s crazy  
everybody’s insane—  
This country’s Wrong,  
the Universe, Illusion.”

Soldiers gathered round  
saying—“my country  
and they say I gotta fight,  
I have no choice,  
we’re in it too deep to pull out,  
if we lose,  
there’s no stopping the Chinese communists,  
We’re fightin the communists, aren’t we?  
Isn’t that what it’s about?”

Flatland,  
emptiness,  
ninety nine soldiers graduated Basic Training  
eating hamburgers—  
“you learn to eat fast  
you learn to be insulted without caring  
you gotta do what your country expects—”  
even the bright talkative orphan farm boy  
whose auto parts father wanted ’im to grow up military  
“almost et by a male hog up to his shoulders”  
4 hours punching at power steering tractor  
brakes front & hind foot  
giant insect specialized—

The whole populace fed by News  
few dissenting on this train, I the lone beard who don’t like  
Vietnam War—

Ninety nine airforce boys  
lined up with their pants down forever.

Five Persons Wounded Cleveland Riots  
Atlantic Next Stop for Jolly Space-men  
Bubonic Plague Suspected in Prairie Dogs  
U.S. Marine Offensive Operation Hastings  
Communist Dead Toll Rose Almost 1000  
Stratofortresses struck language language  
Communist language language infiltration  
    South of 17th Parallel  
“Psychedelic drugs no substitute for plain study  
    ... Technicolored Delusion,  
    Many report visits to Heaven  
        ... jumping the gun a bit”  
        George E. Turner said  
“Eat well, Animal” with a package of dog food  
    and as for Negroes  
“Work not rioting is Magic Formula”  
And Johnson reiterated too, “our desire to engage in  
    unconditional discussions”  
        to end the war  
“other side ... concession  
    ... not the slightest  
        indication”  
More manpower would be required he said  
    flatly.

John Steinbeck,  
    flaxenhaired Yevtushenko wrote yr phantom  
        End the War

“Unconditional negotiations” sd Johnson  
    “Anywhere anytime” sd Johnson in the last poem  
Yesterday Ky So. Vietnam sd  
    “Dissolve Vietcong  
        National Liberation Front—  
            and Peace”  
Kennedy sd  
    “Give V.C. Negotiation Chair”  
—irreconcilable positions, every year



United States proposes contradictions  
backed with bomb murder,  
backed with Propaganda—  
Soldiers on this train think they're fighting China  
Soldiers on this train think Ho Chi Minh's Chinese  
Soldiers on this train don't know where they're going  
John Steinbeck stop the war John Steinbeck stop  
the war John Steinbeck stop the war.

And the French Army surrounded Madrid,  
and the Spanish Army'd marched simultaneously surrounded Paris.  
Then they found out  
it was hopeless.  
Generals sent messages,  
Call off the attack!  
and the Armies rushed to a neutral place confronted  
& killed each other.  
They just wanted to fight,  
no question of Madrid or Paris, then.  
—& Johnson backed  
Saigon's latest conditions:  
N. Vietnam withdraw all aid,  
Dissolve Withdraw Viet Cong.  
These are conditions,  
contradicting Johnson's Unconditionals.  
These languages are gibberish.  
John Steinbeck thy language is gibberish,  
thou'st lost the language war,  
cantankerous phantom!  
Newspaper language ectoplasm fades—  
Everybody sneeze!

Lightning's blue glare fills Oklahoma plains,  
the train rolls east  
casting yellow shadow on grass  
Twenty years ago  
approaching Texas  
I saw

sheet lightning  
cover Heaven's corners  
Feed Storage Elevators in gray rain mist,  
checkerboard light over sky-roof  
same electric lightning South  
follows this train  
Apocalypse prophesied—  
the Fall of America  
signaled from Heaven—

Ninety nine soldiers in uniform paid by the Government  
to Believe—  
ninety nine soldiers escaping the draft for an Army job,  
ninety nine soldiers shaved  
with nowhere to go but where told,  
ninety nine soldiers seeing lightning flash  
a thousand years ago  
Ten thousand Chinese marching on the plains  
all turned their heads to Heaven at once to see the Moon.  
An old man catching fireflies on the porch at night  
watched the Herd Boy cross the Milky Way  
to meet the Weaving Girl...  
How can we war against that?  
How can we war against that?

Morning song, waking from dreams  
brown grass, city edge nettle  
wild green stinkweed trees  
by railroad thru niggertown, carlot, scrapheap  
auto slag bridge outskirts,  
muddy river's brown debris  
passing Eton Junction  
fine rainmist over green fields—

Trees standing upside down  
in lush earth approaching Mississippi  
green legs waving to clouds,

seed pods exposed to birds & rain  
bursting,  
tree heads drinking in the ground.  
Unfold stones like rag dolls & the Astral  
body stares with opal eyes,  
—all living things before my spectacles.

In the diner, the Lady  
 “These soldiers so nice, clean faces  
 and their hair combed so short—  
 Ugh its disgusting the others  
 —down to their shoulders & cowboy boots—”  
 aged husband spooning cantaloupe.

Too late, too late  
the Iron Horse hurrying to war,  
too late for laments  
too late for warning—  
I'm a stranger alone in my country again.  
Better to find a house in the veldt,  
better a finca in Brazil—  
Green corn here healthy under sky  
& telephone wires carry news as before,  
radio bulletins & television images  
build War—  
American Fighter Comic Books  
on coach seat.  
Better a house hidden in trees  
Mississippi bank  
high cliff protected from flood  
Better an acre down Big Sur  
morning path, ocean shining  
first day's blue world  
Better a farm in backland Oregon,  
roads near Glacier Peak  
Better withdraw from the Newspaper world  
Better withdraw from the electric world  
Better retire before war cuts my head off,

not like Kabir—  
Better to buy a Garden of Love  
Better protect the lamb in some valley  
Better go way from taxicab radio cities  
          screaming President,  
Better to stop smoking  
Better to stop jerking off in trains  
Better to stop seducing white bellied boys  
Better to stop publishing Prophecy—  
Better to meditate under a tree  
Better become a nun in the forest  
Better turn flapjacks in Omaha  
          than be a prophet on the electric Networks—  
There's nothing left for this country but doom  
There's nothing left for this country but death  
Their faces are so plain  
their thoughts so simple,  
          their machinery so strong—  
Their arms reach out 10,000 miles with lethal gas  
Their metaphor so mixed with machinery  
No one knows where flesh ends and  
          the robot Polaris begins—  
“Waves of United States jetplanes struck at North Vietnam  
again today in the face of...”  
Associated Press July 21st—  
A summer's day in Illinois!

Green corn silver watertowers  
under the viaduct windowless industry  
at track crossing white flowers,  
          American flowers,  
American dirt road, American rail,  
American Newspaper War—  
in Galesburg, in Galesburg  
grocery stove pipes and orange spikeflowers  
in backyard lots—TV antennae  
          spiderweb every poor house  
Under a smokestack with a broken lip  
magnetic cranes drop iron scrap like waterdrops.

Thirtytwo years ago today, the woman in the red  
dress outside the Biograph Theatre in Chicago  
didn't wanna be sent back to Rumania.  
Ambushed Dillinger fell dead on the sidewalk  
hit by 4 bullets  
FBI man Purvis quit in '35—  
Feb 29, 1960 he shot & killed himself in his home  
Army Colonel in World War II  
Breakfast Cereal Manufacturer.  
Dillinger's eyes and Melvin Purvis'—  
Dillinger grim, Purvis self-satisfied,  
Both died of bullets.

Football field, suburb streets, gray-sheeted clouds  
stretched out to the City ahead  
Myriad pylons, telegraph poles, a lavender boiler.  
Fulbright broadcast attacks war money  
Crushed stone mounds, earth eaten  
Henry Crown's & General Dynamics'  
dust rising from rubble  
Sawdust burners  
topped by black cloud—  
sulphurous yellow  
gas rising from red smokestacks  
Power stations netted  
with aluminum ladders and ceramic balls  
rusty scrapheaps' cranes  
stub chimneys puffing gray air  
Coalbarges' old Holland dusk in a canal,  
railroad tracks banded to the city  
watertowers' high legs walking the horizon  
The Chinese Foreign Minister makes his pronouncement,  
Thicker thicker metal  
lone bird above phonepole  
Thicker thicker smokestack wires  
Giant Aztec factories, red brick towers  
feeder-noses drooped to railyard  
"All human military activity" suspended  
says radio—

Campbell's soups a fortress here,  
giant can raised high over Chicago  
forest of bridge signs  
Church spires lifted gray  
hazy towers downtown  
a belfried cross beneath  
dynamo'd smoke-cathedrals,  
The train rolls slower  
past cement trucks'  
old cabs resting in produce flats  
over city streets, rumbling  
on a canal's green mirror  
past the blue paint factory,  
Thicker thicker the wires  
over cast iron buildings, black windows  
local bus passing viaduct stanchions  
a lone wino staggers down Industrial Thruway  
This nation at war  
sun yellowing gray clouds,  
beast trucks down the  
Garage's bowels—  
Bright steam  
muscular puffing from an old slue  
Meadowgold Butter besmeared with coal dust,  
creosote wood bulwarks  
Oiltank cars wait their old engine  
tracks curve into the city's heart  
windowed hulks downtown  
where YMCA beckons the homeless unloved,  
the groan of iron tons inching against  
whitened rail,  
giant train so slowly moved  
a man can touch the wheels.



II  
Bus outbound from Chicago Greyhound basement  
green neon beneath streets Route 94

Giant fire's orange tongues & black smoke  
pouring out that roof,  
little gay pie truck passing the wall—  
Brick & trees E. London, antique attics  
mixed with smokestacks  
Apartments apartments square windows set like Moscow  
apartments red brick for multimillion population  
out where industries raise craned necks  
Gas station lights, old old old old traveler  
“put a tiger in yr tank—”  
Fulbright sang on the Senate floor  
Against the President's Asian War  
Chicago's acrid fumes in the bus  
A-1 Outdoor Theatre  
'gainst horned factory horizon,  
tender steeples ringing Metropolis  
Thicker thicker, factories  
crowd iron cancer on the city's throat—  
Aethereal roses  
distant gas flares  
twin flue burning at horizon  
Night falling on the bus  
steady ear roar  
between Chicago and New York  
Wanderer, whither next?  
See Palenque dream again,  
long hair in America,  
cut it for Tehuantepec—  
Peter's golden locks grown gray,  
quiet meditation in Oaxaca's  
old backyard,  
Tonalá or Angel Port warm nights  
no telephone, the War  
rages North  
Police break down the Cross  
Crowds screaming in the streets—

on Pacific cliff-edge  
Sheri Martinelli's little house with combs and shells

Since February fear, she saw LSD  
Zodiac in earth grass, stood  
palm to cheek, scraped her toe  
looking aside, & said  
“Too disturbed to see you  
old friend w/ so much Power”  
—ten years later.

Yajalón valley, bougainvillea flares  
against the Mayor’s house—  
Jack you remember the afternoon  
Xochimilco with Fairies?  
Green paradise boats  
flower laden poled upriver  
Pulque in the poop  
stringed music in air—  
drunkenness, & happiness  
anonymous  
fellows without care from America—  
Now war moves my mind—  
Villahermosa full of purple flowers  
Merida hath cathedral & cheap hotels  
—boat to Isla Cosumel  
Julius can wander thru Fijijiapan  
forgetting his dog peso Nicotinic Acid—  
Bus seat’s white light shines on Mexico map,  
quietness, quietness over countryside  
palmfrond insects, cactus ganja  
& Washington’s Police 5 thousand miles away?  
Ray Charles singing from hospital  
“Let’s go get stoned.”

Durango-Mazatlán road’s built over  
Sierra Madre’s moon valleys now  
Children with quartz jewels climbing highway cliff-edge  
Jack you bought crystals & beer—  
Old houses in Panama City  
La Barranca gray canyon under Guadalajara,



Tepic for more candy.

I wanna go out in a car  
not leave word where I'm going—  
travel ahead.  
Or Himalayas in Spring  
following the pilgrim's path  
10,000 Hindus  
to Shiva temples North  
Rishikesh & Laxman Jula  
Homage to Shivananda,  
the Guru heart—  
thru green canyons, Ganges gorge—  
carrying a waterpot  
to Kedernath & Badrinath  
& Gangotri in the ice  
—Manasarovar forbidden,  
Kailash forbidden,  
the Chinese eat Tibet.

Howl for them that suffer broken bone  
homeless on moody balconies  
Jack's voice returning to me over & over  
with prophecy  
“Howl for boys sleeping hungry on tables in cafés with their long  
hair  
to the sea” in Hidalgo de Parral,  
Hermosillo & Tetuán—

The masses prepare for war  
*short haired mad executives*  
young flops from college  
yellow & pink flesh gone mad  
listening to radio news.

& Johnson was angry with Fulbright  
for criticizing his war.

And Hart Crane's myth and Whitman's—  
What'll happen to that?  
The Karma  
accumulated bombing Vietnam  
The Karma bodies napalm-burned  
Karma suspicion  
where machinery's smelt the heat of bodies trembling  
in the jungle  
The Karma of bullets in the back of the head by thatched walls  
The Karma of babies in their mothers' arms  
bawling destroyed  
The Karma of populations moved from center to center of  
Detention  
Karma of bribery, Karma blood-money  
Must come home to America,  
There must be a war  
America has builded herself a new body.

Peaceful young men in America get out of the Cities & go to  
the countryside & the trees—  
Bearded young men in America hide your hair & shave your  
beards & disappear  
The destroyers are out to destroy—  
Destroyers of Peking & Washington stare face to face  
& will hurl their Karma-bombs  
on the planet.  
Get thee to the land,  
leave the cities to be destroyed.

Only a miracle appearing in Man's eyes  
only boys' flesh singing  
can show the warless way—  
or miracle  
Radium destruction over Earth  
seed Planet with New Babe.

Brilliant green lights  
in factory transom windows.

Beautiful!  
as eyes close to sleep,  
beautiful as undersea sunshine  
or valleybottom fern.  
Why do I fear these lights?  
& smoking chimneys' Industry?  
Why see them less godly  
than forest tree trunks  
& sunset orange moons?  
Why these cranes less Edenly than Palmfronds?  
these highway neons unequal in beauty  
to violet starfish anemone & kelp  
in Point Lobos'  
tidepools' transparency?

It's these neon Standard Gastation  
cars of men whose faces are dough  
pockets full of 58 billion dollar  
abstract budget money—  
these green lights illuminate  
goggled eyes fixing blowtorches on metal wings  
flying off to war—

Because these electric structures rear tin machines  
that will kill Bolivian marchers  
or flagellate Vietnam adolescents' thighs—  
Because my countrymen make this structure to make War  
Because this smoke over Toledo's advertised in the Toledo *Blade*  
as energy burning to destroy China.

Baghavan Sri Ramana Maharshi  
in his photo has a fine white halo of hair,  
thin man with a small beard  
silver short-cropped skull-fur  
His head tilted to one side,  
mild smile, intelligent eyes  
"The Jivan-Mukta is not a Person."

Morning sunrise over Tussie Hills,  
earth covered with emerald-dark fur.  
Cliffs to climb, a little wilderness,  
a little solitude,  
and a long valley you could call a home.  
Came thru here with Peter before & noticed  
green forest,  
What a place to walk & look  
thru cellular consciousness  
—Near Nealyton or Dry Run  
Waterfall or Meadow Gap, or Willow Hill.  
Sunrays filtering thru clouds like a negative photograph,  
smoky bus window, passengers asleep  
over Susquehanna River's morning mist.  
Ike at Gettysburg found himself a nice spot—  
all these places millions of trees' work  
made green  
as millions of workmen's labor raised the buildings of NY,  
Corn here in fields, dollars in the fields of New York.  
Morning glow, hills east Harrisburg, bright  
highways, red factory smoke, fires burning  
upriver in garbage lots—  
Philadelphia *Inquirer*: "Perry County 113 acres  
of woodland, \$11,300. Ideal locations for  
cabins, quarters, township road, springs &  
roads on track, best of hunting, call 1-717 ..."  
—Dangerous to want possessions  
and for so short a time.  
Shoulda had it in 1945, or '53,  
Times Square & Mexico—  
In my twenties I would've enjoyed running around these  
green woods naked.  
In my twenties I would've enjoyed making love naked  
by these brooks.

Who's the enemy, year after year?  
War after war, who's the enemy?  
What's the weapon, battle after battle?  
What's the news, defeat after defeat?

What's the picture, decade after decade?  
Television shows blood,  
print broken arms burning skin photographs,  
wounded bodies revealed on the screen  
Cut Sound out of television you won't tell who's Victim  
Cut Language off the Visual you'll never know  
Who's Aggressor—  
cut commentary from Newscast  
you'll see a mass of madmen at murder.  
Chicago train soldiers chatted over beer  
They, too, vowed to fight the Cottenpickin Communists  
and give their own bodies to the fray.  
Where've they learnt the lesson? Grammarschool  
taught 'em Newspaper Language?  
D'they buy it at Safeway with Reader's Digest?

“Reducing the Unreal to Unreality, and causing the one  
real Self to shine, the Guru ...”  
1966 trains were crowded with soldiers.  
“... the Divine Eye, the eye that is pure Consciousness  
which has no visions. Nothing that is seen is real.”  
Passing tollgate,  
regatta of yachts on river hazed  
bend at Reading, giant smokestacks, watertowers  
feed elevators—

“Seeing objects and conceiving God in them are mental processes,  
but that is not seeing God, because He is within.

“Who am I? ... You're in truth a pure spirit but you identify it with  
a body ...”

The war is Appearances, this poetry Appearances  
... measured thru Newspapers  
All Phantoms of Sound  
All landscapes have become Phantom—  
giant New York ahead'll perish with my mind.  
“understand that the Self is not a Void”  
not this, not that,  
Not my anger, not War Vietnam

Maha Yoga a phantom  
Blue car swerves close to the bus  
—not the Self.  
Ramana Maharshi, whittle myself a walkingstick,  
waterspray irrigating the fields  
That's not the Self—  
hard-on spring in loins  
rocking in highway chair,  
poignant flesh spasm not it Self,  
body's speaking there,  
& feeling, that's not Self  
Who says No, says Yes—not Self.  
Phelps Dodge's giant white building  
highway side, not Self.  
Who? Who? both asleep & awake  
closes his eyes?  
Who opens his eyes to Sweden?  
You happy, Lady, writing yr  
checks on Howard Johnson's counter?  
Mind wanders. Sleep, cough & sweat...  
Mannahatta's  
tunnel-door cobbled for traffic,  
trucks into that mouth  
MAKE NO IMAGE  
Mohammedans say  
Jews have no painting  
Buddha's Nameless  
Alone is Alone,  
all screaming of soldiers  
crying on wars  
speech politics massing armies  
is false-feigning show—  
Calm senses, seek self, forget  
thine own adjurations  
Who are you?  
to mass world armies in planet war?  
McGraw-Hill building green grown old, car fumes &  
Manhattan tattered, summer heat,  
sweltering noon's odd patina  
on city walls,

Greyhound exhaust terminal,  
trip begun,  
taxi-honk toward East River where  
Peter waits working

*July 22–23, 1966*

## **City Midnight Junk Strains**

*for Frank O'Hara*

Switch on lights yellow as the sun  
in the bedroom ...  
The gaudy poet dead Frank O'Hara's bones  
under cemetery grass  
An emptiness at 8 P.M. in the Cedar Bar  
Throngs of drunken  
guys talking about paint  
& lofts, and Pennsylvania youth.  
Kline attacked by his heart  
& chattering Frank  
stopped forever—  
Faithful drunken adorers, mourn.  
The busfare's a nickel more  
past his old apartment 9th Street by the park.  
Delicate Peter loved his praise,  
I wait for the things he says  
about me—  
Did he think me an Angel  
as angel I am still talking into earth's microphone willy nilly  
—to come back as words ghostly hued  
by early death  
but written so bodied  
mature in another decade.  
Chatty prophet  
of yr own loves, personal  
memory feeling fellow  
Poet of building-glass  
I see you walking you said with your tie  
flopped over your shoulder in the wind down 5th Ave  
under the handsome breasted workmen

on their scaffolds ascending Time  
    & washing the windows of Life  
—off to a date with martinis & a blond  
    beloved poet far from home  
    —with thee and Thy sacred Metropolis  
in the enormous bliss of a long afternoon  
where death is the shadow  
    cast by Rockefeller Center  
    over your intimate street.  
Who were you, black suited, hurrying to meet,  
    Unsatisfied one?  
    Unmistakable,  
    Darling date  
for the charming solitary      young poet with a big cock  
    who could fuck you all night long  
    till you never came,  
    trying your torture on his obliging fond body  
eager to satisfy god's whim that made you  
    Innocent,      as you are.  
I tried      your boys and found them ready  
    sweet and amiable  
    collected gentlemen  
    with large sofa apartments  
lonesome to please      for pure language;  
and you mixed with money  
    because you knew enough language to be rich  
    if you wanted your walls to be empty—  
Deep philosophical terms dear Edwin Denby serious as Herbert Read  
    with silvery hair      announcing your dead gift  
to the grave crowd whose historic op art frisson was  
the new sculpture your big blue wounded body made in the Universe  
    when you went away to Fire Island for the weekend  
    tipsy with a family of decade-olden friends

Peter stares out the window      at robbers  
    the Lower East Side      distracted in Amphetamine  
I stare into my head & look for your / broken roman nose  
    your wet mouth-smell of martinis  
    & a big artistic tipsy kiss.



40's only half a life        to have filled  
    with so many fine parties and evenings'  
    interesting drinks together with one  
        faded friend or new  
        understanding social cat...  
I want to be there in your garden party in the clouds  
    all of us naked  
strumming our harps and reading each other new poetry  
    in the boring celestial  
    Friendship Committee Museum.  
You're in a bad mood?  
    Take an Aspirin.  
        In the Dumps?  
        I'm falling asleep  
            safe in your thoughtful arms.  
Someone uncontrolled by History would have to own Heaven,  
            on earth as it is.  
I hope you satisfied your childhood love  
    Your puberty fantasy        your sailor punishment on your knees  
            your mouth-suck  
Elegant insistency  
    on the honking self-prophetic Personal  
    as Curator of funny emotions to the mob,  
Trembling One, whenever possible. I see New York thru your eyes  
    and hear of one funeral a year nowadays—  
        from Billie Holiday's time  
        appreciated more and more  
a common ear  
        for our deep gossip.

*July 29, 1966*

## **A Vow**

I will haunt these States  
    with beard bald head  
    eyes staring out plane window,  
    hair hanging in Greyhound bus midnight  
leaning over taxicab seat to admonish  
    an angry cursing driver  
    hand lifted to calm

his outraged vehicle  
that I pass with the Green Light of common law.

Common Sense, Common law, common tenderness  
& common tranquillity  
our means in America to control the money munching  
war machine, bright lit industry  
everywhere digesting forests & excreting soft pyramids  
of newsprint, Redwood and Ponderosa patriarchs  
silent in Meditation murdered & regurgitated as smoke,  
sawdust, screaming ceilings of Soap Opera,  
thick dead Lives, slick Advertisements  
for Gubernatorial big guns  
burping Napalm on palm rice tropic greenery.

Dynamite in forests,  
boughs fly slow motion  
thunder down ravine,  
Helicopters roar over National Park, Mekong Swamp,  
Dynamite fire blasts thru Model Villages,  
Violence screams at Police, Mayors get mad over radio,  
Drop the Bomb on Niggers!  
drop Fire on the gook China  
Frankenstein Dragon  
waving its tail over Bayonne's domed Aluminum oil reservoir!

I'll haunt these States all year  
gazing bleakly out train windows, blue airfield  
red TV network on evening plains,  
decoding radar Provincial editorial paper message,  
deciphering Iron Pipe laborers' curses as  
clanging hammers they raise steamshovel claws  
over Puerto Rican agony lawyers' screams in slums.

*October 11, 1966*

**Autumn Gold: New England Fall**

*Auto Poetry to Hanover, New Hampshire*

Coughing in the Morning

Waking with a steam beast, city destroyed

Pile drivers pounding down in rubble,

Red smokestacks pouring chemical

into Manhattan's Nostrils ...

"All Aboard"

Rust colored cliffs bulking over superhighway

to New Haven,

Rouged with Autumn leaves, october smoke,

country liquor bells on the Radio—

Eat Meat and your a beast

Smoke Nicotine & your meat'll multiply

with tiny monsters of cancer,

Make Money & yr mind be lost in a million green papers,

—Smell burning rubber by the steamshovel—

Mammals with planetary vision & long noses,

riding a green small Volkswagen up three lane

concrete road

past the graveyard

dotted w/tiny american flags waved in breeze,

Washington Avenue:

Sampan's battling in waters off Mekong Delta

Cuban politicians in Moscow, analyzing China—

Yellow leaves in the wood,

Millions of redness,

gray skies over sandstone

outcroppings along the road—

cows by yellow corn,

wheel-whine on granite,

white houseroofs, Connecticut woods

hanging under clouds—

Autumn again, you wouldn't know in the city

Gotta come out in a car see the birds

flock by the yellow bush—

In Autumn, in autumn, this part of the planet's

famous for red leaves—

Difficult for Man on earth to 'scape the snares of delusion—

All wrong, the thought process screamed at

from Infancy,

The Self built with myriad thoughts

from football to I Am That I Am,  
Difficult to stop breathing factory smoke,  
Difficult to step out of clothes,  
    hard to forget the green parka—  
Trees scream & drop  
    bright Leaves,  
Yea Trees scream & drop bright leaves,  
Difficult to get out of bed in the morning  
    in the slums—  
Even sex happiness a long drawn-out scheme  
    To keep the mind moving—

Big gray truck rolling down highway  
to unload wares—  
Bony white branches of birch relieved of their burden  
—overpass, overpass, overpass  
crossing the road, more traffic  
between the cities,  
More sex carried near and far—  
Blinking tail lights  
To the Veterans hospital where we can all collapse,  
Forget Pleasure and Ambition,  
be tranquil and let leaves  
blush, turned on  
by the lightningbolt doctrine that rings  
telephones  
interrupting my pleasurable humiliating dream  
in the locker room  
last nite?—  
Weeping Willow, what's your catastrophe?  
Red Red oak, oh, what's your worry?  
Hairy Mammal whaddya want,  
What more than a little graveyard  
near the lake by airport road,  
Electric towers marching to Hartford,  
Buildingtops spiked in sky,  
asphalt factory cloverleafs spread over meadows  
Smoke thru wires, Connecticut River concrete wall'd  
past city central gastanks, glass boat bldgs,

downtown, ten blocks square,  
North, North on the highway, soon outa town,  
green fields.

The body's a big beast,

The mind gets confused:

I thought I was my body the last 4 years,  
and everytime I had a headache, God dealt me

Ace of Spades—

I thought I was mind-consciousness 10 yrs before that,  
and everytime I went to the Dentist the Kosmos disappeared,  
Now I don't know who I am—

I wake up in the morning surrounded

by meat and wires,

pile drivers crashing thru the bedroom floor,  
War images rayed thru Television apartments,  
Machine chaos on Earth,

Too many bodies, mouths bleeding on every Continent,  
my own wall plaster cracked,

What kind of prophecy

for this Nation

Of Autumn leaves,

for those children in High School, green

woolen jackets

chasing football up & down field—

North of Long Meadow, Massachusetts

Shafts of Sunlight

Thru yellow millions,

blue light thru clouds,

President Johnson in a plane toward Hawaii,

Fighter Escort above & below

air roaring—

Radiostatic electric crackle from the

center of communications:

I broadcast thru Time,

He, with all his wires & wireless,

only an Instant—

Up Main Street Northampton,  
houses gabled sunny afternoon,  
Ivy library porch—  
Big fat pants, workshirt filled w/leaves,  
painted pumpkinshead sitting Roof Corner,  
—or hanging from frontyard tree country road—  
Tape Machines, cigarettes, cinema, images,  
Two Billion Hamburgers, Cognitive Thought,  
Radiomusic, car itself,  
this thoughtful Poet—  
Interruption of brightly colored Autumn Afternoon,  
clouds passed away—  
Sky blue as a roadsign,  
but language intervenes.  
on route 9 going North—  
“Then Die, my verse” Mayakovsky yelled  
Die like the rusty cars  
piled up in the meadow—

Entering Whately,  
Senses amazed on the hills,  
bright vegetable populations  
hueing rocks nameless yellow,  
veils of bright Maya over New England,  
Veil of Autumn leaves laid over the Land,  
Transparent blue veil over senses,  
Language in the sky—  
And in the city, brick veils,  
curtains of windows,  
Wall Street’s stage drops,  
Honkytonk scenery—  
or slum-building wall scrawled  
“Bourgeois Elements must go”—

All the cows gathered to the feed truck in the middle of the pasture,  
shaking their tails, hungry for the yellow Fitten Ration  
that fills the belly  
and makes the eyes shine

& mouth go Mooooo.  
Then they lie down in the hollow green meadow to die—  
In old Deerfield, Indian Tribes & Quakers  
have come & tried  
To conquer Maya-Time—  
Thanksgiving pumpkins  
remain by the highway,  
signaling yearly Magic  
plump from the ground.  
Big leaves hang and hide the porch,  
& babies scatter by the red lights  
of the bridge at Greenfield.  
The green Eagle on a granite pillar—  
sign pointing route 2A The Mohawk Trail,  
Federal Street apothecary shop & graveyard thru which  
highschool athletes  
tramp this afternoon—  
Gold gold red gold yellow gold older than painted cities,  
Gold over Connecticut River cliffs  
Gold by Iron railroad,  
gold running down riverbank,  
Gold in eye, gold on hills,  
golden trees surrounding the barn—  
Silent tiny golden hills, Maya-Joy in Autumn  
Speeding 70 MPH.

October 17, 1966

### **Done, Finished with the Biggest Cock**

Done, finished, with the biggest cock you ever saw.  
3 A.M., living room filled with quiet yellow electric,  
curtains hanging on New York, one window lit  
in unfinished skyscraper.

Swami White Beard  
Being-Consciousness-Delight's photo's tacked  
to bookshelf filled with Cosmic Milarepa, Wm. Blake's  
*Prophetic Writings, Buddhist Logic & Hymn to the Goddess*,  
and many another toy volume of orient lore, poetry crap;  
Poe sober knew his white skull, tranquil Stein  
repeated one simple idea *Making Americans* on Space Age's

edge whiten thought to transparent Place. Peace!  
Done, finished with body cock desire, anger  
shouting at bus drivers, Presidents & Police.  
Gone to other shore, empty house, no lovers  
suffering under bedsheets, unconceived babies calm.  
Surge, a little abdomen warmth, the bus grinds  
cobble past red light, garbage trucks uplift iron  
buttocks, old meat gravy & tin cans sink to bottom  
in the Airfield. City edge woods wave branches  
in chill breeze darkness under Christmas moon.

*December 14, 1966*

### **Holy Ghost on the Nod over the Body of Bliss**

Is this the God of Gods, the one I heard about  
in memorized language Universities murmur?  
Dollar bills can buy it! the great substance  
exchanges itself freely through all the world's  
poetry money, past and future currencies  
issued & redeemed by the identical bank,  
electric monopoly after monopoly owl-eyed  
on every one of 90 billion dollarbills vibrating  
to the pyramid-top in the United States of Heaven—  
Aye aye Sir Owl Oh say can you see in the dark you  
observe Minerva nerveless in Nirvana because  
Zeus rides reindeer thru Bethlehem's blue sky.  
It's Buddha sits in Mary's belly waving Kuan  
Yin's white hand at the Yang-tze that Mao sees,  
tongue of Kali licking Krishna's soft blue lips.  
Chango holds Shiva's prick, Ouroboros eats th'cobalt bomb,  
Parvati on YOD's perfumèd knee cries Aum  
& Santa Barbara rejoices in the alleyways of Brindaban  
*La illaha el (lill) Allah hu—Allah Akbar!*  
Goliath struck down by kidneystone, Golgothas grow old,  
All these wonders are crowded in the Mind's Eye  
Superman & Batman race forward, Zarathustra on Coyote's ass,  
Lao-tze disappearing at the gate, God mocks God,  
Job sits bewildered that Ramakrishna is Satan  
and Bodhidharma forgot to bring Nothing.



December 1966

## Bayonne Turnpike to Tuscarora

Gray water tanks in gray mist,  
  gray robot  
towers carrying wires thru Bayonne's  
  smog, silver  
domes, green chinaworks steaming,  
Christmas's leftover lights hanging  
  from a smokestack—  
Monotone gray highway into the gray West—  
Noon hour, the planet smoke-covered  
Truck wheels roar forward  
    spinning past the garbagedump  
Gas smell wafting thru Rahway overpass  
oiltanks in frozen ponds, cranes' feederladders &  
    Electric generator trestles, Batteries open under heaven  
Anger in the heart—  
    hallucinations in the car cabin, rattling  
    bone ghosts left and right  
    by the car door—the broken camper icebox—  
On to Pennsylvania turnpike  
                                  Evergreens in Snow  
    Laundry hanging from the blue bungalow  
Mansfield and U Thant ask halt Bombing North Vietnam  
    State Department says "Tit For Tat."  
        Frank Sinatra with negro voice  
            enters a new phase—  
Flat on his face 50 years "I've been a beggar & a clown  
    a poet & a star, roll myself in July  
        up into a ball and die."  
                            Radio pumping  
    artificial rock & roll, Beach Boys  
& Sinatra's daughter overdubbed microphone  
    antennae'd car dashboard vibrating  
False emotions broadcast thru the Land  
Natural voices made synthetic,  
    phlegm obliterated  
Smart ones work with electronics—

What are the popular songs on the Hiway?  
“Home I’m Comin Home I am a Soldier—”  
    “The girl I left behind...  
I did the best job I could  
    Helping to keep our land free  
I am a soldier”  
    Lulled into War  
    thus commercial jabber Rock & Roll Announcers  
False False False  
    “Enjoy this meat—”  
    Weak A&P SuperRight ground round  
Factories building, airwaves pushing ...

Trees stretch up parallel into gray sky  
Yellow trucks roll down lane—  
    Hypnosis of airwaves  
In the house you can’t break it  
    unless you turn off yr set  
In the car it can drive yr eyes inward  
    from the snowy hill,  
    withdraw yr mind from the birch forest  
    make you forget the blue car in the ice,  
Drive yr mind down Supermarket aisles  
    looking for cans of Save-Your-Money  
    Polishing-Glue  
made of human bones manufactured in N. Vietnam  
    during a mustard gas hallucination:  
The Super-Hit sound of All American Radio.

Turnpike to Tuscarora  
    Snowfields, red lights blinking in the broken car  
Quiet hills’ genital hair black in Sunset  
Beautiful dusk over human tininess  
    Pennsylvanian intimacy,  
    approaching Tuscarora Tunnel  
Quiet moments off the road, Tussey Mountains’  
    snowfields untouched.  
A missile lost Unprogrammed

Twisting in flight to crash 100 miles  
south of Cuba into the  
Blue Carib!  
Diplomatic messages exchanged  
“Don’t Worry it’s only the Setting Sun—”  
(Western correspondents assembling in Hanoi)  
“perfect ball of orange in its cup of clouds”  
Dirty Snowbanks pushed aside from Asphalt thruway-edge—  
Uphill’s the little forests where the boyhoods grow  
their bare feet—

Night falling, “Jan 4 1967, The Vatican Announces Today  
No Jazz at the Altar!”

Maybe in Africa  
maybe in Asia they got funny music  
& strange dancing before the Lord  
But here in the West No More Jazz at the Altar,  
“It’s an alien custom—”  
Missa Luba crashing thru airwaves with Demonic Drums  
behind Kyrie Eleison—  
Millions of tiny silver Western crucifixes for sale  
in the Realms of King Baudouin—  
Color TV in this year—weekly  
the Pope sits in repose & slumbers to classical music  
in his purple hat—  
Gyalwa Karmapa sits in Rumtek Monastery, Sikkim  
& yearly shows his most remarkable woven Dakini-hair  
black Magic Hat  
Whose very sight is Total Salvation—  
Ten miles from Gangtok—take a look!

\* \* \* \*

Mary Garden dead in Aberdeen,  
Jack Ruby dead in Dallas—  
Sweet green incense in car cabin.  
(Dakini sleeping head bowed, hair braided  
over her Rudraksha beads

driving through Pennsylvania.  
Julius, bearded, hasn't eaten all day  
sitting forward, pursing his lips, calm.)  
Sleep, sweet Ruby, sleep in America, Sleep  
in Texas, sleep Jack from Chicago,  
Friend of the Mafia, friend of the cops  
friend of the dancing girls—  
Under the viaduct near the book depot  
Under the hospital Attacked by Motorcades,  
Under Nightclubs under all the  
groaning bodies of Dallas,  
under their angry mouths  
Sleep Jack Ruby, rest at last,  
bouquet'd with cancer.  
Ruby, Oswald, Kennedy gone  
New Years' 1967 come,  
Reynolds Metals up a Half  
Mary Garden, 92, sleeping tonite in Aberdeen.

Three trucks adorned with yellow lights crawl uproad  
under winter network-shade, bare trees, night fallen.  
Under Tuscarora Mountain, long tunnel,  
WBZ Boston coming thru—  
“Nobody needs icecream nobody *needs* pot nobody  
needs movies.”  
... “Public Discussion.”  
Is sexual Intercourse any Good? Can the kids handle it?  
out the Tunnel,  
The Boston Voice returning: “controlled circumstances ...”  
Into tunnel, static silence,  
Trucks roar by in carbon-mist,  
Anger falling asleep at the heart.  
White Rembrandt, the hills—  
Silver domed silo standing above house  
in the white reality place  
farm up the road,  
Mist Quiet on Woods,  
Silent Reality everywhere.  
Till the eye catches the billboards—

Howard Johnson's Silent Diamond Reality  
"makes the difference."

Student cannon fodder prepared for next Congress session  
Willow Hill, Willow hill, Cannon Fodder, Cannon fodder—  
And the Children of the Warmakers're exempt from fighting  
their parents' war—  
Those with intellectual money capacities who go to college  
till 1967—  
Slowly the radio war news  
steals o'er the senses—  
Negro photographs in Rochester  
ax murders in Cleveland,  
Anger at heart base  
all over the Nation—  
Husbands ready to murder their wives  
at the drop of a hat-statistic  
I could take an ax and split Peter's skull with pleasure—  
Great trucks crawl up road  
insect-lit with yellow bulbs outside Pittsburgh,  
"The Devil with Blue Dress" exudes over radio,  
car headlights gleam on motel signs in blackness,  
Satanic Selves covering nature  
spiked with trees.  
Crash of machineguns, ring of locusts, airplane roar,  
calliope yell, bzzzs.

*January 4, 1967*

### **An Open Window on Chicago**

Midwinter night,  
Clark & Halstead brushed with this week's snow  
grill lights blinking at the corner  
decades ago  
Smokestack poked above roofs & watertower  
standing still above the blue  
lamped boulevards,  
sky blacker than th' east  
for all the steel smoke  
settled in heaven from South.  
Downtown—like Batman's Gotham City

battleshipped with Lights,  
towers winking under clouds,  
police cars blinking on Avenues,  
space above city misted w/fine soot  
cars crawling past redlites down Avenue,  
exuding white wintersmoke—  
Eat Eat said the sign, so I went in the Spanish Diner  
The girl at the counter, whose yellow Bouffant roots  
grew black over her pinch'd face,  
spooned her coffee with knuckles  
puncture-marked,  
whose midnight wrists had needletracks,  
scars inside her arms:  
“Wanna go get a Hotel Room with me?”  
The Heroin Whore  
thirty years ago come haunting Chicago's midnite streets,  
me come here so late with my beard!

Corner Grill-lights blink, police car turned  
& took away its load of bum to jail,  
black uniforms patrolling streets  
where suffering  
lifts a hand palsied by Parkinson's Disease  
to beg a cigarette.

The psychiatrist came visiting this Hotel 12th floor—  
Where does the Anger come from?  
Outside! Radio messages, images on Television,  
Electric Networks spread  
fear of murder on the streets—  
“Communications Media”  
inflict the Vietnam War & its anxiety on every private skin  
in hotel room or bus—  
Sitting, meditating quietly on Great Space outside—  
Bleep Bleep dit dat dit radio on, Television  
murmuring,  
bombshells crash on flesh  
his flesh my flesh all the same.—

The Dakini in the hotel room turns in her sleep  
while War news flashes thru Aether—  
Shouts at streetcorners as bums  
crawl in the metal policevan.  
And there's a tiny church in middle Chicago  
with its black spike to the black air  
And there's the new Utensil Towers round on horizon.  
And there's red glow of Central Neon  
on hushed building walls at 4 A.M.,  
And there's proud Lights & Towers of Man's Central City  
looking pathetic at 4 A.M., traveler passing through,  
staring outa hotel window under Heaven—  
Is this tiny city the best we can do?  
These tiny reptilian towers  
so proud of their Executives  
they haveta build a big sign in middle downtown  
to Advertise  
old Connor's Insurance sign fading on brick  
building side—  
Snow on deserted roofs & parkinglots—  
Hog Butcher to the World!?  
Taxi-Harmonious Modernity grown rusty-old—  
The prettiness of Existence! To sit at the window  
& moan over Chicago's stone & brick  
lifting itself vertical tenderly,  
hanging from the sky.

Elbow on windowsill,  
I lean and muse, taller than any building here  
Steam from my head  
wafting into the smog  
Elevators running up & down my leg  
Couples copulating in hotelroom beds in my belly  
& bearing children in my heart,  
Eyes shining like warning-tower Lights,  
Hair hanging down like a black cloud—  
Close your eyes on Chicago and be God,  
all Chicago is, is what you see—  
That row of lights Finance Building

sleeping on its bottom floors,  
Watchman stirring  
paper coffee cups by bronzed glass doors—  
and under the bridge, brown water  
floats great turds of ice beside buildings' feet  
in windy metropolis  
waiting for a Bomb.

*January 8, 1967*

### **Returning North of Vortex**

Red Guards battling country workers  
in Nanking  
Ho-Tei trembles,  
Mao's death near,  
Snow over Iowa  
cornstalks on icy hills,  
bus wheels murmuring in afternoon brilliance toward Council Bluffs  
hogs in sunlight, dead rabbits on asphalt  
Booneville passed, Crane quiet,  
highway empty—silence as  
house doors open, food on table,  
nobody home—  
sign thru windshield  
100 Miles More to the Missouri.  
How toy-like Pall Mall's red embossed pack  
cellophane gleaming in sunshine,  
Indian-head stamped crown crested,  
shewing its dry leaf of history to my eye  
now that I no longer reach my hand to the ashtray  
nor since Xmas have lit a smoke.  
One puff I remember the 18 year joy-musk of manhood  
that curled thru my nostrils first time I kissed  
another human body—  
that time with Joe Army, he seduced me  
into smoking—  
I'll give Swami a present like Santa Claus—  
no attachment—  
No meat nor tabaccy—even sex questionable  
Now in America craving its billions



of needles of War.

Detach yrself from Matter, & look about  
at the bright snowy show of Iowa,  
Earth & heaven mirroring  
eachother's light,  
tiny meat-trucks rolling downhill  
toward deep Omaha.

This is History, to quit smoking Anger-leaf  
into one man's lungs,  
glancing up at gravestone rows  
in hill woods thru rear window.

This is History: Iowa's Finest Comics:  
Sunday, Rex Morgan M.D. in snowstorm,  
Mustachio'd villain cruel eyed  
with long European hair  
doubletalking the Doc  
*"Meanwhile, under the influence of LSD  
Veronica races through the fields  
in an acute panic"—*  
Author Dal Curtis

In a violet box her big tits fall on snowy ground.  
Gray ice floating down Missouri, sunset into Omaha  
Bishop's Buffets, German Chocolate, wall to wall carpet  
Om A Hah, Om Ah Hūm  
*"The land summoned them and they loved it"* cut in granite  
Post Office lintel, Walt Disney  
playing at State, week after his death.  
Table service, fireplace, armchairs,  
homeostasis in Omaha.

Steve Canyon Comics in Color:  
U.S. Military Seabees chopper  
operation dropping bridges  
over the "Lake of the Black Wind"  
Princess Snowflower will  
*"speak over the bullhorn to the*

herdsmen—  
So they won't think it's a Chincom trick."  
Ten-year-olds in Sunday  
morning sunlight on the rug  
dreaming of slack-cheekboned blond  
big cocked Steve Canyon  
fucking the yellow bellies  
tied face down naked on the floor of the lone helicopter  
And on Sunday Evening the Reverend Preacher  
C. O. Staggerflap—  
America's Hope  
POB 72 Hopkins Minnesota  
Isaiah denouncing the root of Evil to the Nation  
14 billion 200 million a year to the Debt Money System,  
Rolling back darkness in Nebraska—  
Shanghai water power cut off by Mao's enemies  
I am a Rock, I am an Island radio souls cry  
passing north of Lincoln's tiny bright downtown horizon;  
Square banks huddled under Capitol turret blinking red,  
electric tower steam-drifts  
ribboned across building tops  
under city's ruby night-glow—  
Let the Viet Cong win over the American Army!  
Dice of Prophecy cast on the giant plains!  
Drum march on airwaves, anger march in the mouth,  
Xylophones & trumpets screaming thru American brain—  
Our violence unabated after a year  
in mid-America returned, I prophesy against  
this my own Nation  
enraptured in hypnotic war.  
And if it were my wish, we'd lose & our will  
be broken  
& our armies scattered as we've scattered the airy guerrillas  
of our own yellow imagination.  
Mothers weep & Sons be dumb  
your brothers & children murder  
the beautiful yellow bodies of Indochina  
in dreams invented for your eyes by TV  
all yr talk gibberish mouthed by radio,  
yr politics mapped by paper Star

Thought Consciousness

Form Feeling Sensation Imagination the  
5 skandhas, realms of Buddha  
Invaded by electronic media KLYL  
News Bureau  
& yr trapped in red winking Kansas  
one giant delicate electrical antenna upraised  
in midwinter Nebraska plains blackness  
January 1967  
I hope we lose this war.

Lincoln airforce Base, Ruby, Gochner  
US 80 near Big Blue River,  
The radio Bibl'd Hour, Dallas Texas  
a great nose pushed out of the dashboard  
demanding Your Faith Pledge!  
Money your dollars support  
The Radio Bible Hour.  
You pledge to God to send  
100 or 10 or 2 or \$1 a month to the  
Radio Bible Hour—  
The electric network selling itself:  
“The medium is the message”  
Even so, Come, Lord Jesus!  
Straight thru Nebraska at Midnight  
toward North Platte & Ogallala  
returning down black superhighways to Denver.

*January 8, 1967*

## **Wales Visitation**

White fog lifting & falling on mountain-brow  
Trees moving in rivers of wind  
The clouds arise  
as on a wave, gigantic eddy lifting mist  
above teeming ferns exquisitely swayed  
along a green crag  
glimpsed thru mullioned glass in valley raine—

Bardic, O Self, Visitacione, tell naught  
but what seen by one man in a vale in Albion,  
of the folk, whose physical sciences end in Ecology,  
the wisdom of earthly relations,  
of mouths & eyes interknit ten centuries visible  
orchards of mind language manifest human,  
of the satanic thistle that raises its horned symmetry  
flowering above sister grass-daisies' pink tiny  
bloomlets angelic as lightbulbs—

Remember 160 miles from London's symmetrical thorned tower  
& network of TV pictures flashing bearded your Self  
the lambs on the tree-nooked hillside this day bleating  
heard in Blake's old ear, & the silent thought of Wordsworth in eld  
Stillness  
clouds passing through skeleton arches of Tintern Abbey—  
Bard Nameless as the Vast, babble to Vastness!

All the Valley quivered, one extended motion, wind  
undulating on mossy hills  
a giant wash that sank white fog delicately down red runnels  
on the mountainside  
whose leaf-branch tendrils moved asway  
in granitic undertow down—  
and lifted the floating Nebulous upward, and lifted the arms of the  
trees  
and lifted the grasses an instant in balance  
and lifted the lambs to hold still  
and lifted the green of the hill, in one solemn wave

A solid mass of Heaven, mist-infused, ebbs thru the vale,  
a wavelet of Immensity, lapping gigantic through Llanthony  
Valley,  
the length of all England, valley upon valley under Heaven's ocean  
tonned with cloud-hang,  
—Heaven balanced on a grassblade.  
Roar of the mountain wind slow, sigh of the body,  
One Being on the mountainside stirring gently

Exquisite scales trembling everywhere in balance,  
one motion thru the cloudy sky-floor shifting on the million feet of  
daisies,  
one Majesty the motion that stirred wet grass quivering  
to the farthest tendril of white fog poured down  
through shivering flowers on the mountain's head—

No imperfection in the budded mountain,  
 Valleys breathe, heaven and earth move together,  
 daisies push inches of yellow air, vegetables tremble,  
 grass shimmers green  
 sheep speckle the mountainside, revolving their jaws with empty eyes,  
 horses dance in the warm rain,  
 tree-lined canals network live farmland,  
 blueberries fringe stone walls on hawthorn'd hills,  
 pheasants croak on meadows haired with fern—

Out, out on the hillside, into the ocean sound, into delicate gusts of wet

air,  
Fall on the ground, O great Wetness, O Mother, No harm on your  
body!

Stare close, no imperfection in the grass,  
each flower Buddha-eye, repeating the story,  
myriad-formed—

Kneel before the foxglove raising green buds, mauve bells drooped  
doubled down the stem trembling antennae,  
& look in the eyes of the branded lambs that stare  
breathing stockstill under dripping hawthorn—

I lay down mixing my beard with the wet hair of the mountainside,  
smelling the brown vagina-moist ground, harmless,  
tasting the violet thistle-hair, sweetness—

One being so balanced, so vast, that its softest breath  
 moves every floweret in the stillness on the valley floor,  
 trembles lamb-hair hung gossamer rain-beaded in the grass,  
 lifts trees on their roots, birds in the great draught  
 hiding their strength in the rain, bearing same weight,

Groan thru breast and neck, a great Oh! to earth heart  
    Calling our Presence together  
The great secret is no secret  
    Senses fit the winds,  
        Visible is visible,  
rain-mist curtains wave through the bearded vale,  
    gray atoms wet the wind's kabbala  
Crosslegged on a rock in dusk rain,  
    rubber booted in soft grass, mind moveless,  
breath trembles in white daisies by the roadside,  
    Heaven breath and my own symmetric  
Airs wavering thru antlered green fern  
drawn in my navel, same breath as breathes thru Capel-Y-Ffn,  
    Sounds of Aleph and Aum  
        through forests of gristle,  
my skull and Lord Hereford's Knob equal,  
    All Albion one.

What did I notice? Particulars! The  
    vision of the great One is myriad—  
smoke curls upward from ashtray,  
    house fire burned low,  
The night, still wet & moody black heaven  
    starless  
upward in motion with wet wind.

*July 29, 1967 (LSD)—August 3, 1967 (London)*

## **Pentagon Exorcism**

*"No taxation without representation"*

Who represents my body in Pentagon? Who spends  
my spirit's billions for war manufacture? Who  
levies the majority to exult unwilling in Bomb  
Roar? *"Brainwash!"* Mind-fear! Governor's language!  
*"Military-Industrial-Complex!"* President's language!  
Corporate voices jabber on electric networks building  
body-pain, chemical ataxia, physical slavery

to diaphanoid Chinese Cosmic-eye Military Tyranny  
movie hysteria—Pay my taxes? No *Westmoreland* wants  
to be Devil, others die for his General Power  
sustaining hurt millions in house security  
tuning to images on TV's separate universe where  
peasant manhoods burn in black & white forest  
villages—represented less than myself by Magic  
Intelligence influence matter-scientists' *Rockefeller*  
bank telephone war investment Usury Agency  
executives jetting from *McDonnell Douglas* to *General Dynamics*  
over smog-shrouded metal-noised treeless cities  
patrolled by radio fear with tear gas, businessman!  
Go spend your bright billions for this suffering!  
Pentagon wake from planet-sleep! Apokatastasis!  
Spirit Spirit Dance Dance Spirit Spirit Dance!  
Transform Pentagon skeleton to maiden-temple O Phantom  
Guevara! Om Raksa Raksa Hu? Hu? Hu? Phat Svaha!  
Anger Control your Self feared Chaos, suffocation  
body-death in Capitols caved with stone radar sentinels!  
Back! Back! Back! Central Mind-machine Pentagon reverse  
consciousness! Hallucination manifest! A million Americas  
gaze out of man-spirit's naked Pentacle! Magnanimous  
reaction to signal Peking, isolate Space-beings!

*Milan, September 29, 1967*

## Elegy Che Guevara

European Trib. boy's face photo'd eyes opened,  
    young feminine beardless radiant kid  
    lain back smiling looking upward  
Calm as if ladies' lips were kissing invisible parts of the body  
Aged reposeful angelic boy corpse,  
    perceptive Argentine Doctor, petulant Cuba Major  
    pipe mouth'd & faithfully keeping Diary  
    in mosquitos Amazonas  
Sleep on a hill, dull Havana Throne renounced  
More sexy your neck than sad aging necks of Johnson  
    De Gaulle, Kosygin,  
    or the bullet pierced neck of John Kennedy  
Eyes more intelligent glanced up to death newspapers  
    than worried living Congress Cameras passing  
    dot screens into TV shade, glass-eyed  
    McNamara, Dulles in old life ...

Women in bowler hats sitting in mud outskirts 11,000 feet up in  
Heaven  
    with a headache in La Paz  
    selling black potatoes brought down from earth roof'd huts  
    on mountain-lipped Puno  
    would've adored your desire and kissed your Visage new Christ  
They'll raise up a red-bulb-eyed war-mask's  
    white tusks to scare soldier-ghosts  
    who shot thru your lungs

Incredible! one boy turned aside from operating room  
    or healing Pampas yellow eye  
    To face the stock rooms of Alcoa, Myriad Murderous  
    Board Directors of United Fruit  
Smog-Manufacturing Trustees of Chicago U  
    Lawyer Phantoms ranged back to dead  
    John Foster Dulles' Sullivan and Cromwell lawfirm  
    Acheson's mustache, Truman's bony hat  
To go mad and hide in jungle on mule & point rifle at OAS



at Rusk's egoic Courtesies, the metal deployments of Pentagon  
derring-do Admen and dumbled intellectuals  
from *Time* to the CIA  
One boy against the Stock Market all Wall Street ascream  
since Norris wrote *The Pit*  
afraid of free dollars showering from the Observers' Balcony  
scattered by laughing younger brothers,  
Against the Tin Company, against Wire Services,  
against infrared sensor Telepath Capitalism's  
money-crazed scientists  
against College boy millions watching Wichita Family Den TV

One radiant face driven mad with a rifle  
Confronting the electric networks.

*Venice, November 1967*

## **War Profit Litany**

*To Ezra Pound*

These are the names of the companies that have made money from  
this war  
nineteenhundredsixtyeight Annodomini fourthousandeighty Hebraic  
These Corporations have profited by merchandising skinburning  
phosphorus or shells fragmented to thousands of fleshpiercing  
needles  
and here listed money millions gained by each combine for  
manufacture  
and here are gains numbered, index'd swelling a decade, set in order,  
here named the Fathers in office in these industries, telephones  
directing finance,  
names of directors, makers of fates, and the names of the stockholders  
of these destined Aggregates,  
and here are the names of their ambassadors to the Capital,  
representatives to legislature, those who sit drinking in hotel  
lobbies to persuade,  
and separate listed, those who drop Amphetamines with military,

gossip, argue, and persuade  
suggesting policy naming language proposing strategy, this done for  
fee as ambassadors to Pentagon, consultants to military, paid by  
their industry:  
and these are the names of the generals & captains military, who now  
thus work for war goods manufacturers;  
and above these, listed, the names of the banks, combines, investment  
trusts that control these industries:  
and these are the names of the newspapers owned by these banks  
and these are the names of the airstations owned by these combines;  
and these are the numbers of thousands of citizens employed by these  
businesses named;  
and the beginning of this accounting is 1958 and the end 1968, that  
statistic be contained in orderly mind, coherent & definite,  
and the first form of this litany begun first day December 1967  
furthers this poem of these States.

*December 1, 1967*

*Elegies for Neal Cassady*  
*(1968)*

*Elegy for Neal Cassady*

OK Neal  
aethereal Spirit  
bright as moving air  
blue as city dawn  
happy as light released by the Day  
over the city's new buildings—

Maya's Giant bricks rise rebuilt  
in Lower East Side  
windows shine in milky smog.  
Appearance unnecessary now.

Peter sleeps alone next room, sad.  
Are you reincarnate? Can ya hear me talkin?

If anyone had strength to hear the invisible,  
And drive thru Maya Wall  
you *had* it—

What're you now, Spirit?  
That were spirit in body—

The body's cremate

by Railroad track  
San Miguel Allende Desert,  
outside town,  
Spirit become spirit,  
or robot reduced to Ashes.

Tender Spirit, thank you for touching me with tender hands  
When you were young, in a beautiful body,  
Such a pure touch it was Hope beyond Maya-meat,  
What you are now,  
Impersonal, tender—

you showed me your muscle/warmth/over twenty years ago  
when I lay trembling at your breast

put your arm around my neck,  
—we stood together in a bare room on 103d St.

Listening to a wooden Radio,  
with our eyes closed

Eternal redness of Shabda  
lamped in our brains

at Illinois Jacquet's Saxophone Shuddering,  
prophetic Honk of Louis Jordan,  
Honeydrippers, Open The Door Richard  
To Christ's Apocalypse—

The buildings're insubstantial—  
That's my New York Vision

outside eastern apartment offices  
where telephone rang last night  
and stranger's friendly Denver Voice  
asked me, had I heard the news from the West?

Some gathering Bust, Eugene Oregon or Hollywood Impends  
I had premonition.

“No” I said—“been away all week,”  
“you havent heard the News from the West,  
Neal Cassady is dead—”  
Peter’s dove-voic’d Oh! on the other line, listening.

Your picture stares cheerful, tearful, strain’d,  
a candle burns,  
green stick incense by household gods.

Military Tyranny overtakes Universities, your Prophecy  
approaching its kindest sense brings us  
Down  
to the Great Year’s awakening.

Kesey’s in Oregon writing novel language  
family farm alone.

Hadja no more to do? Was your work all done?  
Had ya seen your first son?  
Why’dja leave us all here?  
Has the battle been won?

I’m a phantom skeleton with teeth, skull  
resting on a pillow  
calling your spirit  
god echo consciousness, murmuring  
sadly to myself.

Lament in dawnlight’s not needed,  
the world is released,  
desire fulfilled, your history over,  
story told, Karma resolved,  
prayers completed  
vision manifest, new consciousness fulfilled,  
spirit returned in a circle,  
world left standing empty, buses roaring through streets—  
garbage scattered on pavements galore—  
Grandeur solidified, phantom-familiar fate

returned to Auto-dawn,  
your destiny fallen on RR track  
My body breathes easy,  
I lie alone,  
living  
After friendship fades from flesh forms—  
heavy happiness hangs in heart,  
I could talk to you forever,  
The pleasure inexhaustible,  
discourse of spirit to spirit,  
O Spirit.

Sir spirit, forgive me my sins,  
Sir spirit give me your blessing again,  
Sir Spirit forgive my phantom body's demands,  
Sir Spirit thanks for your kindness past,  
Sir Spirit in Heaven, What difference was yr mortal form,  
What further this great show of Space?

Speedy passions generations of  
Question? agonic Texas Nightrides?  
psychedelic bus hejira-jazz,  
Green auto poetries, inspired roads?  
Sad, Jack in Lowell saw the phantom most—  
lonelier than all, except your noble Self.  
Sir Spirit, an' I drift alone:  
Oh deep sigh.

*February 10, 1968, 5–5:30 A.M.*

### **Chicago to Salt Lake by Air**

If Hanson Baldwin got a bullet in his brain, outrage?  
If President Johnson got a bullet in his brain, fast Karma?  
If *Reader's Digest* got a bullet in its brain would it be smarter?  
March '68, P. 54 "Report from Vietnam, The foe is Hurting"  
... "The dismal picture of 1965, when I previously visited Vietnam,  
has been reversed: The Allies are winning, and the enemy is being

hurt,”

wrote “*The distinguished military Editor of the New York Times*”

The Dinosaur moves slowly over Chicago.

Arrived on United Airlines just in time all wrong.

Anger in the back of the plane cabin, anger at *Reader’s Digest*

Hanson Baldwin’s “Allies”? Hanson Baldwin’s “The  
Enemy”?

Arguing with a schizophrenic is hopeless. A bullet in the brain.

Mr. Baldwin suggests more bullets in the brain to solve his Vietnam  
Problem.

Hanson Baldwin is a Military Ass-Kisser.

Dead Neal was born in Salt Lake, & Jim Fitzpatrick’s dead.

Flowers die, & flowers rise red petaled on the field.

Anger, red petal’d flower in my body

Detroit’s lake from a mile above chemical muddy,

streams of gray waste fogging the surface to the center,

more than half the lake discolored metallic—

Cancerous reproductions the house flats rows of bee boxes, DNA  
Molecular Patterns

microscopic reticulations topt w/Television Antennae

and the horizon edged with gray gas clouds from East to West  
unmoved by wind.

They fucked up the planet! Hanson Baldwin Fucked up the Planet all  
by himself,

emitted a long Military gas cloud Dec 26 27 28 1967 in *NY Times*.

“Purely military considerations” he told TV—

Till Gov. LaSalle sd/ the Prexy cdnt be peaceful till election time,  
as Baldwin nodded agree.

A bunch of fat & thin Schizophrenics running the planet  
thoughtwaves. Shit, Violence, bullets in the brain Unavailing.

We're in it too deep to pull out.

Waiting for an orgasm, Mr. Baldwin?

Yes, waiting for an orgasm that's all.

Give 'em all the orgasms they want.

Give 'em orgasms, give Hanson Baldwin his lost orgasms.

Give *NY Times*, give *Reader's Digest* their old orgasms back.

It's a gold crisis! not enuf orgasms to go round

"I take care of other people's business" said th' old man sleeping next  
seat,

Wallets & pens in his inside pocket green tie black suit boots,

"Ever since the world began Gold is the measure of Solidarity."

Golden light over Iowa, silver cloud floor, sky roof blue deep

rayed by Western Sun set brightness from the center of the Solar  
System.

Neal born in Salt Lake. Died in San Miguel, met in Denver loved in  
Denver—

"Down in Denver/down in Denver/all I did was die."

*J. Kerouac, '48*

Airplanes, a pain in the neck. Thru Heaven, a heavy roar,

vaportrails to the sun moving behind Utah's valley wall.

Give Heaven orgasms, give Krishna all your orgasms, give yr orgasms  
to the clouds. Great Salt Lake!

Fitzpatrick sobbed a lot in New York & Utah, his nervous frame  
racked with red eyed pain.

Farewell Sir Jim, in shiny heaven, bodiless as Neal's bodiless ...

Brainwash cried Romney, the Governor of Pollution,

Michigan's Lakes covered w/green slime

— “The people now see thru the Administration’s continuous brainwashing.”

*Chi Trib* Mar 16 '68 AP dispatch

Mind is fragments ... whatever you can remember from last year’s *Time Magazine*, this years sunset or gray cloudmass over Nebraska, Leroi Jones’ deep scar brown skin at left temple hairline ...

... Don McNeil emerging from Grand Central w/6 stitches in Forehead pushed thru plateglass by police, his presscard bloodied.

Deeper into gray clouds, there must be invisible farms, invisible farmers walking up and down rolling cloud-hills.

“A hole in its head” ... another World, America, Vietnam.

The Martians have holes in their head, like Moore’s statuary.

& if Dolphin-like Saturnian tongues are invisible & their ecstatic language irrelevant to the Gold Supply

We’ll murder ’em like 100,000,000 Bison—

Do the Buffalo Dance in the Jetplane over Nebraska! Bring back the Gay ’90s.

*Gobble gobble* sd/ Sanders

& Turkeys’ hormone-white-meat drumsticks poison the glands of suburban kiddies Thanksgiving.

On their bicycles w/ poison glands & DDT livers, hallucinating Tiny Vietnams on TV.

Clouds rifts, Gold orgasms in the West,

Nebraska’s Steppes herding broken cloud-flocks—

Sun at plane’s nose, izzat the Missouri breaking the plains apart?  
Council Bluffs & Great Platte gone?

Oh Rockies already? Snow in granite cracks & gray crags.

Hanson Baldwin covered w/ Snowflakes.

Red oxide in air & earth, sunset flowers in clouds, Anger in the Heart,  
“Croakers & doubters” ... Napalm & Mace: Dogs!

Earth ripples, river snakes, iron horse tracks, car paths thin

—Wasatch peak snows, north crags’ springtime white wall over



desert-lake brightness—  
Salt Lake streets at dusk flowing w/ electric gold. Beautiful Million  
winking lights!  
Neal was born in Paradise!

*March 30, 1968*

### **Kiss Ass**

Kissass is the Part of Peace  
America will have to Kissass Mother Earth  
Whites have to Kissass Blacks, for Peace & Pleasure,  
Only Pathway to Peace, Kissass

*Houston, April 24, 1968*

### **Manhattan Thirties Flash**

Long stone streets inanimate, repetitive machine Crash cookie-cutting  
dynamo rows of soulless replica Similitudes brooding tank-like in  
Army Depots  
Exactly the same exactly the same exactly the same with no purpose  
but grimness  
& overwhelming force of robot obsession, our slaves are not alive  
& we become their sameness as they surround us—the long stone  
streets inanimate,  
crowds of executive secretaries alighting from subway 8:30 A.M.  
bloodflow in cells thru elevator arteries & stairway glands to  
typewriter consciousness,  
Con Ed skyscraper clock-head gleaming gold-lit at sun dusk.

*1968*

### **Please Master**

Please master can I touch your cheek  
please master can I kneel at your feet  
please master can I loosen your blue pants  
please master can I gaze at your golden haired belly

please master can I gently take down your shorts  
please master can I have your thighs bare to my eyes  
please master can I take off my clothes below your chair  
please master can I kiss your ankles and soul  
please master can I touch lips to your hard muscle hairless thigh  
please master can I lay my ear pressed to your stomach  
please master can I wrap my arms around your white ass  
please master can I lick your groin curled with blond soft fur  
please master can I touch my tongue to your rosy asshole  
please master may I pass my face to your balls,  
please master, please look into my eyes,  
please master order me down on the floor,  
please master tell me to lick your thick shaft  
please master put your rough hands on my bald hairy skull  
please master press my mouth to your prick-heart  
please master press my face into your belly, pull me slowly strong  
thumbed  
till your dumb hardness fills my throat to the base  
till I swallow & taste your delicate flesh-hot prick barrel veined Please  
Master push my shoulders away and stare in my eye, & make me bend  
over the table  
please master grab my thighs and lift my ass to your waist  
please master your hand's rough stroke on my neck your palm down  
my backside  
please master push me up, my feet on chairs, till my hole feels the  
breath of your spit and your thumb stroke  
please master make me say Please Master Fuck me now Please  
Master grease my balls and hairmouth with sweet vaselines  
please master stroke your shaft with white creams  
please master touch your cock head to my wrinkled self-hole  
please master push it in gently, your elbows enwrapped round my  
breast  
your arms passing down to my belly, my penis you touch w/ your

fingers  
please master shove it in me a little, a little, a little,  
please master sink your droor thing down my behind  
& please master make me wiggle my rear to eat up the prick trunk  
till my ass halves cuddle your thighs, my back bent over,  
till I'm alone sticking out, your sword stuck throbbing in me  
please master pull out and slowly roll into the bottom  
please master lunge it again, and withdraw to the tip  
please please master fuck me again with your self, please fuck me  
Please

Master drive down till it hurts me the softness the  
Softness please master make love to my ass, give body to center, &  
fuck me for good like a girl,  
tenderly clasp me please master I take me to thee,  
& drive in my belly your selfsame sweet heat-rood  
you fingered in solitude Denver or Brooklyn or fucked in a maiden in  
Paris carlots  
please master drive me thy vehicle, body of love dops, sweat fuck  
body of tenderness, Give me your dog fuck faster  
please master make me go moan on the table  
Go moan O please master do fuck me like that  
in your rhythm thrill-plunge & pull-back-bounce & push down  
till I loosen my asshole a dog on the table yelping with terror delight  
to be loved

Please master call me a dog, an ass beast, a wet asshole,  
& fuck me more violent, my eyes hid with your palms round my skull  
& plunge down in a brutal hard lash thru soft drip-fish  
& throb thru five seconds to spurt out your semen heat  
over & over, bamming it in while I cry out your name I do love you  
please Master.

*May 1968*

**A Prophecy**

O Future bards  
chant from skull to heart to ass  
as long as language lasts  
Vocalize all chords  
zap all consciousness  
I sing out of mind jail  
in New York State  
without electricity  
rain on the mountain  
thought fills cities  
I'll leave my body  
in a thin motel  
my self escapes  
through unborn ears  
Not my language  
but a voice  
chanting in patterns  
survives on earth  
not history's bones  
but vocal tones  
Dear breaths and eyes  
shine in the skies  
where rockets rise  
to take me home

*May 1968*

### **Bixby Canyon**

Path crowded with thistle fern blue daisy,  
    glassy grass, pale morninglory  
        scattered on a granite hill  
bells clanging under gray sea cliffs,  
dry brackensprout seaweed-wreathed  
where bee dies in sand hollows  
        ant-swarmed above  
white froth-wave glassed bay surge  
    Ishvara-ripple on cave wall  
        sea birds  
    skating wind swell,  
Amor Krishna Om Phat Svaha air rumble at

ocean-lip

Yesterday

Sand castles Neal, white plasm balls round

jellies—

Skeleton snaketubes & back

nostrils' seaweed-tail dry-wrinkled

brown seabulb & rednailed

cactus blossom-petal tongues—

Brownpickle saltwater tomato ball

rubber tail Spaghettied

with leafmeat,

Mucus-softness crown'd Laurel thong-hat

Father Whale gunk transparent

yellowleaf egg-sac sandy

lotos-petal cast back to cold

watersurge.

Bouquet of old seaweed

on a striped blanket, kelp tentacle spread

round the prayer place

Hermes silver

firelight spread over wave sunglare—

The Cosmic Miasma Anxiety meditating nakedman

—Soft Bonepipe!

Musical Sea-knee gristlebone rubber

burp footswat beard ball bounce

of homosexual Shlurp ocean hish

Sabahadabadie Sound-limit

to Evil—

Set limit, set limit, set limit to

oceansong?

Limit birdcries, limit the Limitless

in language? O Say

Can You See The Internationale

Mental Traveller Marseillaise

in waves of eye alteration Politics?

'Tis sweet Liberty I hymn in freeman's sunlight

not limited to observe No Nakedness signs

in silent bud-crowded pathways, artforms

of flowers limitless Ignorance—

Wet seaweed blossoms froth left, sun breathing  
giant mist under the bridge,  
gray cliffs cloud-skin haloed  
Yellow sunlight of Old  
shining on mossledge, tide foam  
lapped in harmless gold light—  
O Eyeball Brightness shimmering! Father Circle  
whence we have sprung, thru thy bright  
Rainbow horn, Silence!  
So sings the laborer under the rock bridge,  
so pipes pray to the Avalanche.

*Big Sur, June 16, 1968 (grass)*

### Crossing Nation

Under silver wing  
San Francisco's towers sprouting  
thru thin gas clouds,  
Tamalpais black-breasted above Pacific azure  
Berkeley hills pine-covered below—  
Dr. Leary in his brown house scribing Independence Declaration  
typewriter at window  
silver panorama in natural eyeball—

Sacramento valley rivercourse's Chinese  
dragonflames licking green flats north-hazed  
State Capitol metallic rubble, dry checkered fields  
to Sierras—past Reno, Pyramid Lake's  
blue Altar, pure water in Nevada sands'  
brown wasteland scratched by tires

Jerry Rubin arrested! Beaten, jailed,  
coccyx broken—  
Leary out of action—"a public menace ...  
persons of tender years ... immature  
judgment... psychiatric examination ..."  
i.e. Shut up or Else Loonybin or Slam

LeRoi on bum gun rap, \$7,000  
                    lawyer fees, years' negotiations—  
SPOCK GUILTY headlined temporary, Joan Baez'  
                    paramour husband Dave Harris to Gaol  
Dylan silent on politics, & safe—  
                    having a baby, a man—  
Cleaver shot at, jail'd, maddened, parole revoked,  
Vietnam War flesh-heap grows higher,  
                    blood splashing down the mountains of bodies  
                    on to Cholon's sidewalks—  
Blond boys in airplane seats fed technicolor  
                    Murderers advance w/ Death-chords  
                    thru photo basement,  
                    Earplugs in, steak on plastic  
                    served—Eyes up to the Image—  
What do I have to lose if America falls?  
                    my body? my neck? my personality?

*June 19, 1968*

### **Smoke Rolling Down Street**

Red Scabies on the Skin  
Police Cars turn Garbage Corner—  
Was that a Shot! Backfire or Cherry Bomb?  
Ah, it's all right, take the mouth off,  
it's all over.

Man Came a long way,  
Canoes thru Fire Engines,  
Big Cities' power station Fumes  
Executives with Country Houses—  
Waters drip thru Ceilings in the Slum—  
It's all right, take the mouth off  
it's all over—

*New York, June 23, 1968*

### **Pertussin**

Always Ether Comes

to dissuade the  
goat-like  
sensible—  
or N<sub>2</sub>O recurring to  
elicit ironic  
suicidal pen marks—  
Parallels: in Montmartre Rousseau  
daubing or Rimbaud arriving,  
the raw Aether  
shines with Brahmanic cool moonshine  
aftertaste, midnight Nostalgia.

*June 28, 1968*

### **Swirls of black dust on Avenue D**

white haze over Manhattan's towers  
midsummer green Cattails' fatness  
surrounding Hoboken Marsh  
garbage Dumps,

Wind over Pulaski Skyway's  
lacy networks  
Trucks crash Bayonne's roadways,  
iron engines roar

Stink rises over Hydro Pruf Factory  
Cranes lift over broken earth  
Brain Clouds boil out tin-cone scrap burners  
Newark sits in gray gas  
July heat gleams on airplanes  
Trailer tyres sing toward forests of oiltowers,  
Power grids dance in th'Iron Triangle,  
Tanks roast in Flatness—  
Old Soybean-oil-storage Scandals  
echo thru airwaves,  
the family car bumps over asphalt toward Bright Mexico.

*July 10, 1968*



## Violence

Mexcitiy drugstore table, giant  
sexfiend in black spats  
Sticks knife in a plump faggot's  
sportscoat seam;  
at Teotihuacán in blue sunlight, I slap  
my mocking blond nephew  
for getting lost on the Moon  
Pyramid.  
In Oakland, legendary police shoot a  
naked black boy running out  
of his political basement  
In Pentagon giant machines humm and  
bleep in neon arcades,  
Buttons click in sockets & robots  
pencil prescriptions for acid gas  
sunsets—  
New York on the stairway, the dumb  
whitefaced Junkie pulls a knife  
and stares immobile—the victim  
gasps, “oh come off it” & a sixpack  
of cokebottles  
bounces down worn black steps, in  
Vietnam plastic fire  
Streams down myriad phantom cheeks  
rayed over planet television—  
Adrenalin runs in armpits from Los Angeles  
to Paris, Harlem & Cannes  
explode thru plateglass, Sunset Strip & Sorbonne  
are crowded with Longhaired angels  
armed with gasmasks & Acid,  
& Angry Democrats gather in Chicago  
fantasizing armies running  
thru Sewers sprayed with Mace.  
I walk up Avenida Juárez, over  
cobble shadows, blue-tiled streetlamps  
lighting Sanborns' arcades, behind me violent  
chic fairy gangsters with bloody hands  
hustle after midnight to cut my throat from

its beard.

*July 22, 1968, 4:30 A.M.*

### **Past Silver Durango Over Mexic Sierra-Wrinkles**

Westward Mother-mountains drift Pacific, green-sloped canyons  
vaster than Mexico City  
without roads under cloud-flowers bearing tiny shadow-blossoms on  
vegetable peaks—  
red riverbeds snake thru paradises without electricity  
—Huichol or Tarahumara solitudes hectare'd irregular, antpaths to  
rocky plateaux,  
hollows for lone indian humility, hand-ploughed mountainside  
patches—  
naked white cloud-fronds floating silent over silent green earth-crags.  
O vast meccas of manlessness, Bright cloud-brains tower'd in blue  
space up to the Sun  
with rainbow garlands over white water-gas, O tree-furred body  
defenseless thru clear air, visible green breast of America!  
vaster than man the Mother Mountains manifest nakedness greater  
than all the bombs Bacteria ever invented  
Impregnable cloud-cities adrift & dissolving no History,  
white rain-ships alighted in Zenith Blue Ocean—  
No ports or capitals to the horizon, emerald mesas ridged infinite-  
budded where rivers and ants gather garbage man left behind in the  
Valley of Mexico—  
Iron'll rust under living tree roots & soak back underground  
to feed the sensitive tendrils of Ego covering mountains of granite  
green mossed unconscious.  
Heaven & ocean mirror their azure, horizon lost in yellowed  
spectrum-mist—  
Baja California Blue water lies flat to the brown armpit of United  
States,  
River's course muddies the delta with teardrops washed dusty from  
Utah— Green irrigated farm squares in desert—

& the dung colored gas, brown haze of labor near Los Angeles risen  
the height of Sierras—

gray smog drifts thru low mountain passes, city invisible.

Floating armchairs descend  
from sky in sunlight, rocking back & forth in polluted fields of air.

*July 22, 1968, 11 A.M.*

### **On Neal's Ashes**

Delicate eyes that blinked blue Rockies all ash  
nipples, Ribs I touched w/ my thumb are ash  
mouth my tongue touched once or twice all ash  
bony cheeks soft on my belly are cinder, ash  
earlobes & eyelids, youthful cock tip, curly pubis  
breast warmth, man palm, high school thigh,  
baseball bicept arm, asshole anneal'd to silken skin  
all ashes, all ashes again.

*August 1968*

### **Going to Chicago**

22,000 feet over Hazed square Vegetable planet Floor  
Approaching Chicago to Die or flying over Earth another 40 years  
to die—Indifferent, and Afraid, that the bone-shattering bullet  
be the same as the vast evaporation-of-phenomena Cancer  
Come true in an old man's bed. Or Historic  
Fire-Heaven Descending 22,000 years End th' Atomic Aeon

The Lake's blue again, Sky's the same baby, tho papers & Noses  
rumor tar spread through the Natural Universe'll make Angel's feet  
sticky.

I heard the Angel King's voice, a bodiless tuneful teenager  
Eternal in my own heart saying "Trust the Purest Joy—  
Democratic Anger is an Illusion, Democratic Joy is God  
Our Father is baby blue, the original face you see Sees You—"

How, thru Conventional Police & Revolutionary Fury

Remember the Helpless order the Police Armed to protect,  
The Helpless Freedom the Revolutionary Conspired to honor—?  
I am the Angel King sang the Angel King  
as mobs in Amphitheaters, Streets, Colosseums Parks and offices  
Scream in despair over Meat and Metal Microphone

*August 24, 1968*

### **Grant Park: August 28, 1968**

Green air, children sat under trees with the old,  
bodies bare, eyes open to eyes under the hotel wall,  
the ring of Brown-clothed bodies armed  
but silent at ease leaned on their rifles—

Harsh sound of mikrophones, helicopter roar—  
A current in the belly, future marches  
and detectives naked in bed—  
where? on the planet, not Chicago,  
in late sunlight—

Miserable picnic, Police State or Garden of Eden?  
in the building walled against the sky  
magicians exchange images, Money vote  
and handshakes—  
The teargas drifted up to the Vice  
President naked in the bathroom  
—naked on the toilet taking a shit weeping?  
Who wants to be President of the  
Garden of Eden?

### **Car Crash**

I

Snow-blizzard sowing  
ice-powder drifts on stone fenced  
gardens near gray woods.

Yellow hump-backed snow plow  
rocking giant tires round  
the road, red light flashing  
iron insect brain.

Mrow, the cat with diarrhea.

Sunlight settled into human form,  
tree rings settled age after age  
stone forests accumulating atoms  
traveled 93,000,000 miles,  
carbon deposits settled into beds,  
the mountain's head breathes light,  
Earth-hairs gather gold beams  
thru chlorophyll, poets walk  
between the green bushes  
sprouting solar language.

Broken bones in bed,  
hips and ribs cracked by autos,  
snowdrifts over rubber tires,  
tree stumps freeze, the body stump  
heals temporarily in wintertime.

## II

So that's it the body, ah!  
Beat yr meat in a dark bed.  
Boy friends wrinkle & shit in snow.  
Girls go fat-eyed to their mother's coffin.

Cigarettes burned my tastebuds' youth,  
I smelled my lover's behind,  
This autocrash broke my hip and ribs,  
Ugh, Thud, nausea-breath at solar plexus

paralyzed my bowels four days—  
Eyeglasses broke, eyeballs still intact—  
Thank God! alas, still alive but talk words  
died in my body, thoughts died in pain.

A healthy day in the snow, white breath  
and warm wool sox, hat over ears, hot broth,  
nakedness in warm boudoirs, stiff prick come,  
fame, physic, learning, scepter, dusk  
and Aurora Borealis, hot pig flesh, turkey  
stuffing—all disappear in a broken skull.

Unstable element, Sight Sound flesh Touch  
& Taste, all Odour, one more consciousness  
backseat of a steaming auto with broken nose—  
Unstable place to be, an easy way out  
by metal crash instead of mind cancer.  
Unreliable meat, waving a chicken bone  
in a hospital bed—get what's coming to you  
like the chicken steak you ate last year.  
Impossible Dr. Feelgood Forever, gotta die  
made of worm-stuff And worm thoughts?

And who's left watching, or even  
remembers the car crash that severed  
the skull from the spinal column?  
Who gets out of body, or who's shut in  
a box of soft pain when Napalm drops  
from Heaven all over the abdomen,  
breasts and cheek-skin? & tongue cut out  
by inhuman knives? Cow tongue? Man tongue?

What does it feel like not to talk?  
To die in the back seat, Ow!

*December 21, 1968*

### III

Raw pine walls, ice-white windows  
three weeks now, snowy flatness  
foot-thick down valley meadows,  
wind roar in bare ash arms, oak branch  
tendrils icy gleaming, yellow stain of morning water in front  
door's snow—I walk out on crutches  
to see white moonglow make snow blue  
—three men just rode a space ship  
round the moon last week—gnashing  
their teeth in Biafra & Palestine,  
Assassins & Astronauts traveling from  
Athens to the sea of Venus Creatrix—  
Lovers' quarrels magnified decades to mad  
violence, half naked farm boys stand  
with axes at the kitchen table,  
trembling guilty, slicing egg  
grapefruit breasts on breakfast oilcloth.  
Growing old, growing old, forget the words,  
mind jumps to the grave, forget words,  
Love's an old word, forget words,  
Peter with shave-head beardface  
mutters & screams to himself at midnight.  
A new year, no party tonite, forget  
old loves, old words, old feelings.  
Snow everywhere around the house,  
I turned off the gas-light & came upstairs  
alone to read, remembering pictures of dead  
moon-side, my hip broken, the cat sick,  
earhead filled with my own strong music,  
in a houseful of men, sleep in underwear.  
Neal almost a year turned to ash, angel  
in his own midnight without a phonecall,  
Jack drunk in my mind or his Florida.  
Forget old friends, old words, old loves,  
old bodies. Bhaktivedanta advises Christ.  
The body lies in bed in '69 alone,  
a gnostic book fills the lap, Aeons  
revolve 'round the household, Rimbaud

age 16 adolescent sneers tight lipped  
green-eyed oval in old time gravure  
—1869 his velvet tie askew, hair  
mussed & ruffled by policeman's rape.

*January 1, 1969, 1:30 A.M.*

***Ecologues of These States  
(1969–1971)  
Over Denver Again***

Gray clouds blot sunglare, mountains float west, plane  
softly roaring over Denver—Neal dead a year—clean suburb yards,  
fit boardinghouse for the homosexual messenger's  
alleyway Lila a decade back before the Atombomb.  
Denver without Neal, eh? Denver with orange sunsets  
& giant airplanes winging silvery to San Francisco—  
watchtowers thru red cold planet light, when the Earth Angel's dead  
the dead material planet'll revolve robotlike  
& insects hop back and forth between metallic cities.

*February 13, 1969*

***Imaginary Universes***

Under orders to shoot the spy, I discharged  
my pistol into his mouth.

He fell face down from the position life  
left his body kneeling blindfold.

No, I never did that. Imagined in airport snow,  
Albany plane discharging passengers.

Yes, the Mexican-faced boy, 19  
in Marine cloth, seat next me  
Descending Salt Lake, accompanied his  
brother's body from Vietnam.

“The Gook was kneeling in front of me,  
crying & pleading. There were two;  
he had a card we dropped on them.”



The card granted immunity to those  
V.C. surrendering.

“On account of my best friend &  
my brother I killed both Gooks.”

That was true, yes.

*February 1969*

### **Rising over night-blackened Detroit Streets**

brilliant network-lights tentacle dim suburbs  
Michigan waters canalised glitter thru city building blocks'  
Throne-brain lamps strung downtown, green signals'  
concentrate brightness blinking metal prayers & bright Hare Krishnas  
telepathic to Heavenly darkness whence I stare down and adore O  
beautiful!

Mankind maker of such contemplate machine! Come gentle  
brainwaves

delicate-soft heart-throbs tender as belly butterflies,  
light as Sexual charm-penumbras be, of radiant-eyed  
boys & girls black-faced & blond that Born believe  
Earth-death at hand, or Eden regenerate millennial Green  
their destiny under your Human Police Will, O  
Masters, fathers, mayors, Senators, Presidents, Bankers & workers  
sweating & weeping ignorant on your own plastic-pain Maya planet...

*February 15, 1969*

### **To Poe: Over the Planet, Air Albany-Baltimore**

Albany throned in snow! It's winter, Poe,  
upstate New York scythed  
into mental fields, flat arbors & hairy woods  
scattered in Pubic mounds twittering w/ birds—  
Nobody foresaw these wormpaths asphalted  
uphill crost bridges to small church towns, chill  
hoarfields streaked with metal feces-dust.  
Maelstrom roar of air-boats to Baltimore!

Farmland whirlpooled into mechanic apocalypse  
on Iron Tides!  
... Wheels drop in Sunlight, over  
Vast building-hive roofs glittering,  
New York's ice agleam  
in a dying world.  
Bump down to ground  
Hare Krishna Preserver!

Philadelphia smoking in Gold Sunlight, pink blue  
green Cyanide tanks sitting on hell's floor,  
Many chimneys smoldering, city flats virus-linked  
along Delaware bays under horizon-smog—  
airplane drifting black vapor-filaments  
above Wilmington—The iron habitations  
endless from Manhattan to the Capital.

Poe! D'jya prophesy this Smogland, this Inferno,  
Didja Dream Baltimore'd Be Seen From Heaven  
by Man Poet's eyes Astounded in the Fire Haze,  
carbon Gas aghast!

Poe! D'jya know yr prophecies' red death  
would pour thru Philly's sky like Sulphurous Dreams?  
Walled into Amontillado's Basement! Man  
kind led weeping drunk into the Bomb  
Shelter by Mad Secretaries of Defense!

South! from the Bearded Sleeper's Wink  
at History, Hudson polluted & Susquehanna  
Brown under bridges laced with factory smoke—  
Proving grounds by Chesapeake,  
Ammunition & Artillery  
Edgewood & Aberdeen  
Chemical munitions factories  
hid isolate in wooded gardens—  
Poe! Frankenstein! Shelley thy Prophecy,  
What Demiurge assembles Matter-Factories  
to blast the Cacodemonic Planet-Mirror apart  
Split atoms & Polarize Consciousness &

let the eternal Void leak thru Pentagon  
& cover White House with Eternal Vacuum-Dust!  
Bethlehem's miles of Christ-birth Man-apocalypse  
    Mechano-movie Refinery along Atlantic,  
Shit-brown haze worse & worse over Baltimore  
    where Poe's world came to end—Red smoke,  
Black water, gray sulphur clouds over Sparrows Point  
    Oceanside flowing with rust, scum tide  
    boiling shoreward—

Red white blue yachts on Baltimore harbor,  
    the plane bounds down above gas tanks,  
gas stations, smokestacks flaring poison mist,  
Superhighways razored thru hairy woods,  
Down to Earth Man City where Poe  
    Died kidnapped by phantoms  
conspiring to win elections  
    in the Deathly Gutter of 19th Century.

*March 1969*

### **Easter Sunday**

Slope woods' snows melt  
Streams gush, ducks stand one foot  
beak eye buried in backfeathers,  
Jerusalem pillars' gold sunlight  
yellow in window-shine, bright  
rays spikey-white flashed in mud,  
coo coo ripples thru maple branch,  
horse limps head down, pale grass shoots  
green winter's brown vegetable  
hair—washed by transparent trickling  
ice water freshets  
earth's rusty slough bathed clean,  
streams ripple leaf-bottomed  
channels sounded vocal, white light  
afternoon sky end—

Goat bells move, black kids bounce,  
butting mother's hairy side & tender tit  
one maa'ing child hangs under Bessie's udder  
ducks waggle yellow beaks, new grass flooded,  
tiger cat maeows on barn straw,  
herb patch by stone wall's a shiny marsh,  
dimpling snow water glimmers, birds whistle  
from icecrystal beds under bare bushes,  
breeze blows rooster crow thru chill light  
extended from the piney horizon.

1969

### Falling Asleep in America

We're in the Great Place, Fable Place, Beulah, Man wedded to Earth,  
Planet of green Grass  
Tiny atomic wheels spin shining, worlds change Heavens inside out,  
the planet's reborn in ashes,  
Sun lights sparkle on atomic cinder, plants levitate, green moss  
precedes trees trembling sentient,  
Stone eats blue skies solar dazzle with invisible mouths & flowers are  
the rocks' excrement—

Each million years atoms spin myriad reversals, worlds in worlds  
interchange populations—  
from worm to man's a tiny jump from earth to earth souls are borne  
ever forgetful—  
populations eat their own meat, roses smell sweet in the faeces of  
horses risen red-fac'd.  
Consciousness changes nightly, dreams flower new universes in brainy  
skulls.

Lying in bed body darkened ear of the bus roar running, only the eye  
flickering grass green returns me to Nashville.

*April 1969*

### Northwest Passage

Incense under Horse Heaven Hills  
Empty logger trucks speed  
                    Lake Wallula's flatness shimmering  
Under Hat Rock painted w/  
                    white highschool signs.  
Chemical smoke boils up  
                    under aluminum-bright cloud-roof—  
Smog assembling over railroad  
                    cars parked rusting on thin rails—  
Factory looming vaster than Johnson  
                    Butte—Look at that Shit!  
Smell it! Got about 30 smokestacks going!  
Polluting Wallula! Boise Cascade  
                                    Container Corp!  
The Package is the Product, onomatopoeticized  
                                    McLuhan in '67—  
*Wall Street Journal* Apr. 22 full  
page ad Proclaimed:

*We got the trees! We got  
                    the land beneath!  
We Gotta invent More Forms  
                    for Cardboard Country!  
We'll dig forests for Genius  
                    Spirit God Stuff Gold-root  
for Sale on Wall Street. Give  
                    us your money! order  
                    our cardboard Wastebaskets!  
We just invented throwaway Planets!*

Trees crash in Heaven! Sulphurous Urine  
pours thru Boise, Chevron & Brea  
                    Wastepipes where Snake & Wallula  
                                    ripple shining  
Where Sakajawea led White Men thru blue sky  
                    fresh sweet water roads  
                    Towards mountains of juicy  
                                    telepathic pine & open Thalassa  
Thalassa! Green salt waves

washing rock mountains, Pacific  
Sirhan lives!

to hear his jury say  
“We now fix the penalty at Death.”

Green salt waves washing Wall Street.  
Rain on gray sage near Standard  
Oil junction Eltopia,  
Static at Mesa! Yodeling ancient  
Prajnaparamita  
Gaté Gaté Paragaté Parasamgaté  
Bodhi Svaha!  
Way Down Yonder in the Bayoux  
Country in Dear old Louisian,  
Hank Williams chanting to country  
Nature, electric  
wires run up rolling brownplowed wheatfields—  
Wallula polluted! Wallula polluted! Wallula polluted!

“For most large scale gambling enterprises to continue  
over any extended period of time, the cooperation of corrupt Police or  
local officials is necessary.” P. 1 *Oregonian*, “Mapping a \$61 million  
war against organized crime, President Nixon suggested ...”

“Even Jesus Christ couldn’t have  
saved me.” Sirhan ...

“shed no tears.

His face was ashen” *AP*  
America’s heart Broken,

Chessman, Vietnam, Sirhan.

52% People thought the War  
always had been a mistake,  
by April 1969. *Gallup Poll*.

May Day parade canceled for Prague

says Police Radio to  
the old King of May faraway—  
SDS chanting thru consciousness megaphones  
in every university.

By now, Beatles & Beach Boys have  
entered the Sublime  
thru Acid The Crist of Kali Yuga, thru  
Transcendental Meditation,  
Chanting Hare Krishna climbing Eiffel Tower,  
Apollinaire & Mira Bai headless  
together with Kabir transmitted  
over Apocalyptic Radios, their voice-  
vibrations roaring  
thru a million loudspeakers in Green  
Autos on the world's roads—  
Matter become so thick, senses so sunk  
in Chickens & Insulation  
“Love aint gonna die, I'm gonna haveta  
kill it”  
god cries to himself, Christ merging with  
Krishna in Car Crash Salvation!

“Prosecutor John Howard called Sirhan a cold-blooded  
political  
assassin with ‘*no special claim to further preservation.*’ ”  
Mao reelected Chinese Premier.

Where the Mullan Rd  
meets route 26  
by 2 giant Sycamores  
approaching Hooper,  
Has anyone here any “Special  
claim to further preservation”?

These lambs grazing thru springtime  
by Cow Creek, quiet in  
American yellow light—  
“Even J.C. couldn't have saved me.”

Magpie, Meadowlark, rainbow  
apparitions shafted transparent  
down from gray cloud.

Dogs see  
in black & white.

A complete half-rainbow  
hill to hill across the highway  
pots of gold anchoring the pretty bridge,  
tumbleweed passing underneath

“Saigon (AP) U.S. B52 bombers made their heaviest raids of the Vietnam War last night near the Cambodian border, dropping more than 2,000 tons of bombs along a 30 mile stretch Northwest of Saigon, the US COMMAND reported. ‘They are harassing enemy troops so as not to let them get organized,’ an American SPOKESMAN said.”

Czech student strikes unreported in Prague  
Howard Marquette & George Washington U. sit-in:  
Hail on new-plowed brown hilltops—  
Black rainclouds and rainbows over Albion way—  
Drive down valley to Main Street  
Seattle First National Motor  
next to Everybody’s Bank.

*April 24, 1969*

## **Sonora Desert-Edge**

*“Om Ah Hum Vajra Guru Padma Siddhi Hum”*

—Drum H. from Gary S. from Tarthang Tulku

Brown stonepeaks rockstumps  
cloudless sunlight  
Saguaro green arms praying up  
spine ribs risen  
woodpecker-holed  
nose-pricked limbs



lifted salutation—  
orange flower eyes lifted on  
    needly Ocotillo stalk  
Jumping Cholla pistils closing pollened  
    eyebrow-vagina buds to the  
    poked pinkie—  
Palo Verde smooth forked branch  
    above prickly-pear ears

Smoke plumed up white  
    from scratched desert plain,  
    chemical smoke, military copper  
    airplanes rotting,  
    4% Copper Smelter smog

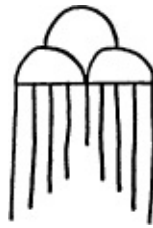
—in wire cage, ivory hook-beaked  
    round black pupiled  
    Bald Eagle's head, tailfeathers  
    hung below claw'd branch, symmetric  
body plumes brown webbed like dollarbills,  
    insecticides sterilized many  
    adults

—green duck neck sheen spectral as  
    moon machines  
Raven hopping curious black beaked  
Coyote's nose sensitive lifted to air  
    blinking eye sharp  
as the rose bellied Cardinal's ivory whistle

—tiny bright statues of Buddha  
    standing,  
    blue desert valley haze—  
    cactus lessons in sentience,  
Trees like mental carrots—Anaconda  
    smelters white plumesmoke in  
    San Manuel, or Phelps-Dodge

in Douglas?—  
Yellow'd Creosote bushes in granular  
dust, hills jeep tracked,  
Prairie dogs stand quivering-spined in  
cactus-shade. A museum,

minds in Ashramic City—tweetling  
bird radios—Hopi Rain:



*April 29, 1969*

**Reflections in Sleepy Eye**  
*For Robert Bly*

3,489 friendly people  
Elm grove, willow, Blue Earth County's  
red barns, tiny feoff with  
gas nozzle snout on hillock,  
Large beetles & lizards—  
orange-painted steel  
cranes & truck cabs,  
Green seeder down-pointed  
Science Toy earth-cock.  
Thin floods, smooth planted acres  
upturned, brown  
cornstubble plowed under,  
tractor pulling discs over fenced land.  
Old box-alder fallen over  
on knees in pond-flood,  
white painted gas tanks by  
Springfield's rail yard woods,  
tiny train parade by Meats  
Groceries North Star Seeds  
Our Flag at full mast

TV antennae, large leafy antennaed  
trees upstretched green,  
trunks standing sunlit  
Sheep on stormfenced knoll,  
green little wood acres—  
one forest from Canada to these  
plains—Corn silage in net bins,  
Windmills in Tracy,  
Blue enamel silos cap'd  
aluminum, minarets in white sunbeam.  
Cannabis excellent for drying lymph-  
glands, specific relief for  
symptoms of colds, flu,  
ear pressure grippe &  
Eustachian tube clogging—  
A tree, bent broken mid-trunk  
branches to ground—  
Much land, few folk, excelsior grave  
yard stones  
silver tipp'd phalloi to heaven—  
Aum, Om, Ford, Mailbox  
telephone pole wire strung  
down road. Lake house  
fence poles, tree shade  
pine hill grave, Ah  
Lake Benton's blue waved waters—  
finally, Time came to  
the brick barn! collapsed!  
Old oak trunk sunk thick  
under ground.  
Farm car plowman rolling discs,  
iron cuts smooth ground even,  
hill plains roll—  
Cows browse under alder shoot,  
bent limbs arch clear brown  
stream beds, trees stand  
on banks observing  
shade, peculiar standing up or kneeling  
groundward  
Car graveyard fills eyes

iron glitters, chrome fenders  
rust—  
White crosses, Vietnam War Dead  
churchbells ring  
Cars, kids, hamburger stand  
open, barn-smile  
white eye, door mouth.

*May 9, 1969*

### **Independence Day**

Orange hawkeye stronger than thought winking above a thousand  
thin grassblades—  
Dr. Hermon busted in Texas for green weed garden-grown  
licensed Federal, Municipal-cop-prosecuted nathless—  
Sweet chirrup from bush top to bush top, orange wing'd  
birds' scratch-beaked telegraphy signaled to and fro buttercup earlets  
—  
warbles & sweet whistles swifting echo-noted by fly buzz,  
jet-roar rolling down thru clouds—  
So tiny a grasshopper climbing timothy stub the birds can't tell they're  
there—  
intense soft leaf-spears budding symmetric,  
breeze bending gentle flowerheads against yarrow their persons—  
eyelids heavy, summer heavy with fear, mapletrunks heavy with  
green leafmass—  
closed buds of hawkeye stronger than thought tremble on tall hairy  
stems.

•

Red shelled bedbugs crawl war sheets,  
city garbage spoils wet sidewalks where children play—  
A telephone call from Texas tells the latest police-state bust.  
O Self tangled in TV wires, white judges and laws  
your jet-thunder echoes in clouds, your DDT spread thru firmament

waters poisons algae & brown pelican—  
Smog veils Maya, paranoia walks great cities in blue suits with guns,  
—are all these billion grassblades safe?  
My stomach's bitter, city haste & money loss—  
Hawkeye stronger than thought! Horsefly and bee!  
St. John's wort nodding yellow bells at the sun! eyes close in your  
presence, I  
lie in your soft green bed, watch light thru red lid-skin, language  
persistent as birdwarble in my brain.  
Independence Day! the Cow's deep moo's an Aum!

1969

### **In a Moonlit Hermit's Cabin**

Watching the White Image, electric moon, white mist drifting over  
woods  
St. John's Wort & Hawkeye wet with chance Yarrow on the green  
hillside  
“D'ya want your Airline Transport Pilot to smoke grass? Want yr  
moonmen to smoke loco weed?”  
What Comedy's this Epic! The lamb lands on the Alcohol Sea—Deep  
voices  
“A Good batch of Data”—The hours of Man's first landing on the  
moon—  
One and a Half Million starv'd in Biafra—Football players broadcast  
cornflakes—  
TV mentioned America as much as Man—Brillo offers you free Moon-  
Map —2 labels—  
And CBS repeats Man-Epic—Now here again is Walter Cronkite,  
“How easy these words ... a shiver down the old spine ...  
Russia soundly beaten! China one Fifth of Mankind, no word  
broadcast ...”  
The Queen watched the moon-landing at Windsor Castle—  
Pulling a fast one on Hypnosis at Disneyland, the Kerchief-headed  
Crowd

Waving to the TV Camera—Ersatz Moon—  
“No place gives you history today except the Moon”—  
Running behind time entering Space Suits—  
And a Moon-in at Central Sheep Meadow—  
Western Electric’s solemn moment!

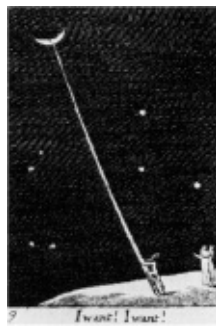
And rain in the woods drums on the old cabin!  
I want! I want! a ladder from the depths of the forest night to the  
    silvery moon-wink—  
A flag on the reporter’s space-suit shoulder—  
Peter Groaning & Cursing in bed, relieved of the lunatic burden at last  
—

’Tis Tranquillity base where the Tragedy will settle the Eve.  
Alert for solar flares, clock ticks, static from Antennae—swift as death.  
I didn’t think we’d see this Night.  
Plant the flag and you’re doomed! Life a dream—slumber in eyes of  
    woods,  
Antennae scraping the ceiling. Static & Rain!  
Saw the earth in Dream age 37, half cloud-wrapped, from a balcony in  
    outer-space—  
Méliès—giddiness—picture tube gaga—  
“Men land on Sun!” decennial sentences—  
Announcers going goofy muttering “142—”  
Alone in space: Dump Pressure in the LEM!  
Hare Krishna! Lift m’ Dorje on the kitchen table!  
No Science Fiction expected this Globe-Eye Consciousness  
Simultaneous with opening a hatch on Heaven.  
A moth in the Déjà Vu!  
This is the instant—open the hatch—every second is dust in the  
    hourglass —Hatch open!  
The Virus will grow green slime reptiles in sixty centuries,  
& gobble up their fathers as we ate up God—

Imagine dying Tonight! Closing the eyes on the man in the Moon!  
Sighing away forever... everyone got sleepy... On the moon porch—

A 38 year old human American standing on the surface of the moon—  
Footprint on the Charcoal dust—stepped out  
and it's the old familiar Moon, as undersea or mountaintop, a place—  
“Very pretty on the Moon!” oh, 'twere Solid Gold—  
Voices calling “Houston to Moon”—Two “Americans” on the moon!  
Beautiful view, bouncing the surface—“one quarter of the world  
denied these pix by their rulers”!  
Setting up the flag!

*Cherry Valley, July Moon Day 1969*



### **Rain-wet asphalt heat, garbage curbed cans overflowing**

I hauled down lifeless mattresses to sidewalk refuse-piles,  
old rugs stept on from Paterson to Lower East Side filled with bed-  
bugs,  
gray pillows, couch seats treasured from the street laid back on the  
street  
—out, to hear Murder-tale, 3rd Street cyclists attacked tonite—  
Bopping along in rain, Chaos fallen over City roofs,  
shrouds of chemical vapour drifting over building-tops—  
Get the *Times*, Nixon says peace reflected from the Moon,  
but I found no boy body to sleep with all night on pavements 3 A.M.  
home in sweating drizzle—  
Those mattresses soggy lying by full five garbagepails—

Barbara, Maretta, Peter Steven Rosebud slept on these Pillows years ago,  
forgotten names, also made love to me, I had these mattresses four years on my floor—  
Gerard, Jimmy many months, even blond Gordon later,  
Paul with the beautiful big cock, that teenage boy that lived in Pennsylvania,  
forgotten numbers, young dream loves and lovers, earthly bellies—  
many strong youths with eyes closed, come sighing and helping me come—  
Desires already forgotten, tender persons used and kissed goodbye  
and all the times I came to myself alone in the dark dreaming of Neal or Billy Budd  
—nameless angels of half-life—heart beating & eyes weeping for lovely phantoms—  
Back from the Gem Spa, into the hallway, a glance behind  
and sudden farewell to the bedbug-ridden mattresses piled soggy in dark rain.

*August 2, 1969*

## **Death on All Fronts**

### ***“The Planet Is Finished”***

A new moon looks down on our sick sweet planet  
Orion’s chased the Immovable Bear halfway across the sky  
from winter to winter. I wake, earlier in bed, fly corpses  
cover gas lit sheets, my head aches, left temple  
brain fibre throbbing for Death I Created on all Fronts.  
Poisoned rats in the Chickenhouse and myriad lice  
Sprayed with white arsenics filtering to the brook, City Cockroaches  
stomped on Country kitchen floors. No babies for me.  
Cut earth boys & girl hordes by half & breathe free  
say Revolutionary expert Computers:  
Half the blue globe’s germ population’s more than enough,  
keep the cloudy lung from stinking pneumonia.  
I called in Exterminator Who soaked the Wall floor with  
bed-bug death-oil: Who’ll soak my brain with death-oil?



I wake before dawn, dreading my wooden possessions,  
my gnostic books, my loud mouth, old loves silent, charms  
turned to image money, my body sexless fat, Father dying,  
Earth Cities poisoned at war, my art hopeless—  
Mind fragmented—and still abstract—Pain in  
left temple living death—

*Cherry Valley, September 26, 1969*

## Memory Gardens

covered with yellow leaves  
in morning rain

—Quel Deluge  
    he threw up his hands  
        & wrote the Universe dont exist  
        & died to prove it.

Full Moon over Ozone Park  
    Airport Bus rushing thru dusk to  
        Manhattan,  
Jack the Wizard in his  
        grave at Lowell  
for the first nite—  
That Jack thru whose eyes I  
    saw  
    smog glory light  
    gold over Mannahatta's spires  
will never see these  
    chimneys smoking  
anymore over statues of Mary  
    in the graveyard

Black misted canyons  
    rising over the bleak  
        river  
Bright doll-like ads  
    for Esso Bread—

Replicas multiplying beards  
    Farewell to the Cross—  
Eternal fixity, the big headed  
    wax painted Buddha doll  
    pale resting incoffined—

Empty-skulled New  
    York streets  
Starveling phantoms  
    filling city—  
Wax dolls walking park  
    Ave,  
Light gleam in eye glass  
Voice echoing thru Microphones  
Grand Central Sailor's  
    arrival 2 decades later  
    feeling melancholy—  
Nostalgia for Innocent World  
    War II—  
A million corpses running  
    across 42d street  
Glass buildings rising higher  
    transparent  
    aluminum—  
artificial trees, robot sofas,  
    Ignorant cars—  
One Way Street to Heaven.

•

### *Gray Subway Roar*

A wrinkled brown faced fellow  
    with swollen hands  
leans to the blinking plate glass  
    mirroring white poles, the heavy car  
    sways on tracks uptown to Columbia—  
Jack no more'll step off at Penn Station

anonymous erranded, eat sandwich  
& drink beer near New Yorker Hotel or walk  
under the shadow of Empire State.  
Didn't we stare at each other length of the car  
& read headlines in faces thru Newspaper Holes?  
Sexual cocked & horny bodied young, look  
at beauteous Rimbaud & Sweet Jenny  
riding to class from Columbus Circle.  
"Here the kindly dopefiend lived."

and the rednecked sheriff beat the longhaired  
boy on the ass.  
—103d street Broadway, me & Hal abused for sidewalk  
begging twenty-five years ago.  
Can I go back in time & lay my head on a teenage  
belly upstairs on 110th Street?  
or step off the iron car with Jack  
at the blue-tiled Columbia sign?  
at last the old brown station where I had  
a holy vision's been rebuilt, clean ceramic  
over the scum & spit & come of quarter century.

•

Flying to Maine in a trail of black smoke  
Kerouac's obituary conserves *Time's*  
Front Paragraphs—  
Empire State in Heaven Sun Set Red,  
White mist in old October  
over the billion trees of Bronx—  
There's too much to see—  
Jack saw sun set red over Hudson horizon  
Two three decades back  
thirtynine fortynine fiftynine  
sixtynine  
John Holmes pursed his lips,  
wept tears.  
Smoke plumed up from oceanside chimneys

plane roars toward Montauk  
stretched in red sunset—  
Northport, in the trees, Jack drank  
rot gut & made haiku of birds  
tweetling on his porch rail at dawn—  
Fell down and saw Death's golden lite  
in Florida garden a decade ago.  
Now taken utterly, soul upward,  
& body down in wood coffin  
& concrete slab-box.  
I threw a kissed handful of damp earth  
down on the stone lid  
& sighed  
looking in Creeley's one eye,  
Peter sweet holding a flower  
Gregory toothless bending his  
knuckle to Cinema machine—  
and that's the end of the drabble tongued  
Poet who sounded his Kock-rup  
throughout the Northwest Passage.  
Blue dusk over Saybrook, Holmes  
sits down to dine Victorian—  
& *Time* has a ten-page spread on  
Homosexual Fairies!

Well, while I'm here I'll  
do the work—  
and what's the Work?  
To ease the pain of living.  
Everything else, drunken  
dumbshow.

*October 22–29, 1969*

## Flash Back

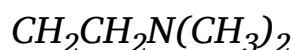
In a car Gray smoke over Elmira  
The vast boy reformatory brick factory  
Valed below misty hills 25 years ago  
I sat with Joe Army visiting and murmured green Grass.  
Jack's just not *here* anymore, Neal's ashes  
Loneliness makes old men moan, God's solitude,  
O women shut up, yelling for baby meat more.

*November 10, 1969*

## Graffiti 12th Cubicle Men's Room Syracuse Airport *11 November 1969*

I am married and would like to fuck someone else  
Have a strange piece (Go Home)  
USN '69  
I want to suck a big cock Make Date  
Support Third World Struggle Against US Imperialism  
I fucked Mom and got VD  
All power to the Viet Cong!  
Yeah! Max Voltage up the Ass!! Ω  
Perhaps Man needs—But to kill is only brown butter Wax  
April 20, 1965 Mike Heck & Salena Bennett  
Keep on Chugglin  
Eat prunes and be a regular guy.  
I would like to suck a big cock.  
So would I.  
War is good business Invest your son.  
Help me J.P.  
John Wayne flunked basic training.  
Pat Miller '69 Home on Leave  
My wife sucks cock.  
Chickenman Lives Yes somewhere in Argentina  
Peace & Love Sucks  
I want a blow job Who do I call  
What if someone gave a war & Nobody came?  
Life would ring the bells of Ecstasy and Forever be Itself again.  
J. Edgar Hoover F.B.I. is a Voyeur.

Man, I'm really stoned out of my skull really O-Zoned—good old LSD  
the colors in here are so nice really fine colors and the floor tile is  
really outasight if you haven't tried it you ought to since it is the  
only way to really get your head together by first getting it apart  
LSD Forever.



### After Thoughts

When he kissed my nipple  
    I felt elbow bone thrill—  
When lips touched my belly  
    tickle ran up to my ear  
When he took my cock head to tongue  
    a tremor shrunk sphincter, joy  
    shuddered my reins  
I breathed deep sighing ahh!

•

Mirror looking, combing  
    gray glistening beard  
Were I found sharp eyed  
    attractive to the young?  
Bad magic or something—  
Foolish magic most likely.

*November 1969*

### G. S. Reading Poesy at Princeton

Gold beard combd down like chinese fire gold hair braided at  
    skullnape—  
gold turning silver soon—worn face young forehead wrinkled, deep-  
    boned smile,

tiny azure earring, turquoise finger stone, Paramita beads centered by  
ivory skull-nut—

On Deer Mountain, in ship's iron belly, sat crosslegged on Princeton  
couch,

body voice rumbling Bear Sutra to younger selves—her long hair to  
rug, dungareed legs lotus-postured;

or that half-Indian boy his face so serious woe'd by tree suffering he's  
more compassionate to bear, skunk, deer, coyote, hemlock, whale

than to his own new-sprung cock. O Lizard Dharma

what doth breath, that Aums thru elm bough & rock canyon loud as  
thru mammal skull hummed,

hymn to bone-chaliced minds now multiplied over planet colleges

so many, with such hollow cheek gaze-eye tenderness, Fitzgerald  
himself'd weep to see

student faces celestial, longhaired angelic Beings planet-doomed to  
look thru too many human eyes—?

Princeton in Eternity! Long years fall, December's woods in snow

Old poets half century ago their bones cracked up in death

alcohol trembling in immortal eyes, Fitzgerald & Kerouac weeping, on  
earth once—

earth's voice moves time, old vows and prophecies remembered,  
mountain prayers repeated,

Gary's voice echoes hollow under round electric lamps.

1970

### **Friday the Thirteenth**

Blasts rip Newspaper Gray Mannahatta's mid day Air Spires,

Plane roar over cloud, Sunlight on blue fleece-mist,

I travel to die, fellow passengers silk-drest & cocktailed burn oil NY to  
Chicago—

Blasting sky with big business, billion bodied Poetry Commerce,

all Revolution & Consumption, Manufacture & Communication

Bombburst, vegetable pie, rubber donut sex accessory & brilliant TV

Jet-plane CIA Joke Exorcism Fart Mantra  
or electronic war Laos to AID Gestapo training in Santo Domingo  
equally massacre grass, exhaust flower power in coal factory  
smokedust  
—O how beautiful snowy fields earth-floored below cloud-holes  
glimpsed from air-roads smogged thru heavens toward Illinois—  
What right have I to eat petrol guns & metal from earth heart  
What right have I to burn gas air, screech overground rubber tired  
round midnight stoplight corners in Peoria, Fort Wayne, Ames—  
What prayer restores freshness to eastern meadow, soil to cindered  
acres, hemlock to rusty hillside,  
transparency to Passaic streambed, Blue whale multitudes to coral  
gulfs—  
What mantra bring back my mother from Madhouse, Private  
Brakefield from Leavenworth, Neal from the Streets of Hades,  
Hampton, King, Gold, murdered suicided millions from the War-torn  
fields of Sheol  
where bodies twitch arm from leg torn heart beat spasmed brainless  
in dynamite Napalm rubble Song-My to West 11th Street Manhattan  
as war bomb-blast burns along neckbone-fused nations Hanoi to  
Chicago Tu-Do to Wall Street,  
Dynamite metastasis heading toward earth-brain cankering human  
world forms—  
Banks burn, boys die bullet-eyed, mothers scream realization the vast  
tonnage of napalm  
rolling down Grand Concourse, Fragmentation nails bounced off  
Haiphong walls  
rattling machine-gunned down Halstead, the Karma of State Violence  
washing terror-waves round earth-globe back to suburb TV home  
night kitchens  
The image 3 years ago, prophetic shriek of electric screen dots  
bursting thru bathroom walls,  
tile & pipes exploded in NY as on Saigon's Embassy Street  
—“Northrop is favorite in hot bidding on a jet fighter for a fat market  
overseas”—*Business Week* March 7, 1970



Earth pollution identical with Mind pollution, consciousness Pollution  
identical with filthy sky,  
dirty-thoughted Usury simultaneous with metal dust in water courses  
murder of great & little fish same as self besmirchment short hair  
thought control,  
mace-repression of gnostic street boys identical with DDT extinction  
of Bald Eagle—  
Mothers' milk poisoned as fathers' thoughts, all greed-stained over the  
automobile-body designing table—

What can Poetry do, how flowers survive, how man see right mind  
multitude, hear his heart's music, feel cockjoys, taste  
ancient natural grain-bread and sweet vegetables, smell his own baby  
body's tender neck skin  
when 60% State Money goes to heaven on gas clouds burning off War  
Machine Smokestacks?

When Violence floods the State from above, flowery land razed for  
robot proliferation  
metal rooted & asphalted down 6 feet below topsoil,  
then when bombcarrying children graduate from Grammar-school's  
sex-drenched gymnasias  
terrified of Army Finance Meatbones, busted by cops for grassy hair,  
Who can prophesy Peace, or vow Futurity for any but armed insects,  
steeltip Antennaed metal soldiers porting white eggbombs where  
genitals were,  
Blue-visor'd spray-bugs, gasmasked legions in red-brick Armory Nests  
—  
(bearded spiders ranged under attick & roof with home-brew Arsenic  
mercury dung plastic readied for the Queen Bee's Immolation  
in Sacramento, Trenton, Phoenix, Miami?)  
The State set off a plague of bullets bombs & burning words  
two decades back, & seeded Asia with Mind-thoughts excreted in  
Washington bathrooms—

now the Great Fear's rolled round the world & washes over  
Newspaper Gray air  
rolling waved through cloud-smogbanks in Heaven  
as the gas-burning TWA Jet house crashes thru sound barriers over  
Manhattan.

Chicago Chicago Chicago Trials, screams, tears, Mace, coalgas, Mafia  
highways—old Massacres in suburb garages!

Autos turn to water City Halls melt in Aeon-flood,  
Police & revolutionaries pass as gas cloud by eagle wing.

“What's your name?” asks badge-man as machines eat all Name &  
Form,

History's faster than thought, poetry obsolete in tiny decades tho  
maybe slow tunes dance eternal—

war language comes, bombblasts last a minute, coalmines exhaust  
earth-heart,

Chicago suburb blocks stretch new-bared earthskin under sun eye,  
autos speed myriad thru gray air to jet port.

Slaves of Plastic! Leather-shoe chino-pants prisoners! Haircut junkies!  
Dacron-sniffers!

Striped tie addicts! short hair monkeys on their backs! Whiskey freaks  
bombed out on 530 billion cigarettes a year—

twenty Billion dollar advertising Dealers! lipstick skin-poppers &  
syndicate Garbage telex-Heads!

Star-striped scoundresque flag-dopers! Car-smog hookers Fiendish  
on superhighways!

Growth rate trippers hallucinating Everglade real estate! Steak  
swallowers zonked on Television!

Old ladies on Stockmarket habits—old Wall Street paper Money-  
pushers!

Central Intelligence cutting Meo opium fields! China Lobby copping  
poppies in Burma!

How long this Addict government support our oil-burner matter-habit  
shooting gasoline electric speed before the blue light blast & eternal  
Police-roar Mankind's utter bust?

Robot airfields soulless Market electronic intelligence business  
skyscraper streets  
empty-soul'd, exploding.  
Sheer matter crackling, disintegrating back to void,  
Sunyatta & Brahma undisturbed, Maya-cities blow up like Chinese  
firecrackers,  
Samsara tears itself apart—Dusk over Chicago, light-glitter along  
boulevards,  
insect-eyed autos moving slow under blue streetlamps,  
plane motor buzz in eardrum, city cloud roof filling with gray gas on  
up into clear heaven—planet horizon auroral twilight-streaked,  
blue space above human truck-moil, Empty sky  
Empty mind overhangs Chicago, the universe suspended entire  
overhanging Chicago.  
O Jack thou'st scaped true deluge.  
Smart cock, to turn to shade, I drag hairy meat loss thru blood-red sky  
down thru cloud-floor to Chicago, sunset fire obliterate in black gas.

*March 13, 1970*

### **Anti-Vietnam War Peace Mobilization**

White sunshine on sweating skulls  
Washington's Monument pyramided high granite clouds  
over a soul mass, children screaming in their brains on quiet grass  
(black man strapped hanging in blue denims from an earth cross)—  
Soul brightness under blue sky  
Assembled before White House filled with mustached Germans  
& police buttons, army telephones, CIA Buzzers, FBI bugs  
Secret Service walkie-talkies, Intercom squawkers to Narco  
Fuzz & Florida Mafia Real Estate Speculators.  
One hundred thousand bodies naked before an Iron Robot  
Nixon's brain Presidential cranium case spying thru binoculars  
from the Paranoia Smog Factory's East Wing.

*May 9, 1970*

### **Ecologue**

●

Books everywhere, Kabbalah, Gnostic Fragments,

Mahanirvana & Hevajra Tantras, Boehme Blake & Zohar, Gita & Soma  
Veda, somebody reads—one cooks, another digs a pighthouse  
foundation, one chases a Cow from the vegetable garden, one dances  
and sings, one writes in a notebook, one plays with the ducks, one  
never speaks, one picks the guitar, one moves huge rocks.

The wind charger's propeller  
whirs & trees rise windy  
`one maple at woods edge's turned red.

Chickens bathe in dust at the house wall,  
rabbit at fence bends his nose to a handful of Cornsilk,  
fly lights on windowsill.

At the end of a long chain, Billy makes a Circle in grass  
by the fence, I approach  
he stands still with long red stick  
stretched throbbing between hind legs  
Spurts water a minute, turns his head down  
to look & lick his thin pee squirt—  
That's why he smells goat like.

Horse by barbed wire licking salt,  
lifts his long head & neighs  
as I go down by willow thicket  
to find the 3-day-old heifer.

At bed in long grass, wet brown fur—  
her mother stands, nose covered with a hundred flies.

The well's filled up—  
the Cast-iron ram  
that pushes water uphill  
by hydraulic pressure  
flowed from gravity  
Can be set to motion soon,  
& water flow in kitchen sink tap.

some nights in sleeping bag  
    Cricket zinging networks dewy meadows,  
    white stars sparkle across black sky,  
falling asleep I listen & watch  
    till eyes close, and wake silent—  
        at 4 A.M. the whole sky's moved,  
a Crescent moon lamps up the woods.  
& last week one Chill night  
    summer disappeared—  
    little apples in old trees red,  
        tomatoes red & green on vines,  
green squash huge under leafspread,  
        corn thick in light green husks,  
sleepingbag wet with dawn dews  
    & that one tree red at woods' edge!

Louder wind! ther'll be electric to play the Beatles!

At summer's end the white pig got so fat  
    it weighed more than Georgia  
        Ray Bremser's 3-year-old baby.  
Scratch her named Dont Bite Me under hind leg,  
she flops over on her side sweetly grunting,  
nosing in grass tuft roots, soft belly warm.

Eldridge Cleaver exiled w/ bodyguards in Algiers  
Leary sleeping in an iron cell,  
    John Sinclair a year jailed in Marquette  
Each day's paper more violent—  
    War outright shameless bombs  
        Indochina to Minneapolis—  
a knot in my belly to read between lines,  
    lies, beatings in jail—  
    Short breath on the couch—  
desolation at dawn in bed—  
    Wash dishes in the sink, drink tea, boil an egg—  
brood over Cities' suffering millions two

hundred miles away  
down the oilslicked, germ-Chemicaled  
Hudson river.

Ed Hermit comes down hill  
breaks off a maple branch  
& offers fresh green leaves to the pink eyed rabbit.

Under birch, yellow mushrooms  
sprout between grassblades & ragweed—  
Eat 'em & you die or get high & see God—  
Waiting for the exquisite mycologist's visit.

Winter's coming, build a rough wood crib  
& fill it with horse dung, hot horse dung,  
all round the house sides.

Bucolics & Eclogues!  
Hesiod the beginning of the World,  
Virgil the end of his World—  
& Catullus sucked cock in the country  
far from the Emperor's police.

Empire got too big, cities too crazy, garbage-filled Rome  
full of drunken soldiers, fat politicians,  
circus businessmen—  
Safer, healthier life on a farm, make yr own wine  
in Italy, smoke yr own grass in America.

Pond's down two feet from drainpipe's rusty top—  
Timothy turned brown, covered with new spread manure  
sweet-smelt in strong breeze,  
it'll be covered in snow couple months.  
& Leary covered in snow in San Luis Obispo jail?  
His mind snowflakes falling over the States.

Did Don Winslow the mason come look at the basement  
    So we can insulate a snug root cellar  
        for potatoes, beets, carrots,  
    radishes, parsnips, glass jars of corn & beans  
Did the mortician come & look us over for next Winter?

Black flies walking up and down the metal screen,  
    fly's leg tickling my forehead—  
    "I'll play a fly's bone flute  
    & beat an ant's egg drum"  
        sang the Quechua Injun  
        high on Huilca snuff, Medieval  
        Peruvian DMT.

Phil Whalen in Japan  
    stirring rice, eyes in the garden,  
        fine pen nib lain by notebook.

Jack in Lowell farming worms, master of his  
    minuscule deep acre.  
Neal's ashes sitting under a table piled with  
    books, in an oak drawer,  
        sunlight thru suburb windows.

O wind! spin the generator wheel, make Power Juice  
To run the New Exquisite Noise Recorder, & I'll sing  
    praise of your tree music.

Squash leaves wave & ragweeds lean, black tarpaulin  
    plastic flutters over the bass-wood lumber pile  
Hamilton Fish's Congressional letter  
    reports "Stiffer laws against peddling smut"  
flapping in dusty spiderwebs by the window screen.

What's the Ammeter read by the Windmill? Will



we record *Highest Perfect Wisdom* all day tomorrow,  
or Blake's *Schoolboy* uninterrupted next week?

Fine rain-slant showering the gray porch  
Returnable Ginger Ale Bottles  
on the wood rail, white paint flaked  
off into orange flowered  
blossoms

Out in the garden, rain  
all over the grass, leaves, roofs,  
rain on the laundry.

•

Night winds hiss thru maple black masses  
Gas light shine from  
farmhouse window upstairs  
empty kitchen wind  
Cassiopeia zigzag  
Milky Way thru cloud

*September 4*

The baby pig screamed and screamed  
four feet rigid on grass  
screamed and screamed  
Oh No! Oh No!  
jaw dripping blood  
broken by the horse's hoof.

Slept in straw all afternoon, eyes closed,  
snout at rest between paws—  
ate hog mash liquid—two weeks  
and his skull be healed  
said the Vet in overalls.

That bedraggled duck's sat under the door  
June to Labor Day, three hatched

yellow chicks' dry fur bones found  
by the garage side—  
two no-good eggs left, nights chillier—  
Next week, move her nest  
to the noisy chickenhouse.

We buried lady dog by the apple tree—  
spotted puppy daughter Radha  
sniffed her bloated corpse, flies  
whispering round eyeball & dry nostril,  
sweet rot-smell, stiff legs, anus puffed out,  
Sad Eyes chased the milk truck & got killed.

How many black corpses they found in the river  
looking for Goodman, Chaney, Schwerner?

Man and wife, they weep in the attic  
after bitter voices,  
low voices threatening.

Broken Legs in Vietnam!  
Eyes staring at heaven,  
Eyes weeping at earth.

Millions of bodies in pain!  
Who can live with this Consciousness  
and not wake frightened at sunrise?

The Farm's a lie!  
Madmen growing giant organic zucchini  
mulching asparagus, boiling tomatoes for Winter,  
drying beans, pickling cucumbers  
sweet & garlicked, salting cabbage for sauerkraut,  
canning fresh corn & tossing Bessie husks—  
Marie Antoinette had milkmaid costumes ready,

Robespierre's eyeball hung on his cheek  
in the tumbril to guillotine—

Black Panther's teeth knocked out in Paterson,  
red blood clotted on black hairy skin—  
Millions of bodies in pain!

One by one picked orange striped soft potato bugs off  
withered brown leaves  
dropped them curl'd up in kerosene,  
or smeared them on ground with small stones—

Moon rocket earth photo, peacock colored,  
tacked to the wood wall,  
globe in black sky  
living eyeball bathed in cloud swirls—  
Is Earth herself frightened?  
Does she know?

Oh No! Oh No! the Continuous scream  
of the pig  
Don't Bite Me in the backyard,  
bloody jawbone askew.

Uphill on pine forest floor  
Indian peace pipes curl'd up thru dry needles,  
half translucent fungus, half metal blossom

Frog sat half out on mud shallows'  
minnow-rippling surface,  
& stared at our Universe—  
So many fish frog, insect ephemera, swamp fern  
—So many Ezekiel-wheeled Dragonflies  
hovering over old Hemlock root moss—  
They wont even know when humans go

Waking 2 A.M. clock tick

What was I dreaming  
my body alert  
Police light down this dirt road?

Justice Dogs sniffing field for Grass Seeds?  
Would they find a little brown mushroom button  
tossed out my window?  
BI read this haiku?

Four in the morning  
rib thrill eyes open—  
Deep hum thru the house—  
Windmill Whir? Hilltop Radar Blockhouse?  
Valley Traffic 5 miles downtown?  
When'll Policecar Machinery assemble  
outside State pine woods?  
Head out window—bright Orion star line,  
Pleiades and Dipper shining silent—

Bathrobe flashlight, uproad Milky Way  
Moved round the house this month  
—remember Taurus' Horn up there last fall?  
White rabbit on goat meadow, got over the chickenwire?  
Hop away from flash light? Wait till Godly  
Dog wakes up!  
Come back! He'll bite you! Here's a green beet leaf!  
Pwzxst! Pwzxst! Pwzxst!

Attic window lit between trees,  
Clouds drift past the sickle moon—  
Tiny lights in the dark sky  
Stars & Crickets everywhere  
Electric whistle-blinks  
tweedle-twinks  
Squeak-peeks  
Locust planet  
zephyr sizzle  
Squinks—

Grasshoppers in cold dewy fall grass  
Singing lovesongs as they die.

•

Morning, the white rabbit stiff, eyes closed,  
lain belly up in grass, tooth nosed,  
beside the manure pile—dig a hole  
—Shoulda introduced him to dogs in daylight—

Cripple Jack drove up  
to judge the ducks—  
All eggs sterile,  
smashed on rock, wet guts  
& rotted-throat smell—  
Bedraggled duck mother,  
dragged off straw nest  
& pecking skin at my wrist,  
All afternoon walked up and down quacking  
thru chickenwire fence

Pig on her side woke up,  
slurped beet juice, rooted at porch wood  
ignorant of broken head bones—

Morning dew, papery leafs & sharp blossoms  
of sunflower ripped off battered stalks,  
Who'd do that!? Too late  
to fix the barbed wire fence,  
intelligent Bessie Cow strays in the moonlight.

Leary's climbed the chainlink fence & two strands of  
barbedwire too  
This weekend, "Armed & Dangerous,"  
Signed with Weathermen!  
Has Revolution begun? World War III?

May no Evil Eye peek thru window, keyhole or  
gunsight at his white haired face!

Now's halfmoon over America,  
leaves tinged red fall blush scattered overhill,  
down pasture singular trees orange foreheads think

Autumn time in pines—  
The maple at woods' edge fire-red's brighter  
Australian Aborigines' Eternal Dream Time's come true—  
Usta be bears on East Hill; fox under old Hemlock,  
Usta be otter—even woolly mammoths in Eternal  
dream time—  
Leary's out in the woods of the world—cockroaches immune  
to radiation?

Richard Nixon has means to end human Worlds,  
Man has machines for Suicide,  
Pray for Timothy Leary in the planet's Woods!  
Om Mani Padme Hum

& Hare Krishna!  
“As we forgive those who trespass against us,  
Thy Will be done  
on Earth as in Heaven”  
Oh Bessie you ate my unborn sunflowers!  
“God never repeats himself” Harry Smith telephoned tonite.

We may not come back, Richard Nixon.  
We may not come back, dear hidden Tim.

Will Peter fix the sink's hand pump? the basement freeze?  
Backyard grasses stink, if kitchen drains  
to septic tank, will Bacteria die  
of soap, Ammonia & Kerosene?

Get rid of that old tractor or fix it!  
Cardboard boxes rotten in garageside rain!  
Old broken City desks under the appletree! Cleanum  
up for firewood!  
Where can we keep all summer's bottles?  
Gas pumps, broken mandolins, old tires—

Ugly backyard—Shelf the garage!  
Where stack lumber handy to eye?  
Electric generator money? Where keep mops in Wintertime?

Leary fugitive, Sinclair sent up for a decade—  
though 83% of World's illegal opium's fixed  
in Central Intelligence Agency's Indochinese Brain!  
Fed State Local Narcs peddle junk—  
Nixon got a hard hat from Mafia,  
Pentagon Public Relations boodle's 190 million A.D. 1969.

J. E. Hoover's a sexual blackmailer,  
*Times* pities "idealistic students"  
Police killed 4 Blacks in New Orleans  
Fascism in America:—  
i.e. Police control Cities, not Mayors or philosophers—  
Police, & Police alone, cause most crime.

Preventive Detention now law in D.C.  
Mexico & Senegal close borders to Adam Longhair  
So many apples in abandoned orchards,  
and such fresh sweet Cider, supper tonite—  
onions & cabbage fried on iron—  
groundwells overflow, hydraulic ram  
works steady again,

Eclogues! the town laundry's detergent phosphate  
glut's foul'd clear Snyders Creek—  
I have a beautiful boy in the house,  
learn keyboard notation, chords, & improvise  
freely on Blake's mantras at midnite.

Hesiod annaled Beginnings  
I annal ends for No man.

Hail to the Gods, who are given Consciousness.  
Hail to Men Conscious of the Gods!

Electric tempest!  
Entire hillsides turned wet gold,

Leaf death's begun, universal September  
Emerges in old maples  
Goat bells near the house, not much in the  
garden they can eat now anyway,  
& cow got beet tops and mangles already—  
What do dogs hear?  
Birds squeak & chatter as Rooster call  
echoes round house wall

Civilization's breaking down! Freezertray's  
lukewarm, who knows why?  
The year-old Toilet's leaking at the heel—Wind  
Charger's so feeble batteries are almost down—  
Hundreds of black spotted tomatoes  
waiting near the kitchen wood stove  
“Useless! useless! the heavy rain driving into the sea!”  
Kerouac, Cassady, Olson ash & earth, Leary the Irish  
coach on the lam,  
Black Magicians screaming in anger Newark to Algiers,  
How many bottles & cans piled up in our garbage pail?

*Fall 1970*

**Guru Om**

***October 4, 1970***

Car wheels roar over freeway concrete  
Night falls on Dallas, two buildings shine under sickle moon  
Many boys and girls in jail for their bodies poems and bitter thoughts  
My belly's hollow breath sighs up thru my heart  
Guru Om Guru Om enlarges in the vast space of the breast  
The Guru has a man's brown belly and cock long hair white beard  
short hair orange hat no person  
The bliss alone no business for my body but to make Guru Om dwell  
near my heart  
shall I telephone New York and tell my fellows where I am silent



shall I ring my own head & order my own voice to be silent but  
How giant, silent and feather-soft is the cave of my body eyes closed  
To enter the body is difficult, the belly's full of bad smelling wind  
the body's digesting last weekend's meat thinking of Cigarettes, bright  
eyes of boys  
What Acid eight hours equals eight hours' Om continuous attention—  
the Guru is equal to the Om of the Seeker  
Guru Guru Guru Guru Guru Guru Guru Sitaram Omkar Das Thakur  
thin voic'd recommended "Give up desire for children"  
Dehorahava Baba sat on the Ganges and described eat & drinking  
pranayam  
Nityananda floated thru his giant photo body  
Babaji's hand the hand of a dead man in my dead man's fingers  
Out the plane window brown gas rises to heaven's blue sea  
—how end the poetry movie in the mind?  
how tell Kabir Blake & Ginsberg shut their ears?  
Folded in silence invisible Guru waits to fill his body with Emptiness  
I am leaving the world, I will close my eyes & rest my tongue and  
hand.

### ***October 5, 1970***

To look in the City without hatred  
the orange moon edge sunk into blue Cloud  
a second night autos roar to and fro Downtown towers' horizon  
airplane moving between moon and white-lit bank towers  
lightning haze above twinkling-bulbed man city flats  
It is mind-City risen particularly solid.  
What elder age grew such cities visioned from these far towers'  
windows  
Seraph armchaired in Babylonian Déjà Vu from Hilton Inn?

### ***October 6, 1970***

Dallas buildings' heaped rock tangled steel electric lit under quarter moon

Cars crash at dusk at Mockingbird Lane, Drugstore Supermarket signs revolve with dumb beckoning persistence over North Central Freeway

Leary leaped over the wall with a sword, Errol Flynn's in the grave, flags & bombs fly over Dallas' stock exchange

oil flows thru the Hilton Faucets, gasoline fumes smother Neem trees in Ganeshpuri—

Maya revolves on rubber wheels, Samsara's glass buildings light up with neon, Illusion's doors open on aluminum hinges—

my mother should've done asanas & Kundalini not straightjackets & Electroshock in the birthdays of Roosevelt's FBI—

Where in the body's the white thumbsize subtle corpus, in the neck they say

where's the half-thumbjoint black causal body, down in the heart hidden?

where's the lentil-sized Cosmic Corpse, a tiny blue speck in the navel?

All beings at war in the Gross body, armor'd Cars & Napalm, rifles & grass huts burning, Mace on Wall Street, tear gas flooding the fallen stockmarket.

Look in halls of the head, *nervous leg halls*, universe inside Chest dark baby kingdom in the skull.

### **“Have You Seen This Movie?”**

Old maple hairytrunks root asphalt grass marge, November branches rare leaved,

Giant woodlegged wiretowers' threads stretch above pond woods highway, white sun fallen hills West.

Car rolling underpass, radio hornvoice “the sight of Bobby Seale bound & gagged at Trial” denied lawyer presum'd innocent?

MDA Love Drug Cure Junk Habit? Rochester Exit one mile flashing out Volkswagen window—

Blue sky fring'd with clouds' whale-ghost-blue schools north drift—

High, high Manson sighed on Trial, how many folk in jail for grass

Ask Congressman?

Highway Crash! Politics! Police! Dope! armed robbery Customary E.  
10th street, no insurance possible.

—Brown deer tied neat footed dead eye horned across blue Car trunk,  
old folks Front seat, they're gonna eat it!

Help! Hurrah! What's Going on here? Samsara? Illusion? Reality?

What're all these trailers row'd up hillside, more people? How can  
Lyca sleep?

Cows on Canandaigua fields lactate into rubber stainless steel plastic  
milk-house machinery vats ashine—

Revolutionary Suicide! Driving on Persian gasoline?

Kill Whale & ocean? Oh one American myself shits 1000 times more  
Chemical waste into freshwater & seas than any single Chinaman!

America Suicide Cure World Cancer! Myself included dependent on  
Chemicals, wheels, dollars,

metal Coke Cans Liquid propane batteries marijuana lettuce avocados  
cigarettes plastic pens & milkbottles—electric

in N.Y.C. heavy habit, cut airconditioners isolation from street  
nightmare smog heat study decentralized Power sources 10 years  
not atomic thermopollutive monolith. Om. How many species  
poisoned biocided from Earth realms?

O bald Eagle & Blue Whale with giant piteous Cat Squeak—Oh  
Wailing whale ululating underocean's sonic roar of Despair!

Sing thy Kingdom to Language deaf America! Scream thy black Cry  
thru Radio electric Aether—

Scream in Death America! Or did Captain Ahab not scream Curses as  
he hurled harpoon

into the body of the mother, great White Whale Nature Herself,  
thrashing in intelligent agony innocent vast in the oil-can sick waters?  
All Northvietnam bomb-Cratered ruined topsoil Laos in secrecy more  
bombs than many W W II's!

Mekong swamp lethicided by Monsanto Pentagon Academy Death-  
brains!

What wisdom teaching this? What Mafia runs N.J.? What Mafia knew  
J. Edgar FBI?

What's Schenley's Whiskey trader Fleischmann's Hoover Institute?

What opium's passed thru CIA Agents' airplane's luggage in Saigon,  
Bangkok, Athens, Washington?

What narcotic agent's not dependent on Shit for a living?

What Bank's money created ex nihil serves orphan, widow, monk,  
philosopher?

or what Bank's money serves real Estate Asphalt over widow's  
garden? Serves old Nick in the Pentagon?

Old Indian prophecies believe Ghost Dance peace will Come restore  
prairie Buffalo or great White Father Honkie

be trampled to death in his dreams by returning herds' thundering  
reincarnation!

Oh awful Man! What have we made the world! Oh man capitalist  
exploiter of Mother Planet!

Oh vain insect sized men with metal slaves by Great Lake Erie,  
tenderest Passaic & Hudson poisoned by dollars!

BID TAMPERING PROBED IN LACKAWANNA *Buffalo News* headline folded on rubber  
floor, car vibrating smooth to sun ruddy woods' dusk quiet—

Radio hissing cough words dashboard noisemusic—Any minute  
Apocalypse Rock!

Brown Pelican eggs softened by DDT. Seal's livers poisoned to  
Northman. Oceans Dead 2000 A.D.?

Television Citizen 6% Earth's human Americans ingest half the planet's  
raw matter as alchemized by Syracuse Gen. Electric Power brown  
robot palace near 8 Lane Thruway's Exit before Ramada Inn.

HXL Trucks sleeping on brokenearthed embankment past Iron-strutted  
passages,

fields aglitter with damp metallic garbage under th'electricwire  
trestles—

And woods survive into another Thanksgiving's brown sacred silence  
—

Lights on cars front Western Lane gray twilight falls on rolling  
robotland.

*November 1970*

## Milarepa Taste

Who am I? Saliva,  
                    vegetable soup,  
                    empty mouth?

Hot roach, breathe smoke  
                    suck in, hold, exhale—  
                    light as ashes.

## Over Laramie

Western Air boat bouncing  
    under rainclouds stippled  
        down gray Rockies  
            Springtime dusk,  
Look out on Denver, Allen,  
    mourn Neal no more,  
    Old ghost loves departed  
    New lives overwhelm the plains, rains  
        wash Rocky mountainsides  
World turns under sun eye  
    Man flies a moment Cheyenne's  
        dry upland highways  
A tiny fossil brachiopod in pocket  
    Precambrian limestone clam  
        fingernail small  
four hundred fifty million years old

Brain gone, flesh passed thru myriad  
    phantom reincarnations,  
the tiny-ridged shell's delicate  
        as hardened thought.

—over Laramie, Front Range  
    pine gully snow pockets,  
Monolith Cement plume smoke  
    casting dust gas over

the red plateau  
into the New World.

*April 12, 1971*

***Bixby Canyon to Jessore Road (1971)***  
***Bixby Canyon Ocean Path***  
***Word Breeze***

Tiny orange-wing-tipped butterfly  
fluttering sunlit  
from violet  
blossom to violet  
blossom

Ocean is private  
you have to visit  
her to see her  
Garden undercliff  
    Dewey Pinks,  
        bitter Mint,  
    Sea Sage,  
        Orange flaming  
            Paintbrush  
    greenspiked fleurs,  
    Thick dainty stalked  
        Cow Parsley,  
    Starleaf'd violet bushes,  
    yelloweyed blue  
        Daisy clump—  
red brambled mature sour  
        blackberry briars,  
yellow budded  
        Lupine  
    nodding stalkheads  
    in Sunwarm'd  
        breezes  
by the brooks tricklet  
    wash in the ravine  
        Bridged with cloud

Ruddy with wine morning  
glory's tiny tender  
cowbells,  
guarded by poison oak sprigs  
oily hands  
Green horned little  
British chickweed,  
waxlight-leafed black  
seed stalk's  
lilac sweet budcluster  
Ah fluted morning  
glory bud  
oped  
& tickled to yellow  
tubed stamen root  
by a six legged  
armed mite  
deeping his head  
into sweet pollened  
crotches,  
Crawls up yr veined  
blossom wall  
to petal lip in  
sunshine clear  
and dives again  
to your tongue-stamen's  
foot-pipe, your  
bloom unfolded  
to light—

Above ye the  
Spider's left  
his one strand  
catgut silk  
shining  
bridge  
between  
cuckoospitted  
mint leafheads

& newgreen leafsprig'd  
    seedy lilac  
Granite Sagely  
    Browed above the Path's  
        black pepper peapod marge—  
Gray rock dropping  
    seed,  
withered bush-fingers  
    tangled up  
    stoneface  
—cracked with  
    green stalk  
        sprout—  
Brooktrickle deep  
    below Airplane  
        Bridge  
        Concrete  
    arches balcony'd  
Pendant over  
Oceancrash  
    waves  
falling empty eyed  
    breathing water  
        wash afar

Morning Night shade  
    in alder shadow'd  
Pathside—Nettle plant  
    Leaf-shoulder  
    vegetable wing'd  
    baby faces,  
        green earmouths  
        sprouting  
Celery handspread  
    Heal-All mudras  
    open asking why me.

Sunlight trembling



branch-leafy willow,  
yellow haired wingy bee's  
black horn  
bowed into threadpackt mauve  
round thistle mouth,  
dewey web throat  
green needle collar'd,  
Symmetric little  
Cathead erect  
electric thorn'd  
under giant hogweed  
stalked parasol blossoms—

Ash branch's tender  
pinecone cluster  
proffered by leathery  
sawtooth rib leafs

red browed beedle  
perched on Egyptian  
bridge of Spider fern's  
soft-jointed spike-sticks

Brown water

streaming

underbrush

sparrowsong

winged brown

whistling above

cold water pebble

silver pour ...

Shrouded

under the

Ash spread, on

damp leafwither,

shield tubes

& condensers

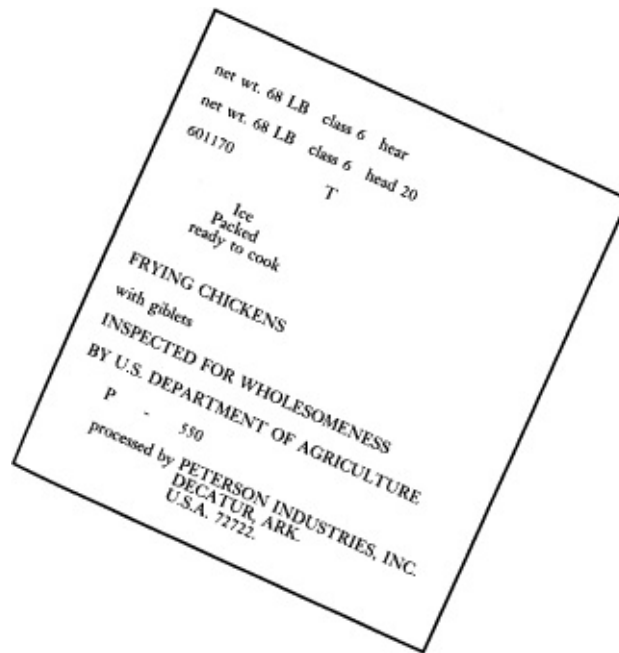
of small Sony

TV machine enwired

rusty w/resistances

giant grass  
  leafspears  
morning glory hillside  
  perched over clearing  
All branches lifting  
  up  
  papery seedhusks,  
parasolspiked Fern  
  Tramping together  
    upright pushing  
      a thistle aside,  
groundwheat leaned  
by beach path—

Oh ocean white-  
  waved pouring  
  foamy noises over  
    rocky sandshore  
Chevrolet writ  
  on radiator mouth  
Set above  
  Private Land  
Do Not Enter  
  incised wood  
    Sign-beams



Frying chickens from  
Arkansas!

Musselshells'  
Briared graveyard  
footplot—  
Dewey round bushes  
guarding ocean  
path with  
myriad greenstar'd  
leafarms  
cradling white-walled  
dewdrops

Telephone  
pole trunk  
stuck  
out of old  
landslide head  
Covered with iceplant  
green lobsterclaw  
trefoil solid  
edged,

pinked with  
hundredfingerpetaled  
Sea vine blossoms  
Dry brown kelp  
ribs washed  
in a heap at  
streamside in  
wet brown sand  
to listen to  
oceanroar  
and wait the  
slow moon  
tide.

Stream water  
rushing flat through  
beachmound  
Sand precipices,  
tiny wet arizonas  
flood lips  
—cliffs  
cradling the last  
graysmooth boulders  
shat by the rains  
pissed out  
by spring storm  
from  
the forests  
bladder  
hills  
Small granite  
blackpocked  
hearthstones  
washed to last rest  
Ocean wavelet's  
salt tongue  
touching  
forward thru  
sand throated

streambed  
to lave foam &  
pull back bubbles  
from the iron  
Car's rusty  
under carriage  
kelp pipes  
& brown chassis,  
one rubber wheel  
black poked from  
Sand mattresses  
rock wash

O Kerouac  
thy broken  
car Behold  
Digested in  
Saltwater  
sandbottom  
giant soulless  
Chicken  
sea gizzard filled  
with unthinking  
marble rocks—  
Poured down  
road in  
avalanche!  
to the granite  
snout of the  
seacliff

O see the great  
Snake kelp's  
beet green head still lettuce-  
haired  
stretch forth  
a fingerthick tailroot  
above seaweed broider  
wavelets  
rushing foam

tongued—  
Was that kelp  
Intelligent  
Einstein hairleafed  
faceless bulbhead

Oh father  
Welcome!  
The seal's  
head lifted  
above the wave,  
eyes watching  
from black  
face  
in waterfroth  
floating!  
Come back again!

Huge white  
waves rolling  
in gray mist  
birds flocking  
rocks foamed  
floating above  
the  
horizon's  
watery  
wrinkled  
skin  
grandmother  
oceanskirt  
rumbling  
pebbles  
silver hair ear to ear

*May 28, 1971*

Hūm Bom!

I  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb them!  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb them!  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb them!  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb them!

Whom bomb?  
You bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
You bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
You bomb you!  
Whom Bomb?  
You bomb you!

What do we do?  
Who do we bomb?  
What do we do?  
Who do we bomb?  
What do we do?  
Who do we bomb?  
What do we do!  
Who do we bomb?

What do we do?  
You bomb! You bomb them!  
What do we do?  
You bomb! You bomb them!  
What do we do?  
We bomb! We bomb them!  
What do we do?  
We bomb! We bomb them!

Whom bomb?  
We bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
You bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
You bomb you!

*May 1971*

## II

Why bomb?  
We don't want to bomb!  
Why bomb?  
We don't want to bomb!  
Why bomb?  
You don't want to bomb!  
Why bomb?  
You don't want to bomb!

Who said bomb?  
Who said we had to bomb?  
Who said bomb?  
Who said we had to bomb?  
Who said bomb?  
Who said you had to bomb?  
Who said bomb?  
Who said you had to bomb?

[illegible]



*for Don Cherry and Elvin Jones*  
*New York, June 16, 1984*

September on Jessore Road

Rubato

**Fm**  
 Mil-lions of ba-bies watch-ing the skies

**Bb**  
 Bellies swollen, with big round eyes On

**Eb**  
 Jessore Road long bam-boo huts

**Bb**  
 No place to shit but sand channel ruts

**Fm**  
 Mil-lions of fath-ers in rain

**Bb**  
 Mil-lions of moth-ers in pain

**Eb**  
 Mil-lions of broth-ers in woe

**Bb**  
 Mil-lions of sis-ters no-where to go

Final Verse

**Fm**  
 Mil-lions of ba-bies in pain

**Bb**  
 Mil-lions of moth-ers in rain

**Eb**  
 Mil-lions of broth-ers in woe

**Bb** **Eb**  
 Mil-lions of child-ren no-where to go

## September on Jessore Road

Millions of babies watching the skies  
Bellies swollen, with big round eyes  
On Jessore Road—long bamboo huts  
Noplace to shit but sand channel ruts

Millions of fathers in rain  
Millions of mothers in pain  
Millions of brothers in woe  
Millions of sisters nowhere to go

One Million aunts are dying for bread  
One Million uncles lamenting the dead  
Grandfather millions homeless and sad  
Grandmother millions silently mad

Millions of daughters walk in the mud  
Millions of children wash in the flood  
A Million girls vomit & groan  
Millions of families hopeless alone

Millions of souls Nineteenseventyone  
homeless on Jessore road under gray sun  
A million are dead, the millions who can  
Walk toward Calcutta from East Pakistan

Taxi September along Jessore Road  
Oxcart skeletons drag charcoal load  
past watery fields thru rain flood ruts  
Dung cakes on treetrunks, plastic-roof huts

Wet processions    Families walk  
Stunted boys    big heads dont talk

Look bony skulls & silent round eyes  
Starving black angels in human disguise

Mother squats weeping & points to her sons  
Standing thin legged like elderly nuns  
small bodied hands to their mouths in prayer  
Five months small food since they settled there

on one floor mat with a small empty pot  
Father lifts up his hands at their lot  
Tears come to their mother's eye  
Pain makes mother Maya cry

Two children together in palmroof shade  
Stare at me no word is said  
Rice ration, lentils one time a week  
Milk powder for warweary infants meek

No vegetable money or work for the man  
Rice lasts four days eat while they can  
Then children starve three days in a row  
and vomit their next food unless they eat slow.

On Jessore road Mother wept at my knees  
Bengali tongue cried mister Please  
Identity card torn up on the floor  
Husband still waits at the camp office door

Baby at play I was washing the flood  
Now they won't give us any more food  
The pieces are here in my celluloid purse  
Innocent baby play our death curse

Two policemen surrounded by thousands of boys  
Crowded waiting their daily bread joys

Carry big whistles & long bamboo sticks  
to whack them in line They play hungry tricks

Breaking the line and jumping in front  
Into the circle sneaks one skinny runt  
Two brothers dance forward on the mud stage  
The guards blow their whistles & chase them in rage

Why are these infants massed in this place  
Laughing in play & pushing for space  
Why do they wait here so cheerful & dread  
Why this is the House where they give children bread

The man in the bread door Cries & comes out  
Thousands of boys & girls Take up his shout  
Is it joy? is it prayer? “No more bread today”  
Thousands of Children at once scream “Hooray!”

Run home to tents where elders await  
Messenger children with bread from the state  
No bread more today! & no place to squat  
Painful baby, sick shit he has got.

Malnutrition skulls thousands for months  
Dysentery drains bowels all at once  
Nurse shows disease card Enterostrep  
Suspension is wanting or else chlorostrep

Refugee camps in hospital shacks  
Newborn lay naked on mothers' thin laps  
Monkeysized week-old Rheumatic babe eye  
Gastroenteritis Blood Poison thousands must die

September Jessore Road rickshaw  
50,000 souls in one camp I saw

Rows of bamboo huts in the flood  
Open drains, & wet families waiting for food

Border trucks flooded, food cant get past,  
American Angel machine please come fast!  
Where is Ambassador Bunker today?  
Are his Helios machinegunning children at play?

Where are the helicopters of U.S. AID?  
Smuggling dope in Bangkok's green shade.  
Where is America's Air Force of Light?  
Bombing North Laos all day and all night?

Where are the President's Armies of Gold?  
Billionaire Navies merciful Bold?  
Bringing us medicine food and relief?  
Napalming North Vietnam and causing more grief?

Where are our tears? Who weeps for this pain?  
Where can these families go in the rain?  
Jessore Road's children close their big eyes  
Where will we sleep when Our Father dies?

Whom shall we pray to for rice and for care?  
Who can bring bread to this shit flood foul'd lair?  
Millions of children alone in the rain!  
Millions of children weeping in pain!

Ring O ye tongues of the world for their woe  
Ring out ye voices for Love we dont know  
Ring out ye bells of electrical pain  
Ring in the conscious American brain

How many children are we who are lost  
Whose are these daughters we see turn to ghost?

What are our souls that we have lost care?  
Ring out ye musics and weep if you dare—

Cries in the mud by the thatch'd house sand drain  
Sleeps in huge pipes in the wet shit-field rain  
waits by the pump well, Woe to the world!  
whose children still starve in their mothers' arms curled.

Is this what I did to myself in the past?  
What shall I do Sunil Poet I asked?  
Move on and leave them without any coins?  
What should I care for the love of my loins?

What should we care for our cities and cars?  
What shall we buy with our Food Stamps on Mars?  
How many millions sit down in New York  
& sup this night's table on bone & roast pork?

How many million beer cans are tossed  
in Oceans of Mother? How much does She cost?  
Cigar gasolines and asphalt car dreams  
Stinking the world and dimming star beams—

Finish the war in your breast with a sigh  
Come taste the tears in your own Human eye  
Pity us millions of phantoms you see  
Starved in Samsara on planet TV

How many millions of children die more  
before our Good Mothers perceive the Great Lord?  
How many good fathers pay tax to rebuild  
Armed forces that boast the children they've killed?

How many souls walk through Maya in pain  
How many babes in illusory rain?

How many families    hollow eyed lost?  
How many grandmothers    turning to ghost?

How many loves who never get bread?  
How many Aunts with holes in their head?  
How many sisters skulls on the ground?  
How many grandfathers    make no more sound?

How many fathers in woe  
How many sons    nowhere to go?  
How many daughters    nothing to eat?  
How many uncles    with swollen sick feet?

Millions of babies in pain  
Millions of mothers in rain  
Millions of brothers in woe  
Millions of children    nowhere to go

*New York, November 14–16, 1971*



## IX

### MIND BREATHS ALL OVER THE PLACE

(1972–1977)

*Sad Dust Glories (1972–1974)*

*Ego Confessions (1974–1977)*

***Sad Dust Glories***

***(1972–1974)***

**Ayers Rock / Uluru Song**

When the red pond fills fish appear

When the red pond dries fish disappear.

Everything built on the desert crumbles to dust.

Electric cable transmission wires swept down.

The lizard people came out of the rock.

The red Kangaroo people forgot their own song.

Only a man with four sticks can cross the Simpson Desert.

One rain turns red dust green with leaves.

One raindrop begins the universe.

When the raindrop dries, worlds come to their end.

*Central Australia, March 23, 1972*

### **Voznesensky's "Silent Tingling"**

Must be thousands of sweet gourmets rustling through  
leaf crowded branches, thrushes cracking seedling shells  
all over America like crystalline carillon bells,  
a really strange silent tingling.

Silent carillons, not to celebrate Main Street  
but rustling up some food their only scene—  
No miracle but millions of hungry souls  
silently tingling.

This tingling silence heralds  
an orgy of hermit thrushes eating  
like thousands of song-men's clapsticks clacking  
or faraway Moscow's million bells  
—some dream collective—generational vogue.

Thrush communes don't be afraid of the big Broom,  
your flock continues an ancient tradition,  
now all over America—collective marriage;  
though some detractors put down your in-group, not big enough!

A silent Individualist in top hat & tails drest  
coffinlike denounces your collective struggles in bed—  
but his own wife wears rings on every finger,  
as if she wound up in a group marriage.

This gentle gang's only enemy's insects,  
Cleaning up bark parasites—silently, silently—  
Anybody can crush bones and oink louder  
but cant beat this silent tingling.

Fast New York Sydney chicks—  
thanks Brisbane birds & Chicago thrushes  
for your own silent tingling—your cities' trees'  
leaves tremble like golden curlicues on Byzantine crosses.

Maybe someday our descendants  
'll ask about this poet—What'd he sing about?  
I didn't ring Halleluiahs bells, I didn't clank leg-irons,  
I was silently tingling.

*Translated with Andrei Voznesensky  
Darwin Land—Cairns, Australia, March 26–29, 1972*

### **These States: to Miami Presidential Convention**

I  
Philadelphia city lights boiling under the  
    clouds  
green Babylon's heat attracting rain,  
    lightning, smoke gathered  
    about the excited city—shouts, vibration  
    of trucks, radio antennae, streets'  
solid electric glitter under sulphur waterfumes—  
the plane glides to Miami Beach over Atlantic's  
    Coast metropolis  
    red downtown sores of theater money,  
    bar sign pinprick bulbs under  
    Cloud curtain'd sunlit velvet horizon  
To the political drama, march to  
    Auditorium thru tacky downtown  
    Cuban neons blinking angry language,  
Yippies survived unto this Presidentiad!

Woe to the States, whoever's the empty President  
    Nixon McGovern X or Caesar  
Must decree end to matter habit,  
    America swallowing aluminum sleep pills  
Cries of millions of trees travel thru TV  
    loudspeakers to the Athletic Club's basement steamroom—

Millions of yellow faces call thru radio  
Cries of the longhairs in the Rockies,  
Choruses of American prophets in their graves  
echo thru newspaper horns to the  
Ear Consciousness Mind  
Matter Consumption must end,  
Dirty alchemy destroys the House—  
Billion year old leaf plates become inert matter  
Plastic particles mixed  
with living cells in the Walleyed  
pike's retina—

*After conversation  
with Chögyam  
Trungpa, Rinpoche,  
Boulder, Spring 1972*

Soaring over Atlantic's lit-up electric  
houses to the politics Warre  
Ah! Shall be my mantra—America's gasp of Awe—  
Ah as Fireworks ascend & light glitters  
faery shimmering in treetop darkness  
sky over Eastside Park July 4th—Ah  
As the enlightened Aborigine sighs his  
soul-journey with birds to New Guinea  
Ah! the madman screamed  
to himself in the silence of the Ward  
Ah as car owner collapsed into  
his ruined heap of metal on his own  
Front Yard  
Ah! the divorcee steps off her plane onto Mexico City Airport—  
Ah! as I ride spitting petrol into the exquisite  
Midnight Atmosphere  
above cloud cities  
toward another gateway of Police Boys  
& State Powers convened  
Clocks Ticking two centuries  
now America  
approaching the great Ah of all cities  
burning under Clouds, Conscious

of Death Machines Downtown.  
Ah, for the garden—

II

O Peaceful & Wrathful Dieties & Politicians Rejoice, Rejoice  
left and right!  
Ah! liberty—we here together conscious of  
heart's feeling ah!  
Massacre ah! selling images in America  
bellied meadow bombcrater photo mind  
scream face skin afire  
eyes penetrated by war needles  
Ah! to the Heart from Heart ever Grateful  
for mercy human understanding sigh—  
Ah! for our loves dead & gone  
Ah! for miseries we caused, youthful screaming  
Pig Cop selves  
Violence in other streets and nations  
Heads of State  
eyes flashing angry—

Ah! that we know ourselves better,  
Ah! that America rise from  
the dead matter  
& transcend this body heavy asphalt usury  
being with each other  
Trembling with city hatred  
dropping acid Death Fear  
lovelessness alone on metal  
planet floor—or  
grass green meadow  
among Equal Creatures, trees flourishing their Barken Kind  
leaf flared—  
ah What Seek we in Miami Heaven Earth  
But End to Fear  
Ah! to rejoice in World Illusion  
airplane sound street body under sky—  
Apocatastasis Ah!  
Release of our knowledge

our suffering in kind—

Ah! together, ah! make peace!

Ah What is this lightness that we know

body empty & the mind

Myriad Ah'd in Mid Metropolis zonked

& baffled by its own Being,

Angers, Loves & Wars—Great Politics shakes

planet tremors through our souls—

Ah! Great Consciousness Here

Salutations to the Great Self we come to know

Ah to All souls, Republican empty as

Democrat—Identity we Citizens

share this late century

Conscious after matter madness

Drunkenness-drug'd manufacture

Business Consumption

Transitory petrochemical toy

plastic aluminum

airconditioned hotel & old folks

home atrembling in our mortal bed

for the Big Nigger, the FBI the CIA the

NLF the ITT USSR the U.S.A.

Great Government Robot State

above us dominates our news,

takes up our telephone time labor paper work

in Magic War,

Ah! that we return to our Bodies alert

electric limb'd, lungs & heart

empty tingling, lightness

we all know Heaven on Earth

Our Will Be Thine as we Say

Our Ah—of Suffering Understood,

our life itself in pain

Ah! our ignorance! our desire!

Ah to know that suffering ends,

surrendered self's sweet death—  
our Ah to search the way together thru  
                    some Eightfold Endless Path!  
Ah! for the Hell we have made in America,  
    Ah for the Heaven we see among Us  
        Ah! for the Earth we are here!  
Ah Miami streets, hotels lobbies crowded  
    auditorium! Ah for the fat sad police—  
        Ah for sad soldiers forlorn all over the world  
Ah for the Madman in White House asylum  
    who dreams Planet Fate—  
Depression armaments? Conspicuous  
    Consumption Cars! Great Ah  
Protect us! Ah! for the Petrochemical Wonderland,  
    Conscious vast glittery buildings  
        fog dream neon'd  
            for Magical Emphasis  
                Hypnosis Money  
A billfold full of Ah!  
    Ah! credit card plastic  
        broke in wastebasket  
Ah for Cosa Nostra, Imagined or Real  
    Ah! Ah! Ah!  
Ah Mayor Daley, Senator Humphrey voluble  
    Redeemed in Paradise, ah Laborer  
        Meany hatted with Milkweed  
            & Day Lilies,  
Chiefs Nixon Agnew crowned with  
    Pigweed & snowballs' tender blue blossoms  
        sent with Jersey Greeting,  
Governor Wallace flowered with Mushrooms, magic  
    amanita & psilocybin, & Morning Glory halo'd  
McGovern McCarthy ringed with Roses & Laurels,  
ourselves all decked with Common Grass,  
    plebeian pleasures, ah  
Ah! Normal voiced & Future President  
    Whoever Ye Are True Ah to Thee  
Ah! to the Republic how it fare, Ah  
    sad flag, color transmuted  
        into all Three Worlds

This prayer to All Souls in America  
Citizens of Body Mind & Speech  
Ah! Ah! Ah!

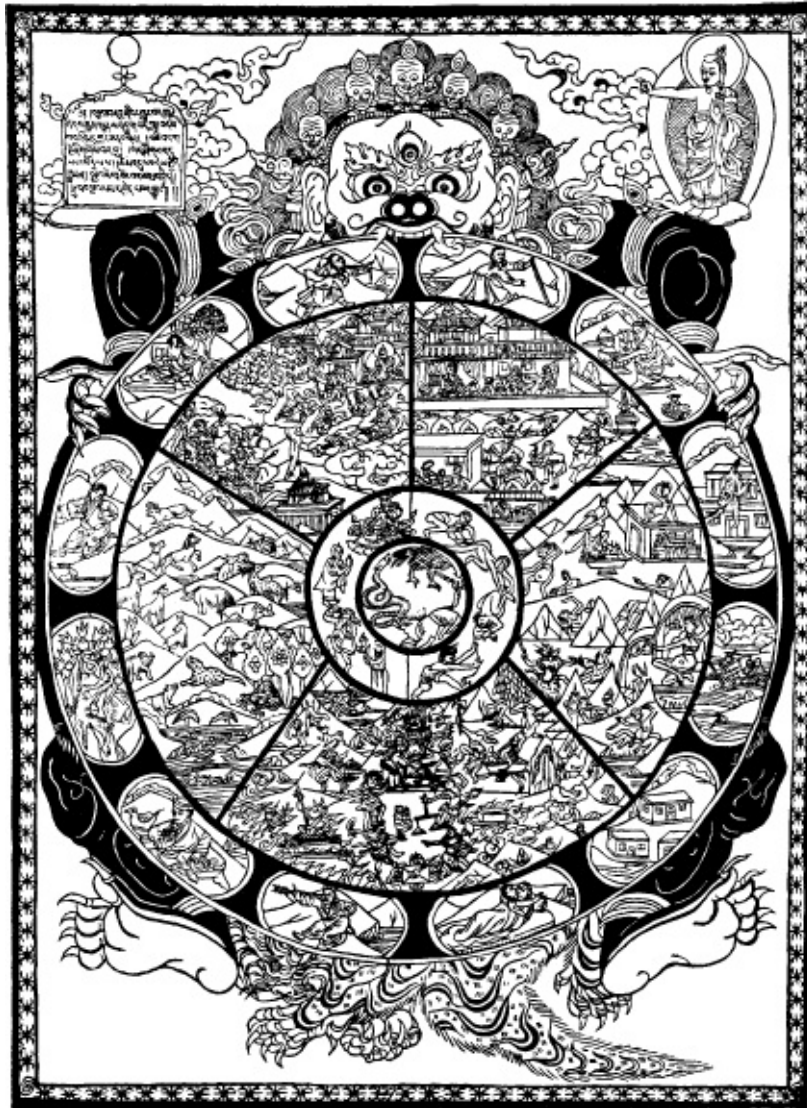
*July 9, 1972, 10:15 P.M.*

### **Xmas Gift**

I met Einstein in a dream  
Springtime on Princeton lawn grass  
I kneeled down & kissed his young thumb  
like a ruddy pope  
his face fresh broad cheeked rosy  
“I invented a universe separate,  
something like a Virgin”—  
“Yes, the creature gives birth to itself,”  
I quoted from Mescaline  
We sat down open air universal summer  
to eat lunch, professors’ wives  
at the Tennis Court Club,  
our meeting eternal, as expected,  
my gesture to kiss his fist  
unexpectedly saintly  
considering the Atom Bomb I didn’t mention.

*New York, December 24, 1972*





Time Wheel Mandala (Tibetan Buddhist XX Century Woodblock). Six worlds, with Heaven and Angry Warrior Realms consolidated upper left section. At center, Cock Pig Snake eating each other's tails. Twelve-fold chain of interdependent co-origination represented on wheel rim, held in hands of Time.

## Thoughts Sitting Breathing

OM—the pride of perfumed money, music food from China, a place to sit quiet

MA—How jealous! the million Pentagon myrmidons with dollar billions to spend on Rock & Roll, restaurant high thrones in sky filled with Electric Bombers—Ah! how jealous they are of the thin stomached Vietnamese boy.

NI—Lust in heart for the pink tender prick'd school-boy upstairs bedroom naked with his books, high school locker shower,

stretching on the bed, the young guitar player's ass

PA—Impercipience, cat meows natural words at the window, dog barks cheerful morn, cockroach feelers touch the wall, the fly buzzes long long on the sunny windowsill lying upside-down in deathly prayer exhausted, man bends over oblivious books, buds stick forth their heart-tips when ice melts New Year's eve, green grass shoots show 'neath melted snow, screams rise out of thousands of mouths in Hanoi—

DMI—alone the misery, the broken legs of carcass alcohol, gimme another cigarette, I ain't got a dime for coffee, got no rupee for rice ain't got no land I got hunger in my gland my belly's swollen potatoes my knees got cut on the Tanks—

HŪM—the pigs got rocks in their head, C.I.A. got one eye bloody mind tongue, fiends sold my phonograph TV set to the junkman, Hate that dog shat my rug, hate Gook Heaven, hate them hippies in Hell stinking Marijuana smog city.

OM—Give it all away, poetry bliss & ready cash for taxicabs, walk Central Park alone & cook your beans in empty silence watching the Worm crawl thru meat walls—

MA—sit down crosslegged and relax, storm Heaven with your mental guns? Give up let Angels alone to play their guitars in Hollywood and drink their Coke-snuff in mountainside bathroom peace—

NI—Light as ashes, love for Neal sublimed into Poesy, love for Peter gone into the Vegetable garden to grow corn & tomatoes—

PA—Dog bark! call the mind gods! scream happiness in Saigon behind the bar my mother in throes of Police vomit rape! that garbage can I threw in Atlantic Ocean floats over Father Fisheye's sacred grave—

DMI—I forgive thee Cord Meyer secret mind police suborned the Student Congress Cultural Freedom & destroyed Intellect in Academe Columbia Harvard made great murder Indochina War our fantasy-bomb gutted New York's soul—

HŪM—Miserable victims flashing knives, Hell's Angels Manson Nixon Calley-Ma, all the cops in the world and their gangster lovers, car salesmen Wall Street brokers smoking in rage over

dwindling oil supplies, O poor sick junkies all here's bliss of Buddha-opium, Sacred Emptiness to fix your angry brains—

### March: Thoughts Sitting Breathing

I shit out my hate thru my ass-hole , My sphincter loosens the  
void , all hell's le-gions fall thru space , the  
Pentagon is des-troyed U-ni-fed States ar-mies  
march thru the past The Chi-nese le-gions rage  
Past the Great Wall of Ma-ya And scream on the cen-tral  
stage I loose my bowels of A-sia , I  
move the U.-S.-A. I crap on Dhar-ma-  
ka-ya And wipe the worlds a-way  
White House filled with fuel gas bombs Slums with rats' faeces &  
teeth , All Space is fore-given to Emp-ti-ness From  
earth to heart, free space for Cause-less Bliss

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OM—the Crown of Emptiness, relax the skullcap wove of formal thought, let light escape to Heaven, floating up from heart thru cranium, free space for Causeless Bliss—

MA—Speech purified, worlds calmed of alcoholic luxury & irritable smoking, jealous fucking rush thru taxicab cities, mental cancer pig war fever machines—Heart through throat, free space for Causeless Bliss!

NI—How vast, how brightly empty and how old, the breath within the breast expands threefold, the sigh of no restraint, sigh love's release, the rest and peacefulness of sweethearts' ease, from Heart to Heart —free space for Causeless Bliss!

PA—Dog bellies crying happy in the snow, worms share mind's heaviest part, elephants carry Angels whose animal trumpets blow from abdomen deep navel up into the heart—free space for Causeless Bliss

DMI—Down in the pecker, the empty piece of wood—Everyone I fucked is dead and gone—everyone I'm gonna fuck is turning to a ghost— All my penis blessedness never'll get lost, but rise from loins & come in my heart—free space for Causeless Bliss

HŪM—I shit out my hate thru my asshole, My sphincter loosens the void, all hell's legions fall thru space, the Pentagon is destroyed

United States armies march thru the past  
The Chinese legions rage  
Past the Great Wall of Maya  
And scream on the central stage  
I loose my bowels of Asia  
I move the U.S.A.  
I crap on Dharmakaya  
And wipe the worlds away  
White House filled with fuel gas bombs  
Slums with rats' faeces & teeth  
All Space is fore-given to Emptiness—  
From earth to heart, free space  
for Causeless Bliss

*January 1, 1973*

**“What would you do if you lost it?”**

said Rinpoche Chögyam Trungpa Tulku in the marble glittering apartment lobby

looking at my black hand-box full of Art, “Better prepare for Death”

...

The harmonium that's Peter's

the scarf that's Krishna's the bell and brass lightningbolt Phil Whalen

selected in Japan  
a tattered copy of Blake, with chord notations, black books from City  
Lights,  
Australian Aborigine song sticks, green temple incense, Tibetan  
preciousmetal finger cymbals—  
A broken leg a week later enough reminder, lay in bed and after few  
days' pain began to weep  
no reason, thinking a little of Rabbi Schacter, a little of father Louis, a  
little  
of everything that must be abandoned,  
snow abandoned,  
empty dog barks after the dogs have disappeared  
meals eaten passed thru the body to nourish tomatoes and corn,  
The wooden bowl from Haiti too huge for my salad,  
Teachings, Tantras, Haggadahs, Zohar, Revelations, poetries, Koans  
forgotten with the snowy world, forgotten  
with generations of icicles crashing to white gullies by roadside,  
Dharmakaya forgot, Nirmanakaya shoved in coffin, Sambhogakaya  
eclipsed in candle-light snuffed by the playful cat—  
Goodbye my own treasures, bodies adored to the nipple,  
old souls worshipped flower-eye or imaginary auditory panoramic  
skull—  
goodbye old socks washed over & over, blue boxer shorts, subzero  
longies,  
new Ball Boots black hiplength for snowdrifts near the farm mailbox,  
goodbye to my room full of books, all wisdoms I never studied, all the  
Campion, Creeley, Anacreon Blake I never read through,  
blankets farewell, orange diamonded trunked from Mexico Himalayan  
sheepwool lugged down from Almora days with Lama Govinda and  
Peter trying to eat tough stubborn halfcooked chicken.  
Paintings on wall, Maitreya, Sakyamuni & Padmasambhava, Dr.  
Samedi with Haitian spats & cane whiskey,  
Bhaktivedanta Swami at desk staring sad eye Krishna at my hopeless  
selfconsciousness,

Attic full of toys, desk full of old checks, files on NY police & C.I.A.  
peddling Heroin,

Files on laughing Leary, files on Police State, files on ecosystems all  
faded & brown,

notebooks untranscribed, hundreds of little poems & prose my own  
hand,

newspaper interviews, assemblaged archives, useless paperworks  
surrounding me imperfectly chronologic, humorous later in  
eternity, reflective of Cities' particular streets studios and boudoirs  
—

goodbye poetry books, I don't have to take you along anymore on a  
chain to Deux Magots like a red lobster

thru Paris, Moscow, Prague, Milan, New York, Calcutta, Bangkok,  
holy Benares, yea Rishikesh & Brindaban may yr prana lift ye over  
the roof of the world—

my own breath slower now, silent waiting & watching—

Downstairs pump-organs, musics, rags and blues, home made Blake  
hymns, mantras to raise the skull of America,

goodbye C chord, F chord, G chord, goodbye all the chords of The  
House of the Rising Sun

Goodbye farmhouse, city apartment, garbage subways Empire State,  
Museum of Modern Art where I wandered thru puberty dazzled by  
Van Gogh's raw-brained star-systems pasted on blue thick skyey  
Suchness—

Goodbye again Naomi, goodbye old painful legged poet Louis,  
goodbye Paterson the 69 between Joe Bozzo & Harry Haines that  
out-lasting childhood & poisoned the air o'er Passaic Valley,

goodbye Broadway, give my regards to the great falls & boys staring  
marijuana'd in wonder hearing the quiet roar of Godfather  
Williams' speech

Goodbye old poets of Century that taught fixed eye & sharp tongue  
from Pound with silent Mouni heart to Tom Veitch weeping in  
Stinson Beach,

goodbye to my brothers [who write poetry & play fiddle](#), my nephews  
[who blow tuba & stroke bass viol, whistle flute or smile & sing in  
blue rhythm](#),

goodbye shades of dead living loves, bodies weeping bodies broken  
bodies aging, bodies turned to wax doll or cinder

Goodbye America you hope you prayer you tenderness, you IBM 135–  
35 Electronic Automated Battlefield Igloo White Dragon-tooth Fuel-  
Air Bomb over Indochina

Goodbye Heaven, farewell Nirvana, sad Paradise adieu, adios all  
angels and archangels, devas & devakis, Bodhisattvas, Buddhas,  
rings of Seraphim, Constellations of elect souls weeping singing in  
the golden Bhumi Rungs, goodbye High Throne, High Central Place,  
Alleluiah Light beyond Light, a wave of the hand to Thee Central  
Golden Rose,

Om Ah Hūṃ A La La Ho Sophia, Soham Tara Ma, Om Phat Svaha  
Padmasambhava Marpa Mila sGam.po.pa Karmapa Trunpaye!  
Namastaji Brahma, Ave atque vale Eros, Jupiter, Zeus, Apollo,  
Surya, Indra

Bom Bom! Shivaye! Ram Nam Satyahey! Om Ganipatti, Om Saraswati  
Hrih Sowha! Ardinarishvara Radha Harekrishna faretheewell  
forevermore!

None left standing! No tears left for eyes, no eyes for weeping, no  
mouth for singing, no song for the hearer, no more words for any  
mind.

*Cherry Valley, February 1, 1973*

## **Who**

From Great Consciousness vision Harlem 1948 buildings standing in  
Eternity

I realized entire Universe was manifestation of One Mind—

My teacher was William Blake—my life work Poesy,  
transmitting that spontaneous awareness to Mankind.

*February 3, 1973*

## **Yes and It's Hopeless**

hundred million cars running out of gasoline

million coalstoves burning shale carbonmist over cities

Hopeless I'll never get laid again, O what a beautiful body that boy



from Jersey City last night  
Hopeless, locked in plaster-of-Paris leg cast, bones, skull heart,  
intestines, liver, eyes and tongue  
All hopeless, the entire solar system running Thermodynamics' Second  
Law  
down the whole galaxy, all universes brain illusion or solid electric  
hopeless emptiness  
evacuating itself through quasar pressure Furnaces,  
hopeless the 300,000 junkies in N.Y.  
hopeless President waging war, "fighting for peace" sending State  
Secretary to Israel, the moon, China, Acapulco,  
hopeless the Dutch boy standing with his finger in the dike,  
the energy crisis, the protein crisis 1990, the Folklore Crisis, the  
Aboriginal Crisis, the Honkie Crisis, the old Nazi Crisis, the Arab  
Crisis, the Chrysophrase Crisis, Tungsten, the crisis in Panama,  
Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Venezuela, Santa  
Domingo, Haiti, Cuba, Florida, Alabama, Texas, New Jersey, New  
York, East 10th Street, the Crisis in San Juan Capistrano, the Oil-  
spill in Bolinas Bay, Santa Barbara's tar tide, the crisis of the Loch  
Ness Monster & the Dublin Bomb Crisis,  
all hopeless, the overpopulation of dogs, humans, cockroaches, rats,  
Crown of Thorn Starfish, green algae in Lake Erie—  
Hopeless, hopeless, Jesus on the Cross or Buddha voided passing  
through  
Hopeless, the First Zen Institute, the Second Church of the  
Resurrection, the Third Eye System Inc., the 4th Estate, the 5th  
Column in the Kundalini, the 6th sense, the Seventh Seal Chowder  
& Marching Society the 8th Nerve in the Vagus Nebula System the  
9th Degree Samadhi Monopoly the 10th sorry passenger on the bus  
crashed over Freeway's iron ropes down into the Swamp Abyss  
outsida Roanoke—  
OK hopeless, Rolling Stone Consciousness, Mammoth Sunday NY  
Times  
Hopeless all silence, all Yoga, all quiet Ecstasies of Saints and  
Starvation Monks Ceylon to Bhutan—  
Hopeless two million deaths in Indochina, the half million



Communists assassinated in Indonesia? Slaughter of Innocents in Mexico City, Massacres of Wounded Knee Mylai Lidice Attica, 15 million never came back from Siberia  
the jail murder of George Jackson, Sacco & Vanzetti electrocuted Rosenbergs, bullet assassination of Kennedy, Luther King, Malcolm X, the burning of Zwingli, hemlock death of Socrates the headless catastrophe Jayne Mansfield's autocrash & Jimmy Dean's highway wreck-aged body—  
Hopeless, the poems of Dante & Shakespeare, such stuff as dreams are made of, Burroughs' Orwell systems, Spengler & Vico's cycles, Padmasambhava Krishnamurti—empty, hopeless  
as the great oilfields of Persia  
reservoirs of petrochemicals under Alaskan permafrost & Indochinese ocean wave  
petroleum cracker tanks in Venezuela & robot pumps of Los Angeles, brokendown cars on the farm, the tire-less Ford,  
Oldsmobile sans batteries, dead corpse of Myron the neighbor Farmer the live corpse of Ginsberg the prophet  
Hopeless.

*New York, March 10, 1973*

### **Under the world there's a lot of ass, a lot of cunt**

a lot of mouths and cocks,  
under the world there's a lot of come, and a lot of saliva dripping into brooks,  
There's a lot of Shit under the world, flowing beneath cities into rivers,  
a lot of urine floating under the world,  
a lot of snot in the world's industrial nostrils, sweat under the world's iron arm, blood  
gushing out of the world's breast,  
endless lakes of tears, seas of sick vomit rushing between hemispheres floating toward Sargasso, old oily rags and brake fluids, human gasoline—  
Under the world there's pain, fractured thighs, napalm burning in

black hair, phosphorus eating elbows to bone  
insecticides contaminating ocean tide, plastic dolls floating across  
Atlantic,  
Toy soldiers crowding the Pacific, B-52 bombers choking jungle air  
with vaportrails and brilliant flares  
Robot drones careening over rice terraces dropping cluster grenades,  
plastic pellets spray into flesh, dragontooth mines & jellied fires fall  
on straw roofs and water buffalos,  
perforating village huts with barbed shrapnel, trenchpits filled with  
fuel-gas-poison'd explosive powders—  
Under the world there's broken skulls, crushed feet, cut eyeballs,  
severed fingers, slashed jaws,  
Dysentery; homeless millions, tortured hearts, empty souls.

*April 1973*

### **Returning to the Country for a Brief Visit**

*Annotations to Amitendranath Tagore's Sung Poetry*

*"In later days, remembering this I shall certainly go mad."*

Reading Sung poems, I think of my poems to Neal  
dead few years now, Jack underground  
invisible—their faces rise in my mind.  
Did I write truthfully of them? In later times  
I saw them little, not much difference they're dead.  
They live in books and memory, strong as on earth.

*"I do not know who is hoarding all this rare work."*

Old One the dog stretches stiff legged,  
soon he'll be underground. Spring's first fat bee  
buzzes yellow over the new grass and dead leaves.

What's this little brown insect walking zigzag

across the sunny white page of Su Tung-p'o's poem?  
Fly away, tiny mite, even your life is tender—  
I lift the book and blow you into the dazzling void.

*"I fear that others may know I am here;  
An immortal may appear to welcome me."*

Right leg broken, can't walk around  
visit the fishpond to touch the cold water,  
tramp thru willows to the lonely meadow across the brook—  
here comes a metal landrover, brakes creaking hello.

*"You live apart on rivers and seas ..."*

You live in apartments by rivers and seas  
Spring comes, waters flow murky, the salt wave's covered with oily  
dung  
Sun rises, smokestacks cover the roofs with black mist  
winds blow, city skies are clear blue all afternoon  
but at night the full moon hesitates behind brick.  
How will all these millions of people worship the Great Mother?  
When all these millions of people die, will they recognize the Great  
Father?

*"I always remember the year I made it over the mountain pass."*

Robins and sparrows warble in mild spring dusk  
sun sets behind green pines in the little valley  
High over my roof gray branches sway gently under motionless clouds  
Hunters guns sounded three times in the hillside aspen  
The house sat silent as I looked above my book,  
quiet old poems about the Yi & Tsangpo Rivers—  
I always remember the spring I climbed Glacier Peak with Gary.

*Cherry Valley, April 20, 1973*

### **Night Gleam**

Over and over thru the dull material world the call is made  
over and over thru the dull material world I make the call  
O English folk, in Sussex night, thru black beech tree branches  
the full moon shone at three AM, I stood in under wear on the lawn—  
I saw a mustached English man I loved, with athlete's breast and  
farmer's arms,  
I lay in bed that night many loves beating in my heart  
sleepless hearing songs of generations electric returning intelligent  
memory  
to my frame, and so went to dwell again in my heart  
and worship the Lovers there, love's teachers, youths and poets who  
live forever  
in the secret heart, in the dark night, in the full moon, year after year  
over & over thru the dull material world the call is made.

*July 16, 1973*

### **What I'd Like to Do**

Retire abandon world sd Swami Bhaktivedanta my age 47  
approaching half-century  
Go to San Marino see Blake's vision of Moloch, go to Manchester see  
Moloch  
Visit Blake's works all over World West, study prophetic Books  
interpret Blake unify Vision  
Step in same river twice  
Build hermitage of wood and stone with porch 3000 foot up Rockies,  
Sierras, Catskills fine soft forests  
sit crosslegged straight spine belly relaxed heart humming Ah each  
exhalation  
Inspiration established compose English Apocalypse American science  
Greek rhythm Tibetan mantra Blues  
long hours half-lotus-legged at desk window pine trees omming in

rainy wind  
Spend three years in solitude Naropa's Six Doctrines mastered and  
another hundred days intermediate State twixt Death and Birth  
Read Milton's Paradise Lost decipher Egyptian Book of Dead and  
Annutara Tantra etc.  
Compose poems to the wind  
Chant into electric microphones, pacify Rock, enrich  
skull emptiness with vocal salami taxicabs, magnetize nervous  
systems,  
destroy Empire State's dead Life Time smog  
Masturbate in peace, haunt ancient cities for boys, practice years of  
chastity, save Jewels for God my own ruddy body, hairy delicate  
antennae  
Vegetable, eat carrots, fork cabbage, spoon peas, fry potatoes, boil  
beets, ox forgiven, pig forgotten, hot dogs banished from celestial  
realms cloud-roofed over Kitkitdizze's green spring weeds—milk,  
angel-Milk  
Read Dostoyevsky's Brothers Karamazov I laid down half-finished a  
dozen times decades ago  
Compose last choirs of Innocence & Experience, set music to tongues  
of Rossetti Mss. orchestrate Jerusalem's quatrains—  
War's over, soft mat wood floor, flower vase on inkstand, blue oaks  
gazing in the window.

*London, August 1973*

### **On Illness**

Lord Heart, heal my right temple bang'd soft pain the bookshelf  
rising to fuck Peter embrac'd naked on big wooden couch mattress  
sheeted blanketed  
My broken leg Lord Heart heal crooked bone above stiff ankle,  
straight tibia tender sore  
Lord Heart, more near, lax abdomen muscle, nausea hiatus hernia  
That I never eat too much Lord Heart eat Lord's parts sick with solar  
plexus pain,  
deep breath your airy body tingling empty pleasur'd skin kissed cock

surrender'd rising buttock entering yr Lord Heart—

Entered I surrender to Lord Heart himself disguised Krishna Ke Jai yr  
blue lingam—Hey Bom Shivaye!

Lord Heart your female poetry bottom, penis female sensitive—  
ass kissed & tongued by Jove Jupiter Zeus  
Ganymede-ass or Tara ladybelly

Om Saraswati Hrih Sowha

MōM

Mōm Mōm Mōm Mōm Mōm Mōm Mōm

Lord Heart my baldness cure thru confident eye my lover's open pupil  
My teeth Lord Heart keep clean as I do brush them twice daily. Keep  
me from pain.

My hernia rupture paunch healed no pain these coughs—soft muscle  
stomach-fold sewn insentient muscle skin.

Lord Heart not smoke cigarette butts anymore—

Keep me Lord Heart for yr Works & Destruction

Body meat cries, sighs, sits immobile Ah, pain passed over—

Lord Heart, my aged father's hand is cool, legs stumbling  
defend us from Death Fear, Matter-formed fear faces, disgrac'd mere  
Flesh

Gone known Lord Heart ourselves defend from Foul Fiend

Grant peace this body Lord Heart, this Soul, this Spirit hand & tongue  
—

this Great Presence defend Lord Heart your silent Inviolable Witness—

Lord Heart the Great Planet defend this Space Mirror of our Vast  
Emptiness

Lord Heart come fill my Soul with Mountain snow & Glacier-melt slow  
Aeon's Gnosis—

ancient voice Lord Heart, your thousand arms & eight, of preservation  
& compassion

Conch Shell, Lotus, Diamond Sceptre, Book of Memory, Umbrella, Fish  
& Mirror & Machine Wheel

Eternal One Lord Heart accept my soul and body as your own

Free play of causeless bliss.

*London, August 29, 1973*

### **News Bulletin**

“Criminal possession of a controlled substance—  
Marijuana” came over the radio  
I got mad & sent Gov. Rockefeller a  
crystal skull postcard

Abbie Hoffman just got busted  
million pounds of Cocaine  
I wrote the wrong essay & combed burrs  
out of a Godly dog’s hide

A lady asked text on Jewish Holocaust  
I filed her letter and made sugar borscht

Tim Leary silent Folsom Jail’d I jacked  
off with a plastic cock in my ass

Catastrophe everywhere today propane  
shortage prophesied I answered my mail  
I stuck my head out the edge of  
Universe wheels in starry wheels  
while Supreme Court struck down pornography  
for the umpteenth time

It’ll begin all over dope raids  
sex flick police assassinations  
mass Television in Vietnam  
Mugging on streets your favorite  
policeman peddling junk

your favorite President falling falling falling  
    endlessly the dream cliff  
receding into Heaven Vice  
    President falling falling  
stars flying by the earth  
    oceans awash with blue  
galaxies spinning past I washed  
    my big toe  
I exercised my painful ankle smoked  
    a joint I came I wrote letters  
    scratched my head  
Populations flee the flood, crowds  
    move downstreet in teargas clouds,  
camel riders footweary skeletons  
    walk away from drought  
desert burning, sea screaming,  
    Bacteria frothing mouth preserve  
    jars  
I made toast I fried mushrooms I ate  
    raw corn

Armies moved on Phnom Penh I  
    watched a new born butterfly  
    flutter orange-winged in circles  
    round me on the grass  
Nixon met Agnew papers said Resign  
    I resigned I sat and stared at  
    a flat gray cloud over the roof—

Three boys in jail on trial in  
    Brussels for translating *Anarchist's*  
    *Cookbook* I held the cloth  
thru which Peter poured boiling beet  
    juice into an Aluminum pot.

*Cherry Valley, September 1, 1973*

**On Neruda's Death**



Some breath breathes out *Adonais* & *Canto General*  
Some breath breathes out Bombs and dog barks  
Some breath breathes silent over green snow mountains  
Some breath breathes not at all

*Teton Village, September 25, 1973*



## Mind Breaths

Thus crosslegged on round pillow sat in Teton Space—

I breathed upon the aluminum microphone-stand a body's length  
away

I breathed upon the teacher's throne, the wooden chair with yellow  
pillow

I breathed further, past the sake cup half emptied by the breathing  
guru

Breathed upon the green sprigged thick-leaved plant in a flowerpot

Breathed upon the vast plateglass shining back th' assembled sitting  
Sangha in the meditation cafeteria

my breath thru nostril floated out to the moth of evening beating into  
window'd illumination

breathed outward over aspen twigs trembling September's top yellow  
leaves twilit at mountain foot

breathed over the mountain, over snowpowdered crags ringed under  
slow-breathed cloud-mass white spumes

windy across Tetons to Idaho, gray ranges under blue space swept  
with delicate snow flurries, breaths Westward

mountain grass trembling in tiny winds toward Wasatch

Breezes south late autumn in Salt Lake's wooden temple streets,

white salt dust lifted swirling by the thick leaden lake, dust carried up  
over Kennecott's pit onto the massive Unit Rig,  
out towards Reno's neon, dollar bills skittering downstreet along the  
curb,  
up into Sierras oak leaves blown down by fall cold chills  
over peaktops snowy gales beginning,  
a breath of prayer down on Kitkitdizze's horngreen leaves close to  
ground,  
over Gary's tile roof, over temple pillar, tents and manzanita arbors in  
Sierra pine foothills—  
a breath falls over Sacramento Valley, roar of wind down the sixlane  
freeway across Bay Bridge  
uproar of papers floating over Montgomery Street, pigeons flutter  
down before sunset from Washington Park's white churchsteeple—  
Golden Gate waters whitecapped scudding out to Pacific spreads  
over Hawaii a balmy wind thru Hotel palmtrees, a moist warmth  
swept over the airbase, a dank breeze in Guam's rotten Customs  
shed,  
clear winds breathe on Fiji's palm & coral shores, by wooden hotels in  
Suva town flags flutter, taxis whoosh by Friday night's black  
promenaders under the rock & roll discotheque window upstairs  
beating with English neon—  
on a breeze into Sydney, and across hillside grass where mushrooms  
lie low on Cow-Flops in Queensland, down Adelaide's alleys a  
flutter of music from Brian Moore's Dobro carried in the wind—  
up thru Darwin Land, out Gove Peninsula green ocean breeze, clack of  
Yerkalla village song sticks by the trembling wave  
Yea and a wind over mercurial waters of Japan North East, a hollow  
wooden gong echoes in Kyoto's temple hall below the graveyard's  
wavy grass  
A foghorn blowing in the China Sea, torrential rains over Saigon,  
bombers float over Cambodia, visioned tiny from stone  
Avelokitesvera's many-faced towers Angkor Wat in windy night,  
a puff of opium out of a mouth yellowed in Bangkok, a puff of hashish  
flowing thick out of a bearded saddhu's nostrils & eyes in Nimtallah  
Burning Ghat,

wood smoke flowing in wind across Hooghly Bridge, incense wafted  
under the Bo Tree in Bodh Gaya, in Benares woodpiles burn at  
Manikarnika returning incensed souls to Shiva,  
wind dallies in the amorous leaves of Brindaban, still air on the vast  
mosque floor above Old Delhi's alleyways,  
wind blowing over Kausani town's stone wall, Himalayan peaktops  
ranged hundreds of miles along snowy horizon, prayer flags flutter  
over Almora's wood brown housetops,  
trade winds carry dhows thru Indian Ocean to Mombasa or down to  
Dar 'Salaam's riverside sail port, palms sway & sailors wrapped in  
cotton sleep on log decks—  
Soft breezes up thru Red Sea to Eliat's dry hotels, paper leaflets scatter  
by the Wailing Wall, drifting into the Sepulchre  
Mediterranean zephyrs leaving Tel Aviv, over Crete, Lassithi Plains'  
windmills still turn the centuries near Zeus' birth cave  
Piraeus wave-lashed, Venice lagoon's waters blown up over the floor  
of San Marco, Piazza flooded and mud on the marble porch,  
gondolas bobbing up & down choppy waters at the Zattere,  
chill September fluttering thru Milan's Arcade, cold bones & overcoats  
flapping in St. Peter's Square,  
down Appian Way silence by gravesites, stelae stolid on a lonely grass  
path, the breath of an old man laboring up road—  
Across Scylla & Charybdis, Sicilian tobacco smoke wafted across the  
boat deck,  
into Marseilles coalstacks black fumes float into clouds, steamer's  
white driftspume down wind all the way to Tangier,  
a breath of red-tinged Autumn in Provence, boats slow on the Seine,  
the lady wraps her cloak tight round her bodice on toppa Eiffel  
Tower's iron head—  
across the Channel rough black-green waves, in London's Piccadilly  
beercans roll on concrete neath Eros' silver breast, the Sunday  
Times lifts and settles on wet fountain steps—  
over Iona Isle blue day and balmy Inner Hebrides breeze, fog drifts  
across Atlantic,  
Labrador white frozen blowing cold, down New York's canyons  
manila paper bags scurry toward Wall from Lower East side—

a breath over my Father's head in his apartment on Park Avenue  
Paterson,  
a cold September breeze down from East Hill, Cherry Valley's maples  
tremble red,  
out thru Chicago Windy City the vast breath of Consciousness  
dissolves, smokestacks and autos drift expensive fumes ribboned  
across railroad tracks,  
Westward, a single breath blows across the plains, Nebraska's fields  
harvested & stubble bending delicate in evening airs  
up Rockies, from Denver's Cherry Creekbed another zephyr risen,  
across Pike's Peak an icy blast at sunset, Wind River peaktops flowing  
toward the Tetons,  
a breath returns vast gliding grass flats cow-dotted into Jackson Hole,  
into a corner of the plains,  
up the asphalt road and mud parking lot, a breeze of restless  
September, up wood stairways in the wind  
into the cafeteria at Teton Village under the red tram lift  
a calm breath, a silent breath, a slow breath breathes outward from  
the nostrils.

*September 28, 1973*

### **Flying Elegy**

Denver tower blocks group'd under gray haze  
on tracted plains gassed to azure horizon—"no place to take revenge."  
Alan Watts epicure drank much  
sang bass Christo voice a long long long breathed Aum passed on  
in sleep exhausted heart philosopher  
wandering age 58 in Chinese dressing gown to seek love, or enter  
Buddha blind  
like this blue sky wing plunged thru rainbow halo in clouds' drifty  
whiteness  
The skandas are a veil suchlike, no place to take revenge  
Blessed the dead who can't fight back resent a poem knife thought  
Blessed the dead in ignorance, dead with no sores or cigarette yen

Blessed the dead that don't get laid, don't eat fine casseroles herb-  
spiced with crusty cheese  
don't drink slow tea  
don't waste petrol surveying clouds in Heaven  
don't waste words at their condition, no one to talk to  
Bless the free dead lecturing in the deep with moveless tongue  
perfect meditators without thought, accomplished in Sunyata  
Bless the dead last Philosophers, thought of the thought of  
Philosophers  
Perfected Wisdom's teachers escaped from Blessing and the Bliss of  
grasping prayer  
'scaped from the curse of meditation on a cushion on yr ass  
Dead that've left breath, renounced sex body, suffered stroke &  
begone  
alone, the drinker, thinker, divorcé, grandfather weary wise  
dying in bed night's stillness silent and wake.

*November 17, 1973*

### **Teton Village**

Snow mountain fields  
seen thru transparent wings  
of a fly on the windowpane

*November 29, 1973*

### **Sweet Boy, Gimme Yr Ass**

lemme kiss your face, lick your neck  
touch your lips, tongue tickle tongue end  
nose to nose, quiet questions  
ever slept with a man before?  
hand stroking your back slowly down to the cheeks' moist hair soft  
asshole  
eyes to eyes blur, a tear strained from seeing—

Come on boy, fingers thru my hair  
Pull my beard, kiss my eyelids, tongue my ear, lips light on my  
forehead  
—met you in the street you carried my package—  
Put your hand down to my legs,  
touch if it's there, the prick shaft delicate  
hot in your rounded palm, soft thumb on cockhead—

Come on come on kiss me full lipped, wet tongue, eyes open—  
animal in the zoo looking out of skull cage—you  
smile, I'm here so are you, hand tracing your abdomen  
from nipple down rib cage smooth skinn'd past belly veins, along  
muscle to your silk-shiny groin  
across the long prick down your right thigh  
up the smooth road muscle wall to titty again—  
Come on go down on me your throat  
swallowing my shaft to the base tongue  
cock solid suck—  
I'll do the same your stiff prick's soft skin, lick your ass—  
Come on Come on, open up, legs apart here this pillow  
under your buttock  
Come on take it here's vaseline the hard on here's  
your old ass lying easy up in the air—here's  
a hot prick at yr soft mouthed asshole—just relax and let it in—  
Yeah just relax hey Carlos lemme in, I love you, yeah how come  
you came here anyway except this kiss arms round my neck  
mouth open your  
two eyes looking up, this hard slow thrust this  
softness this relaxed sweet sigh.

*New York, January 3, 1974*

**Jaweh and Allah Battle**

Jaweh with Atom Bomb  
Allah cuts throat of Infidels  
Jaweh's armies beat down neighboring tribes  
Will Red Sea waters close & drown th'armies of Allah?

Israel's tribes worshipping the Golden Calf  
Moses broke the Tablets of Law.

Zalmon Schacter Lubovitcher Rebbe what you say  
Stone Commandments broken on the ground  
Sufi Sam whaddya say  
Shall Prophet's companions dance circled  
round Synagogue while Jews doven bearded electric?

Both Gods Terrible! Awful Jaweh Allah!  
Both hook-nosed gods, circumcised.  
Jaweh Allah which unreal?  
Which stronger Illusion?  
Which stronger Army?  
Which gives most frightening command?  
What God maintain egohood in Eden? Which be Nameless?  
Which enter Abyss of Light?  
Worlds of Gods, jealous Warriors, Humans, Animals & Flowers,  
Hungry Ghosts, even Hell Beings all die,  
Snake cock and pig eat each other's tails & perish  
All Jews all Moslems'll die All Israelis all Arabs  
Cairo's angry millions Jerusalem's multitudes  
suffer Death's dream Armies in battle!  
Yea let Tribes wander to tin camps at cold Europe's walls?  
Yea let the Million sit in desert shantytowns with tin cups?  
I'm a Jew cries Allah! Buddha circumcised!  
Snake sneaking an apple to Eden—  
Alien, Wanderer, Caller of the Great Call!  
What Prophet born on this ground  
bound me Eternal to Palestine  
circled by Armies tanks, droning bomber motors,  
radar electric computers?  
What Mind directed Stern Gang Irgun Al Fatah



Black September?  
Meyer Lansky? Nixon Shah? Gangster? Premier? King?  
one-eyed General Dayan?  
Golda Meir & Kissinger bound me with Arms?  
HITLER AND STALIN SENT ME HERE!  
WEIZMANN & BEN-GURION SENT ME HERE!  
NASSER AND SADAT SENT ME HERE!  
ARAFAT SENT ME HERE! MESSIAH SENT ME HERE!  
GOD SENT ME HERE!  
Buchenwald sent me here! Vietnam sent me here!  
Mylai sent me here!  
Lidice sent me here!  
My mother sent me here!  
I WAS BORN HERE IN ISRAEL, Arab  
circumcised, my father had a coffee shop in Jerusalem  
One day the Soldiers came & told me to walk down road  
my hands up  
walk away leave my house business forever!  
The Israelis sent me here!  
Solomon's Temple the Pyramids & Sphinx sent me here!  
JAWEH AND ALLAH SENT ME HERE!  
Abraham will take me to his bosom!  
Mohammed will guide me to Paradise!  
Christ sent me here to be crucified!  
Buddha will wipe us out and destroy the world.  
*The New York Times* and Cairo Editorialist Heykal sent me here!  
*Commentary* and *Palestine Review* sent me here!  
The International Zionist Conspiracy sent me here!  
Syrian Politicians sent me here! Heroic Pan-Arab  
Nationalists sent me here!  
They're sending Armies to my side—  
The Americans & Russians are sending bombing planes tanks  
Chinese Egyptians Syrians help me battle for my righteous  
house my Soul's dirt Spirit's Nation body's  
boundaries & Self's territory my  
Zionist homeland my Palestine inheritance  
The Capitalist Communist & Third World Peoples'  
Republics Dictatorships Police States Socialisms & Democracies  
are all sending Deadly Weapons to our aid!  
We shall triumph over the Enemy!

Maintain our Separate Identity! Proud  
History evermore!  
Defend our own bodies here this Holy Land! This hill  
Golgotha never forget, never relinquish  
inhabit thru Eternity  
under Allah Christ Yaweh forever one God  
Shema Yisroel Adonoi Eluhenu Adonoi Echad!  
La ilah illa' Allah hu!

OY! AH! HU! OY! AH! HU!  
SHALOM! SHANTIH! SALAAM!

*New York, January 13, 1974*

## **Manifesto**

Let me say beginning I don't believe in Soul  
The heart, famous heart's a bag of shit I wrote 25 years ago  
O my immortal soul! youthful poet Shelley cried  
O my immortal Ego—little knowing  
he didn't believe in God. Neither do I.  
Nor all science reason reality and good moral Will—  
collections of empty atoms as Kerouac Buddha scribed.

Neither does great love immortal defy pain nightmare Death Torture  
Saigon Police Underground Press Pravda Bill of Rights—  
And while we're at it, let's denounce Democracy, Fascism,  
Communism and heroes.

Art's not empty if it shows its own emptiness  
Poetry useful leaves its own skeleton hanging in air  
like Buddha, Shakespeare & Rimbaud.

Serious, dispense with law except Cause & Effect, even the latter has  
exceptions

No cause & effect is not foolproof.

There is Awareness—which confounds the Soul, Heart, God, Science  
Love Governments and Cause & Effects' Nightmare.

*New York, January 28, 1974, 1 A.M.*

## Sad Dust Glories

*To the Dead*

You were here on earth, in cities—  
    where now?  
Bones in the ground,  
    thoughts in my mind.

\*

Teacher  
bring me to heaven  
or leave me alone.  
Why make me work so hard  
when everything's spread around  
open, like forest's poison oak  
                turned red  
empty sleepingbags hanging from  
    a dead branch.

\*

When I sit  
I see dust motes in my eye  
Ponderosa needles trembling  
    shine green  
in blue sky.  
Wind sound passes thru  
    pine tops, distant  
windy waves flutter black  
    oak leaves  
and leave them still  
like my mind  
which forgets  
why the bluejay across the woods'  
    clearing  
squawks, mid afternoon.

\*

The mood

is sadness, dead friends,  
or the boy I slept with last night  
came twice silently  
and I still lie in the colored  
                    hammock, half naked  
reading poetry  
Sunday  
in bright sun pine shade.

\*

KENJI MYAZAWA

“All is Buddhahood  
to who has cried even once  
Glory be?”  
So I said glory be  
    looking down at a pine  
                    feather  
risen beside a dead leaf  
on brown duff  
where a fly wavers an inch  
                    above ground  
midsummer.

\*

Could you be here?  
Really be here  
    and forget the void?  
I am, it's peaceful, empty,  
filled with green Ponderosa  
    swaying parallel crests  
fan-like needle circles  
glittering haloed  
in sun that moves slowly  
    lights up my hammock

heats my face skin  
and knees.

\*

Wind makes sound  
in tree tops  
like express trains like city  
machinery  
Slow dances high up, huge  
branches wave back &  
forth sensitive  
needlehairs bob their heads  
—it's too human, it's not  
human  
It's treetops, whatever they think,  
It's me, whatever I think,  
It's the wind talking.

\* \*

The moon followed by Jupiter thru pinetrees,

A mosquito comes round your head buzzing  
you know he's going to bite you if he can—

First you look at your thoughts  
then you look at the moon  
then look at the reflection of the moon in your eyeball  
splatter of light on surface retina  
opening and closing the blotched circle  
and the mosquito buzzes, disturbing your senses  
and you remember your itching thumb as mind  
wanders again.

\*

Shobo-an

The Acorn people  
read newspapers  
by kerosene light.

\*

*By Kitkitdizze Pond in June with Gary Snyder*

Bookkeeping in the moonlight  
—“frogs count  
my checks.”

\*

Driving Volkswagen  
with tired feet  
returned from camping  
in Black Buttes  
thru sad dust glories  
turning off Malakoff  
Digging road  
Blinded by sunlight  
squirrel in  
windshield.

*September 1974*

***Ego Confessions***  
***(1974–1977)***  
***Ego Confession***

I want to be known as the most brilliant man in America  
Introduced to Gyalwa Karmapa heir of the Whispered Transmission  
Crazy Wisdom Practice Lineage  
as the secret young wise man who visited him and winked  
anonymously decade ago in Gangtok  
Prepared the way for Dharma in America without mentioning Dharma  
—scribbled laughter  
Who saw Blake and abandoned God

To whom the Messianic Fink sent messages darkest hour sleeping on  
steel sheets “somewhere in the Federal Prison system” Weathermen  
got no Moscow Gold  
who went backstage to Cecil Taylor serious chat chord structure &  
Time in a nightclub  
who fucked a rose-lipped rock star in a tiny bedroom slum watched by  
a statue of Vajrasattva—  
and overthrew the CIA with a silent thought—  
Old Bohemians many years hence in Viennese beergardens’ll recall  
his many young lovers with astonishing faces and iron breasts  
gnostic apparatus and magical observation of rainbow-lit spiderwebs  
extraordinary cooking, lung stew & Spaghetti a la Vongole and recipe  
for salad dressing 3 parts oil one part vinegar much garlic and  
honey a spoonful  
his extraordinary ego, at service of Dharma and completely empty  
unafraid of its own self’s spectre  
parroting gossip of gurus and geniuses famous for their reticence—  
Who sang a blues made rock stars weep and moved an old black  
guitarist to laughter in Memphis—  
I want to be the spectacle of Poesy triumphant over trickery of the  
world  
Omniscient breathing its own breath thru War tear gas spy  
hallucination  
whose common sense astonished gaga Gurus and rich Artistes—  
who called the Justice department & threaten’d to Blow the Whistle  
Stopt Wars, turned back petrochemical Industries’ Captains to grieve  
& groan in bed  
Chopped wood, built forest houses & established farms  
distributed monies to poor poets & nourished imaginative genius of  
the land  
Sat silent in jazz roar writing poetry with an ink pen—  
wasn’t afraid of God or Death after his 48th year—  
let his brains turn to water under Laughing Gas his gold molar pulled  
by futuristic dentists

Seaman knew ocean's surface a year  
carpenter late learned bevel and mattock  
son, conversed with elder Pound & treated his father gently  
—All empty all for show, all for the sake of Poesy  
to set surpassing example of sanity as measure for late generations  
Exemplify Muse Power to the young avert future suicide  
accepting his own lie & the gaps between lies with equal good humor  
Solitary in worlds full of insects & singing birds all solitary  
—who had no subject but himself in many disguises  
some outside his own body including empty air-filled space forests &  
cities—  
Even climbed mountains to create his mountain, with ice ax &  
crampons & ropes, over Glaciers—

*San Francisco, October 1974*

## **Mugging**

I  
Tonite I walked out of my red apartment door on East tenth street's  
dusk—  
Walked out of my home ten years, walked out in my honking  
neighborhood  
Tonite at seven walked out past garbage cans chained to concrete  
anchors  
Walked under black painted fire escapes, giant castiron plate covering  
a hole in ground  
—Crossed the street, traffic lite red, thirteen bus roaring by liquor  
store,  
past corner pharmacy iron grated, past Coca Cola & Mylai posters  
fading scraped on brick  
Past Chinese Laundry wood door'd, & broken cement stoop steps For  
Rent hall painted green & purple Puerto Rican style  
Along E. 10th's glass splattered pavement, kid blacks & Spanish oiled  
hair adolescents' crowded house fronts—  
Ah, tonite I walked out on my block NY City under humid summer



sky Halloween,  
thinking what happened Timothy Leary joining brain police for a  
season?  
thinking what's all this Weathermen, secrecy & selfrighteousness  
beyond reason—F.B.I. plots?  
Walked past a taxicab controlling the bottle strewn curb—  
past young fellows with their umbrella handles & canes leaning  
against a ravaged Buick  
—and as I looked at the crowd of kids on the stoop—a boy stepped  
up, put his arm around my neck  
tenderly I thought for a moment, squeezed harder, his umbrella  
handle against my skull,  
and his friends took my arm, a young brown companion tripped his  
foot 'gainst my ankle—  
as I went down shouting Om Ah Hūṃ to gangs of lovers on the stoop  
watching  
slowly appreciating, why this is a raid, these strangers mean strange  
business  
with what—my pockets, bald head, broken-healed-bone leg, my  
softshoes, my heart—  
Have they knives? Om Ah Hūṃ—Have they sharp metal wood to  
shove in eye ear ass? Om Ah Hūṃ  
& slowly reclined on the pavement, struggling to keep my woolen bag  
of poetry address calendar & Leary-lawyer notes hung from my  
shoulder  
dragged in my neat orlon shirt over the crossbar of a broken metal  
door  
dragged slowly onto the fire-soiled floor an abandoned store, laundry  
candy counter 1929—  
now a mess of papers & pillows & plastic car seat covers cracked  
cockroachcorpsed ground—  
my wallet back pocket passed over the iron foot step guard  
and fell out, stole by God Muggers' lost fingers, Strange—  
Couldn't tell—snakeskin wallet actually plastic, 70 dollars my bank  
money for a week,

old broken wallet—and dreary plastic contents—Amex card & Manf.  
Hanover Trust Credit too—business card from Mr. Spears British  
Home Minister Drug Squad—my draft card—membership ACLU &  
Naropa Institute Instructor's identification

Om Ah Hūṃ I continued chanting Om Ah Hūṃ

Putting my palm on the neck of an 18 year old boy fingering my back  
pocket crying “Where's the money”

“Om Ah Hūṃ there isn't any”

My card Chief Boo-Hoo Neo American Chruch New Jersey & Lower  
East Side

Om Ah Hūṃ—what not forgotten crowded wallet—Mobil Credit,  
Shell? old lovers addresses on cardboard pieces, booksellers calling  
cards—

—“Shut up or we'll murder you”—“Om Ah Hūṃ take it easy”

Lying on the floor shall I shout more loud?—the metal door closed on  
blackness

one boy felt my broken healed ankle, looking for hundred dollar bills  
behind my stocking weren't even there—a third boy untied my  
Seiko Hong Kong watch rough from right wrist leaving a clasp-prick  
skin tiny bruise

“Shut up and we'll get out of here”—and so they left,

as I rose from the cardboard mattress thinking Om Ah Hūṃ didn't stop  
em enough,

the tone of voice too loud—my shoulder bag with 10,000 dollars full  
of poetry left on the broken floor—

*November 2, 1974*

## II

Went out the door dim eyed, bent down & picked up my glasses from  
step edge I placed them while dragged in the store—looked out—

Whole street a bombed-out face, building rows' eyes & teeth missing  
burned apartments half the long block, gutted cellars, hallways'  
charred beams

hanging over trash plaster mounded entrances, couches & bedsprings  
rusty after sunset

Nobody home, but scattered stoopfuls of scared kids frozen in black  
hair  
chatted giggling at house doors in black shoes, families cooked For  
Rent some six story houses mid the street's wreckage  
Nextdoor Bodega, a phone, the police? "I just got mugged" I said  
to the man's face under fluorescent grocery light tin ceiling—  
puffy, eyes blank & watery, sickness of beer kidney and language  
tongue  
thick lips stunned as my own eyes, poor drunken Uncle minding the  
store!  
O hopeless city of idiots empty eyed staring afraid, red beam top'd car  
at street curb arrived—  
"Hey maybe my wallet's still on the ground got a flashlight?"  
Back into the burnt-doored cave, & the policeman's gray flashlight  
broken no eyebeam—  
"My partner all he wants is sit in the car never gets out Hey Joe bring  
your flashlight—"  
a tiny throwaway beam, dim as a match in the criminal dark  
"No I can't see anything here" ... "Fill out this form"  
Neighborhood street crowd behind a car "We didn't see nothing"  
Stoop young girls, kids laughing "Listen man last time I messed with  
them see this—"  
rolled up his skinny arm shirt, a white knife scar on his brown  
shoulder  
"Besides we help you the cops come don't know anybody we all get  
arrested  
go to jail I never help no more mind my business everytime"  
"Agh!" upstreet think "Gee I don't know anybody here ten years lived  
half block crost Avenue C  
and who knows who?"—passing empty apartments, old lady with  
frayed paper bags  
sitting in the tin-boarded doorframe of a dead house.

*December 10, 1974*

**Who Runs America?**

Oil brown smog over Denver  
Oil red dung colored smoke  
level to level across the horizon  
    blue tainted sky above  
Oil car smog gasoline  
    hazing red Denver's day  
        December bare trees  
            sticking up from housetop streets  
Plane lands rumbling, planes rise over  
    radar wheels, black smoke  
        drifts wobbly from tailfins

Oil millions of cars speeding the cracked plains  
Oil from Texas, Bahrain, Venezuela Mexico  
Oil that turns General Motors  
    revs up Ford  
    lights up General Electric, oil that crackles  
thru International Business Machine computers,  
    charges dynamos for ITT  
    sparks Western Electric  
        runs thru Amer Telephone & Telegraph wires  
Oil that flows thru Exxon New Jersey hoses,  
rings in Mobil gas tank cranks, rumbles  
    Chrysler engines  
shoots thru Texaco pipelines,  
    blackens ocean from broken Gulf tankers  
spills onto Santa Barbara beaches from  
    Standard of California derricks offshore.

*Braniff Air, Denver-Dallas, December 3, 1974*

### **Thoughts on a Breath**

Cars slide minute down asphalt lanes in front of  
    Dallas Hilton Inn  
Trees brown bare in December's smog-mist roll up  
    to the city's squared towers  
beneath electric wire grids trestled toward country water tanks  
distanced under cloud streak crossed with fading

vapor trails.  
Majestic in a skirt of human fog, building blocks  
rise at sky edge,  
Branches and house roofs march to horizon.

I sat again to complete the cycle, eyes open seeing  
dust motes in the eye screen  
like birds over telephone wires, curve of the eyeball  
where Dallas and I meet—  
white motel wall of the senses—ear roar  
oil exhaust, snuffle and bone growl  
motors rolling North Central freeway  
Energy playing over Concrete, energy  
hymning itself in emptiness—  
What've I learned since I sat here four years ago?  
In the halls of the head or out thru the halls of the senses,  
same space  
Trucks rolling toward Dallas skyscrapers  
or mind thoughts floating thru my head  
vanish on a breath—What was it I began  
my meditation on?  
Police state, Students, Poetry open tongue,  
anger and fear of Cops,  
oil Cops, Rockefeller Cops, Oswald Cops,  
Johnson Cops Nixon Cops  
president Cops  
SMU Cops Trustee Cops CIA Cops  
FBI Cops Goon Squads of Dope  
Cops busted Stony Burns and sent him to  
Jail 10 years and a day  
for less than a joint of Grass, a Citizen  
under republic, under Constitution, of Texas?

We sit here in police state and sigh, knowing  
we're trapped in our bodies,  
our fear of No meat, no oil, no money, airplanes  
sex love kisses jobs no  
work  
Massive metal bars about, monster machines  
eat us, Controlled by army  
Cops, the Secret Police, our own thoughts!  
Punishment! Punish me! Punish me! we scream  
in our hearts, cocks spurting alone  
in our fists!  
What thoughts more flowed thru our hearts alone  
in Dallas? Flowed thru our hearts like oil  
thru Hilton's faucets?  
Where shall we house our minds, pay  
rent for Selves, how  
protect our bodies  
from inflation, starvation, old age, smoking  
Cancer, Coughing Death?  
Where get money to buy off the  
skeleton? If we work with Kissinger  
Can we buy time, get off on parole? Does  
Rockefeller want Underground  
Newspapers printing his subconscious mind's  
nuclear oil wars?  
Will 92nd Armored Division be sent to seize  
Arabia oilfields  
as threatened December's *US News &  
World Report*?  
What'd we remember that destroyed these armies  
with a breath?  
How pay rent & stay in our bodies

if we don't sell our minds to Samsara?  
If we don't join the illusion—that Gas is life—  
How can we in Dallas SMU  
look forward to our futures?  
work with our hands  
like niggers growing Crops in the field,  
& plow and harvest our own corny  
fate?  
Oh Walt Whitman salutations you knew the laborer,  
the sexual intelligent horny handed  
man who lived in Dirt  
and fixed the axles of Capitalism, dumbled and  
laughing at hallucinated Secretaries  
Of State!  
Oh intellect of body back & Cock whose red neck  
supports the S&M freaks of Government  
police & Fascist Monopolies—  
Kissinger bare assed & big buttocked  
with a whip, in leather boots  
scrawling on a memo to Chile “No more  
civics lectures please”  
When the ambassador complained about Torture  
methods used in the Detention Stadium!  
And I ride the planes that Rockefeller gassed  
when he paid off Kissinger!  
Stony Burns sits in jail, in a stone cell in  
Huntsville  
and breathes his news to solitude.

Homage  
to the Gurus, Guru om! Thanks to the teachers  
who taught us to breathe,  
to watch our minds revolve in emptiness,

to follow the rise & fall of thoughts,  
Illusions big as empires flowering &  
Vanishing on a breath!  
Thanks to aged teachers whose wrinkles  
read our minds' newspapers &  
taught us not to Cling to yesterday's  
thoughts,  
nor thoughts split seconds ago, but  
let cities vanish on a breath—  
Thanks to teachers who showed us behold  
Dust motes in our own eye,  
anger our own hearts,  
emptiness of Dallases where we  
sit thinking knitted brows—  
Sentient beings are numberless I vow  
to liberate all  
Passions unfathomable I vow to  
release them all  
Thought forms limitless I vow to  
master all  
Awakened space is endless I vow to  
enter it forever.

*Dallas, December 4, 1974*

### **We Rise on Sun Beams and Fall in the Night**

Dawn's orb orange-raw shining over Palisades  
bare crowded branches bush up from marshes—  
New Jersey with my father riding automobile  
highway to Newark Airport—Empire State's  
spire, horned buildingtops, Manhattan  
rising as in W. C. Williams' eyes between wire trestles—  
trucks sixwheeled steady rolling overpass  
beside New York—I am here



tiny under sun rising in vast white sky,  
staring thru skeleton new buildings,  
with pen in hand awake ...

*December 11, 1974*

### **Written on Hotel Napkin: Chicago Futures**

Wind mills churn on Windy City's  
    rooftops          Antennae  
    collecting electric  
above thick-loamed gardens  
    on Playboy Tower  
Merchandise Mart's compost  
    privies  
    supply nightsoil for Near North Side's  
    back Gardens  
Cabbages, celery & cucumbers  
    sprout in Mayor Daley's  
    frontyard  
    rich with human waste—  
Bathtub beer like old days  
Backyard Mary Jane like  
    old days,  
Sun reflectors gather heat  
    in rockpile collectors  
    under apartment walls  
Horses graze in Parks &  
    streets covered with grass  
Mafia Dons shovel earth  
    & bury Cauliflower  
    leaves  
Old gangsters & their sons  
    tending grapevines

*Mid-March 1975*

### **Hospital Window**

At gauzy dusk, thin haze like cigarette smoke  
ribbons past Chrysler Building's silver fins

tapering delicately needletopped, Empire State's  
taller antenna filmed milky lit amid blocks  
black and white apartmenting veil'd sky over Manhattan,  
offices new built dark glassed in bluish heaven—The East  
50s & 60s covered with castles & watertowers, seven storied  
tar-topped house-banks over York Avenue, late may-green trees  
surrounding Rockefeller's blue domed medical arbor—  
Geodesic science at the waters edge—Cars running up  
East River Drive, & parked at N.Y. Hospital's oval door  
where perfect tulips flower the health of a thousand sick souls  
trembling inside hospital rooms. Triboro bridge steel-spiked  
raftertops stand stone-piered over mansard  
penthouse orange roofs, sunset tinges the river and in a few  
Bronx windows, some magnesium vapor brilliances're  
spotted five floors above E 59th St under gray painted bridge  
trestles. Way downtown along the river, as Monet saw Thames  
100 years ago, Con Edison smokestacks 14th street,  
& Brooklyn Bridge's skeined dim in modern mists—  
Pipes sticking up to sky nine smokestacks huge visible—  
U.N. Building hangs under an orange crane, & red lights on  
vertical avenues below the trees turn green at the nod  
of a skull with a mild nerve ache. Dim dharma, I return  
to this spectacle after weeks of poisoned lassitude, my thighs  
belly chest & arms covered with poxied welts,  
head pains fading back of the neck, right eyebrow cheek  
mouth paralyzed—from taking the wrong medicine, sweated  
too much in the forehead helpless, covered my rage from  
gorge to prostate with grinding jaw and tightened anus  
not released the weeping scream of horror at robot Mayaguez  
World self ton billions metal grief unloaded  
Phnom Penh to Nakhon Thanom, Santiago & Tehran.  
Fresh warm breeze in the window, day's release

from pain, cars float downside the bridge trestle  
and uncounted building-wall windows multiplied a mile  
deep into ash-delicate sky beguile  
my empty mind. A seagull passes alone wings  
spread silent over roofs.

*May 20, 1975 (Mayaguez Crisis)*

### **Hadda Be Playing on the Jukebox**

Hadda be flashing like the Daily Double  
Hadda be playing on Tee Vee  
Hadda be loudmouthed on the Comedy Hour  
Hadda be announced over Loud Speakers  
CIA & Mafia are in Cahoots  
Hadda be said in old ladies' language  
Hadda be said in American Headlines  
Kennedy stretched & smiled & got doublecrossed by low life goons &  
Agents  
Rich bankers with Criminal Connections  
Dope pushers in CIA working with dope pushers from Cuba  
working with Big Time syndicate Tampa Florida  
Hadda be said with big mouth  
Hadda be moaned over Factory foghorns  
Hadda be chattered on Car Radio News Broadcast  
Hadda be screamed in the kitchen  
Hadda be yelled in the basement where uncles were fighting  
Hadda be Howled on the streets by Newsboys to bus conductors  
Hadda be foghorned into N.Y. Harbor  
Hadda echo under hard hats  
Hadda turn up the Volume in University ballrooms  
Hadda be written in library books, footnoted  
Hadda be in headlines of the *Times* & *Le Monde*  
Hadda be barked over TV

Hadda be heard in side alleys thru bar room doors  
Hadda be played on Wire Services  
Hadda be bells ringing, Comedians stopt dead in the middle of a joke  
in Las Vegas,  
Hadda be FBI chief J. E. Hoover & Frank Costello syndicate  
mouthpiece meeting in Central Park N.Y. together weekends  
reported posthumously *Time* magazine  
Hadda be the Mafia & CIA together  
started War on Cuba Bay of Pigs & Poison assassination headlines  
Hadda be the Dope Cops & the Mafia  
sold all that Heroin in America  
Hadda be FBI & Organized Crime working together in Cahoots  
“against the Commies”  
let Lucky Luciano out of Jail take over Sicily Mediterranean drug  
trade  
Hadda be Corsican goons in Office Strategic Services’ Pay busted 1948  
dock strikes in Marseilles, sixties port transshipment Indochina  
heroin,  
Hadda be ringing on Multinational Cashregisters  
world-wide laundry for organized Criminal money  
Hadda be CIA & Mafia & FBI together  
bigger than Nixon, bigger than War.  
Hadda be a gorged throat full of murder  
Hadda be mouth and ass a solid mass of rage  
a Red hot head, a scream in the back of the throat  
Hadda be in Kissinger’s brain  
Hadda be in Rockefeller’s mouth  
Hadda be Central Intelligence The Family “Our Thing” the Agency  
Mafia Organized Crime FBI Dope Cops & Multinational  
Corporations  
one big set of Criminal gangs working together in Cahoots  
Hit Men murderers everywhere outraged, on the make  
Secret drunk Brutal Dirty Rich  
on top of a Slag heap of prisons, Industrial Cancer, plutonium smog,

garbaged cities, grandmas' bedsores, Fathers' resentments  
Hadda be the Rulers wanted Law & Order *they* got rich on  
wanted Protection status quo, wanted Junkies wanted Attica Wanted  
Kent State Wanted War in Indochina  
Hadda be CIA & the Mafia & the FBI  
Multinational Capitalists' Strong arms squads, "Private detective  
Agencies for the very rich"  
And their Armies, Navies and Air Force bombing Planes.  
Hadda be Capitalism the Vortex of this rage, this  
competition man to man, horses' heads in the Capo's bed, Cuban turf  
& rumbles, hit men, gang wars across oceans,  
bombing Cambodia settled the score when Soviet Pilots manned  
Egyptian fighter planes  
Chile's red democracy bumped off with White House pots & pans a  
warning to Mediterranean governments  
Secret Police embraced for decades, NKVD & CIA keep eachother's  
secrets, OGPU & DIA never hit their own, KGB & FBI one mind—  
brute force  
world-wide, and full of money  
Hadda be rich, hadda be powerful, hadda hire technology from  
Harvard  
Hadda murder in Indonesia 500,000  
Hadda murder in Indochina 2,000,000  
Hadda murder in Czechoslovakia  
Hadda murder in Chile  
Hadda murder in Russia  
Hadda murder in America

*New York, May 30, 1975, 3 A.M.*

### **Come All Ye Brave Boys**

Come all you young men that proudly display  
Your torsos to the Sun on upper Broadway  
Come sweet hearties so mighty with girls  
So lithe and naked to kiss their gold curls

Come beautiful boys with breasts bright gold  
Lie down in bed with me ere ye grow old,  
Take down your blue jeans, we'll have some raw fun  
Lie down on your bellies I'll fuck your soft bun.

Come heroic half naked young studs  
That drive automobiles through vaginal blood  
Come thin breasted boys and fat muscled kids  
With sturdy cocks you deal out green lids  
Turn over spread your strong legs like a lass  
I'll show you the thrill to be jived up the ass  
Come sweet delicate strong minded men  
I'll take you thru graveyards & kiss you again

You'll die in your life, wake up in my arms  
Sobbing and hugging & showing your charms  
Come strong darlings tough children hard boys  
Transformed with new tenderness, taught new joys  
We'll lie embrac'd in full moonlight till dawn  
Whiteness shows sky high over the wet lawn  
Lay yr head on my shoulder kiss my lined brow  
& belly to belly kiss my neck now

Yeah come on tight assed & strong cocked young fools  
& shove up my belly your hard tender tools,  
Suck my dick, lick my arm pit and breast  
Lie back & sigh in the dawn for a rest,  
Come in my arms, groan your sweet will  
Come again in my mouth, lie silent & still,  
Let me come in your butt, hold my head on your leg,  
Let's come together, & tremble & beg.

*Boulder, August 25, 1975, 4 A.M.*

[Sickness Blues](#)



## Sickness Blues

Lord Lord I got the sickness blues, I must've done something wrong  
There ain't no Lord to call on, now my youth is gone

Sickness blues, don't want to fuck no more  
Sickness blues, can't get it up no more  
Tears come in my eyes, feel like an old tired whore

I went to see the doctor, he shot me with poison germs  
I got out of the hospital, my head was full of worms

All I can think is Death, father's getting old  
He can't walk half a block, his feet feel cold

I went down to Santa Fe take vacation there  
Indians selling turquoise in dobe huts in Taos Pueblo Square  
Got headache in La Fonda, I could get sick anywhere

Must be my bad karma, fuckin these pretty boys  
Hungry ghosts chasing me, because I been chasing joys  
Lying here in bed alone, playing with my toys

I musta been doing something wrong meat & cigarettes  
Bow down before my lord, 100 thousand regrets  
All my poems down in hell, that's what pride begets

Sick and angry, lying in my hospital bed  
Doctor Doctor bring morphine before I'm totally dead  
Sick and angry at the national universe O my aching head

Someday I'm gonna get out of here, go somewhere alone  
Yeah I'm going to leave this town with noise of rattling bone  
I got the sickness blues, you'll miss me when I'm gone

*Boulder, July 19, 1975*

### **Gospel Noble Truths**



Born in this world  
 You got to suffer  
 Ev-erything changes You  
 got no soul You got no soul  
 Try to be gay  
 Ig-no-rant happy  
 You get the blues You  
 eat jel-ly roll You eat jel-ly roll  
 [Final Chorus]  
 Die when you die Die when you die  
 Die when you die Die when you die Lie  
 down you lie down and you  
 Die when you die

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## Gospel Noble Truths

Born in this world	Sit you sit down
You got to suffer	Breathe when you breathe
Everything changes	Lie down you lie down
You got no soul	Walk where you walk
Try to be gay	Talk when you talk
Ignorant happy	Cry when you cry

You get the blues      Lie down    you lie down  
You eat jellyroll      Die when you die

There is one Way      Look when you look  
You take the high road    Hear what you hear  
In your big Wheel      Taste what you taste    here  
8 steps you fly      Smell what you smell

Look at the View      Touch what you touch  
Right to horizon      Think what you think  
Talk to the sky      Let go Let it go    Slow  
Act like you talk      Earth Heaven & Hell

Work like the sun      Die when you die  
Shine in your heaven    Die when you die  
See what you done      Lie down    you lie down  
Come down & walk      Die when you die

*New York Subway, October 17, 1975*

### Lay Down Yr Mountain



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## Rolling Thunder Stones

### I

LAY DOWN YR MOUNTAIN

Lay down    Lay down yr mountain    Lay down God

Lay down    Lay down your music    Love lay down

Lay down    Lay down yr hatred    Lay yrself down

Lay down    Lay down your nation    Lay your foot on the rock

Lay down yr whole creation    Lay yr mind down

Lay down    Lay down yr empire    Lay your whole world down

Lay down your soul forever    Lay your vision down

Lay down yr bright body    Down your golden heavy crown

Lay down    Lay down yr magic hey!    Alchemist lay it down clear

Lay down your practice precisely    Lay down yr wisdom dear

Lay down yr skillful camera    Lay down yr image right

Lay down your brilliant image    Lay down light

Lay down    your ignorance    Roll yr wheel once more

Lay down yr empty suffering    Lay down yr Lion's Roar

*October 31, 1975*

### II

Sunrise Ceremony Verse

Improvised with Australian Aborigine Song-Sticks

at Request of Medicine Man Rolling Thunder November 5, 1975

When Music was needed Music sounded

When a Ceremony was needed a Teacher appeared

When Students were needed Telephones rang.

When Cars were needed Wheels rolled in

When a Place was needed a Mansion appeared  
When a Fire was needed Wood appeared  
When an Ocean was needed Waters rippled waves  
When Shore was needed Shore met Ocean  
When Sun was needed the Sun rose east  
When People were needed People arrived  
When a circle was needed a Circle formed.

*Plymouth*

III

SNOW BLUES

Nobody saves America by sniffing cocaine  
Jiggling yr knees blankeyed in the rain  
When it snows in yr nose you catch cold in yr brain

*Danbury, November 10, 1975*

IV

TO THE SIX NATIONS AT TUSCARORA RESERVATION

We give thanks for this food, deer meat & indian-corn soup  
Which is a product of the labor of your people  
And the suffering of other forms of life  
And which we promise to transform into friendly song and dancing  
To all the ten directions of the Earth.

*November 18, 1975*

V

Snow	in thee
falls	's a drag
souls	dead
freeze	bag.
Speed	Smoke

kills	grass
heart's	Yaas
ease	Yass
Alcohol	Shake
fools	ass
wills	mind's
O slaves	wealth
Who	joint's
craves	health
junk	Ready?
raves	Medi-
Downer's	tations
angers	patience
eyes blur	eyes
—	keen
I sing	serene
Rolling	as
Thunder	graves
Ho ho!	saves!
Macho	saves
frenzy	nations.

*Montreal, December 4, 1975*

### **Cabin in the Rockies**

I  
 Sitting on a tree stump with half cup of tea,  
     sun down behind mountains—  
     Nothing to do.

Not a word! Not a Word!

Flies do all my talking for me—  
and the wind says something else.

Fly on my nose,  
I'm not the Buddha,  
There's no enlightenment here!

Against red bark trunk  
    A fly's shadow  
lights on the shadow of a pine bough.

An hour after dawn  
I haven't thought of Buddha once yet!  
—walking back into the retreat house.

II  
Walking into King Sooper after Two-week Retreat

A thin redfaced pimpled boy  
    stands alone minutes  
looking down into the ice cream bin.

*Boulder, September 16, 1975*

### **Reading French Poetry**

Poems rise in my brain  
like Woolworth's 5 & 10¢ Store perfume  
O my love with thin breasts  
17 year old boy with smooth ass  
O my father with white hands  
specks on your feet & foul breath bespeak tumor  
O myself with my romance  
fading but fat bodies remain  
in bed with me warm passionless  
unless I exercise myself like a dumbbell  
O my Fiftieth year approaching

like Tennessee like Andy a failure, big nothing—  
very satisfactory subjects for Poetry.

*New York, January 12, 1976*

## Two Dreams

I

As I passed thru Moscow's grass lots I heard  
a voice, a small green dwarf, leaf-clothed &  
thin corn-stalk arms, head capped with green  
husk & tassel, walking toward me talking:  
"You see these other tassel heads stalking  
thru long green grass spears half buried  
in empty lots where building-ghosts stand  
razed by police state but bursting from ground  
Springtime as now seeds grown natural  
So I full grown sprite of Friendship salute  
you who seek love in Roman Moscow circuses—  
Be cheerful our enemy's enemy is Death  
and since Death is We, since all die, all  
is not lost but to Death, & what lives eccentric  
as yourself & Me, ancient friends, lives  
humorous and democratic as your leaves of grass  
which die also prophesied but live as you and I.  
Bee cheerful, good Sir. Cockhead green am I  
an entertainer triumphant in the tiny cliffs  
between buildings, in old grasslots of Paterson  
where the wrecker's ball creates a tiny farm  
for worms, and bottles glint in new turned earth—  
and weeds and we sprout renewing Nature's  
humor where the architectural police are on the nod.  
The sun will rise and I'll accompany your eye  
that walks thru Moscow looking for human love."

*March 1, 1976*

II SLUDGE

Dantean, the cliffside whereon I walked  
With volumes of Milton & the Tuscan Bard enarmed:  
Highway prospecting th'ocean Sludged transparent

lipped to asphalt built by Man under sky.  
Far down below the factory I espied, and plunged  
full clothed into the Acid Tide, heroic precipitous  
Stupidly swam the noxious surface to my goal—  
An Oil platform at land's end, where Fellows watched  
my bold approach to the Satanic World Trade Center.

Father dying tumored, Industry smog  
o'erspreads dawn sky, gold beams descend  
on Paterson thru subtle tar fumes, viewless  
to wakened eye, transfused into family meat.  
Capitalism's reckless industry cancers New Jersey.

*New York, March 6, 1976*

### **C'mon Jack**

Turn me on your knees  
Spank me & Fuck me  
Hit my ass with your hand  
Spank me and Fuck me  
Hit my hole with your fingers  
Hit my ass with your hand  
Spank me and fuck me  
Turn me on your knees  
Ah Robertson it's you  
Yes hit my ass with your hand  
real hard, ass on your knees  
sticking up hard harder slap  
Spank me and Fuck me  
Got a hard on Spank me  
When you get a hard on Fuck me.

*March 29, 1976*

### **Pussy Blues**

*for Anne Waldman*

You said you got to go home    & feed your pussycat  
When I ast you to stay here tonight    Where's your pussy at?



Keep your pussy here    Try our hot cat food  
Yeah lotsa cats around here    & they's all half nude  
Going home alone    do your pussy no good

Hey it's 4th of July    Say it's your U.S. birthday  
Yeah stay out all night    National Holiday  
Tiger on your fence    Don't let him get away

Pussy pussy come home    I'm gonna feed you fish  
Yeah pussy pussy here    come your big red dish  
I'll tickle your belly    All the eats you wish

Hey there pussy    Cantcha catch my mouse  
Hey please pussy    Play with my white mouse  
You can stay all night    You can clean my house

*Boulder, Independence Day 1976, 1 A.M.*

## **Don't Grow Old**

I  
Old Poet, Poetry's final subject glimmers months ahead  
Tender mornings, Paterson roofs snowcovered  
Vast  
Sky over City Hall tower, Eastside Park's grass terraces & tennis courts  
beside Passaic River  
Parts of ourselves gone, sister Rose's apartments, brown corridor'd  
high schools—  
Too tired to go out for a walk, too tired to end the War  
Too tired to save body  
too tired to be heroic  
The real close at hand as the stomach  
liver pancreas rib  
Coughing up gastric saliva  
Marriages vanished in a cough

Hard to get up from the easy chair  
Hands white feet speckled a blue toe stomach big breasts hanging thin  
hair white on the chest  
too tired to take off shoes and black sox

*Paterson, January 12, 1976*

II

He'll see no more Times Square  
honkytonk movie marquees, bus stations at midnight  
Nor the orange sun ball  
rising thru treetops east toward New York's skyline  
His velvet armchair facing the window will be empty  
He won't see the moon over house roofs  
or sky over Paterson's streets.

*New York, February 26, 1976*

III

Wasted arms, feeble knees  
80 years old, hair thin and white  
cheek bonier than I'd remembered—  
head bowed on his neck, eyes opened  
now and then, he listened—  
I read my father Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*  
“... *trailing clouds of glory do we come*  
*from God, who is our home ...*”  
“That's beautiful,” he said, “but it's not true.”

“When I was a boy, we had a house  
on Boyd Street, Newark—the backyard  
was a big empty lot full of bushes and tall grass,  
I always wondered what was behind those trees.  
When I grew older, I walked around the block,  
and found out what was back there—  
it was a glue factory.”

*May 18, 1976*

#### IV

Will that happen to me?  
Of course, it'll happen to thee.

Will my arms wither away?  
Yes yr arm hair will turn gray.

Will my knees grow weak & collapse?  
Your knees will need crutches perhaps.

Will my chest get thin?  
Your breasts will be hanging skin.

Where will go—my teeth?  
You'll keep the ones beneath.

What'll happen to my bones?  
They'll get mixed up with stones.

*June 1976*

#### Father Death Blues

The musical score for 'Father Death Blues' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of eight lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The lyrics are: 'Hey Father Death, I'm fly — ing home', 'Hey. poor man, you're all a — lone', 'Hey old daddy, I know where I'm going', 'Fa — ther Death, Don't cry any more', 'Ma — mas there, under-neath the floor', and 'Brother — Death, please mind the store'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. Chord symbols (A, D, E) are placed above the staff at the beginning of the first, third, and sixth lines. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Hey Father Death, I'm fly — ing home

Hey. poor man, you're all a — lone

Hey old daddy, I know where I'm going

Fa — ther Death, Don't cry any more

Ma — mas there, under-neath the floor

Brother — Death, please mind the store

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# V

## FATHER DEATH BLUES

Hey Father Death, I'm flying home  
Hey poor man, you're all alone  
Hey old daddy, I know where I'm going

Father Death, Don't cry any more  
Mama's there, underneath the floor  
Brother Death, please mind the store

Old Auntie Death Don't hide your bones  
Old Uncle Death I hear your groans  
O Sister Death how sweet your moans

O Children Deaths go breathe your breaths  
Sobbing breasts'll ease your Deaths  
Pain is gone, tears take the rest

Genius Death your art is done  
Lover Death your body's gone  
Father Death I'm coming home

Guru Death your words are true  
Teacher Death I do thank you  
For inspiring me to sing this Blues

Buddha Death, I wake with you  
Dharma Death, your mind is new  
Sangha Death, we'll work it through

Suffering is what was born  
Ignorance made me forlorn

Tearful truths I cannot scorn

Father Breath once more farewell  
Birth you gave was no thing ill  
My heart is still, as time will tell.

*July 8, 1976 (Over Lake Michigan)*

VI

Near the Scrap Yard my Father'll be Buried  
Near Newark Airport my father'll be  
Under a Winston Cigarette sign buried  
On Exit 14 Turnpike NJ South  
Through the tollgate Service Road 1 my father buried  
Past Merchants Refrigerating concrete on the cattailed marshes  
past the Budweiser Anheuser-Busch brick brewery  
in B'Nai Israel Cemetery behind a green painted iron fence  
where there used to be a paint factory and farms  
where Pennick makes chemicals now  
under the Penn Central power Station  
transformers & wires, at the borderline  
between Elizabeth and Newark, next to Aunt Rose  
Gaidemack, near Uncle Harry Meltzer  
one grave over from Abe's wife Anna my father'll be buried.

*July 9, 1976*

VII

What's to be done about Death?  
Nothing, nothing  
Stop going to school No. 6 Paterson, N.J., in 1937?  
Freeze time tonight, with a headache, at quarter to 2 A.M.?  
Not go to Father's funeral tomorrow morn?  
Not go back to Naropa teach Buddhist poetics all summer?  
Not be buried in the cemetery near Newark Airport some day?

*Paterson, July 11, 1976*

**"Junk Mail"**

I received in mail      offer beautiful certificate National Conference  
Synagogue Youth  
invites subscriber    Monthly Review    Independent Socialist Mag  
Congressman Koch reports on collapse of our cities  
Epilepsy Foundation misdelivered for Mr. Pantoucci      light candle  
understanding 4 million Americans  
Dear Mr. Orlovsky put Salvation Army on your Christmas List      \$50  
return enclosed envelope  
American Friends Service Committee act now meet urgent human  
needs hungry families    Prisoners  
in remote penal institutions      Rehabilitation Vietnam Laos Northern  
Great Plains Indians block land-destruction by energy seeking  
industries Contact between Israeli Jews & Arabs  
Psychoenergetics workshops in Vermont      Green Mountain  
Quarterly's Imperialist Ideology in Donald Duck      with a new  
bibliography Sri Aurobindo and the Mother protected by Intl.  
copyright laws News of Auroville  
Dear Friend: we are Michael & Robert Meeropol, sons of Julius &  
Ethel Rosenberg executed by U.S. Government 22 years ago.  
Sue the Government for the Files      duplicating fees alone Twenty-five  
Thousand Dollars  
Christmas Greetings      Help Hospitalized Veterans      art or craft Kit  
enthused busily working for days      Bob Hope helps.  
Fund For Peace if      your blood boils      Press accounts C.I.A.  
blackmail assassination      a powerful alternative to World  
Violence    Private Citizens acting Global  
Gay Peoples Union NYU faces bankruptcy      Dance Halloween  
Boycott Gallo Grapes lettuce United Farmworkers of America      Our  
struggle is not over    make checks payable    Si Se Puede    Cesar  
E. Chavez    Union Label  
Announcing Energy & Evolution Quarterly      how to make harps lyres  
& dulcimers    Quantum Theory    Tantra & land reform    organic  
gardening  
Give Poets & Writers' CODA to a friend      subscribe United Nations  
Childrens' Fund      severe malnutrition      Starvation faces 400 to  
500 million children poorer countries. Dwarfism

disease blindness mental retardation stunted growth crop failures  
drought flood exhausted wheat rice reserves skyrocketing fuel  
costs fertilizer shortages Desperately need your help.

Racial motives lead to Innocent Marine's conviction in Georgia  
murder trial a thick envelope from Southern Poverty Law Center  
Julian Bond

"I didn't mean to harm anyone. I only went into that Police Station to  
see what they were doing to my brother..." sd Marine Sgt. Roy  
Patterson

Won't you help millions in desperate need Thanksgiving urgently  
bless Carl's Holiday Food Crusade "Yes! use my tax deductible  
donation to keep them alive."

Catholic Peace Fellowship Activist Fund's special appeal help the Staff  
to foster Christian Pacifist Continental Walk Disarmament &  
Social Justice

() I have no money at present but I wish to remain on the mailing list  
() Please take my name off your mailing list

An important message from Robert Redford about the  
Environment 80 separate legal actions Dirty air you pay your  
life Aerosol Spray cancer the National Resources Defense Council  
needs your support

The Continental Walk itself: the Nations spent \$4.5 Trillion military  
security since 1946 This year \$240 Billion join us walk across ?  
of the Planet's surface Nonviolent resistance Unilateral  
Disarmament

Aum Sri Ganeshaya Namah Tantra Non-salacious in tone & intent  
lecturer Dr. Thackur George Washington Hotel Lexington Avenue  
NYC

Dear Friend: the War Resisters International is in a desperate financial  
situation

Nuclear Age pacifist work must advance leafleting soldiers British  
Withdrawal from Northern Ireland Campaign

We are in need of the kind of Miracle you can bring to pass. The huge  
influx of Russian Immigrants upon Bikur Cholem Hospital in the  
heart of Jerusalem—Don't turn your back on the Herculean efforts  
...

First priority reservation on new gold \$100 Canadian Olympic Coin

now available at just \$110! for American Express Cardmembers—  
Ad Hoc Coalition for a New Foreign Policy (formerly Coalition to Stop  
Funding the War) hopes you will join the network by filling out the  
enclosed envelope  
Human Rights Amendment, end Vietnam Trade Embargo, cut foreign  
military assistance encourage people to people Friendships to  
Vietnam  
A literary miracle 843 poems written in 24 hours by Indian Yogi Sri  
Chinmoi Aum Publications  
If you haven't joined the Great Falls Development Corp. now's the  
time to do so  
& subscribe to the William Carlos Williams Newsletter. Penmaen  
Press: Two fascinating heretofore unpublished letters written in  
1956 to Richard Eberhart by Allen Ginsberg ...  
Please won't you help Central America Sub-Saharan Africa and the  
Indian Subcontinent? Give generously to Planned Parenthood—  
World Population  
Confidential—Memo to supporters of Open Housing from Fund for  
Open Society a nonprofit mortgage Co. to advance equal housing:  
fight racial steering  
Dear Citizen of the World: First days explosion bomb radioactivity  
starve Ozone layer? Isn't it time we did something?  
1) Send cooperators ten addresses w/ zip codes 2) Mail friends  
endorsement 3) Write your Congressman President Newspaper  
editor & Presidential Candidate.  
As a final move, the World Authority would destroy all Nuclear  
Weapons.

*Opened Midnight, New York, September 4, 1976*

### **“You Might Get in Trouble”**

Opening a bus window in N.Y.  
with the left hand in front of  
Bellevue you might get a  
hernia.

Walking across First avenue  
you might stumble in a



pothole  
& get your head run over by  
taxicab  
Plowing the field by Cherry  
Creek your trailer might  
turn over & fall on your ear  
you might get your ear cut off  
arresting a junkie  
or having an angry conversation with  
a speedfreak on E. 10 street  
or arguing your case before the  
supreme court  
someone might shoot you in  
the brain  
There's nothing you can do to  
keep your nose clean  
taking baths plunging in the  
ice & snow  
you might catch cold, the  
flu Swine epidemic's  
"in" this year  
according to the Authorities.

*September 18, 1976*

**Land O'Lakes, Wisc.**

Buddha died and  
left behind a  
big emptiness.

October 1976

## “Drive All Blames into One”

It's everybody's fault but me.  
I didn't do it. I didn't start the universe.  
I didn't steal Dr. Mahler's tiles from his garage roof for my chicken coop  
where I had six baby chicks I paid for so I could attract  
my grammar school boyfriends to play with me in my backyard

They stole the tiles I'm going across the street to the candystore  
and tell the old uncle behind the glass counter I'm mad at my  
boyfriends  
for stealing that slate I took all the blame—  
Last night I dreamt they blamed me again on the streetcorner  
They got me bent over with my pants down and spanked my behind I  
was ashamed  
I was red faced my self was naked I got hot I had a hard on.

*New York, October 25, 1976*

### **Land O'Lakes, Wisconsin: Vajrayana Seminary**

Candle light blue banners incense  
aching knee, hungry mouth—  
any minute the gong—potatoes and sour cream!

Sunlight on the red zafu,  
clank of forks & plates—  
I'll never be enlightened.

\*

Did you ever see yourself  
a breathing skull  
looking out the eyes?

\*

Under wooden roof beams  
a hundred people  
sit  
sniffing, coughing, clearing throat  
sneezing, sighing  
breathing through nose  
shifting on pillows in clothes  
swallowing saliva,  
listening.

*November 11, 1976*

### **For Creeley's Ear**

The whole  
weight of  
everything  
too much

my heart in  
the subway  
pounding  
subtly

head ache  
from smoking  
dizzy  
a moment

riding  
uptown to see  
Karmapa Buddha  
tonight.

*New York, December 13, 1976*

### **Haunting Poe's Baltimore**

I     POE IN DUST

Baltimore bones groan maliciously under sidewalk  
Poe hides his hideous skeleton under church yard  
Equinoctial worms peep thru his mummy ear  
The slug rides his skull, black hair twisted in roots of threadbare grass  
Blind mole at heart, caterpillars shudder in his ribcage,  
Intestines wound with garter snakes  
midst dry dust, snake eye & gut sifting thru his pelvis  
Slimed moss green on his phosphor'd toenails, sole toeing black

tombstone—

O prophet Poe well writ! your catacomb cranium chambered  
eyeless, secret hid to moonlight ev'n under corpse-rich ground  
where tread priest, passerby, and poet  
staring white-eyed thru barred spiked gates  
at viaducts heavy-bound and manacled upon the city's heart.

*January 10, 1977*

## II HEARING "LENORE" READ ALOUD AT 203 AMITY STREET

The light still gleams reflected from the brazen fire-tongs  
The spinet is now silent to the ears of silent throngs  
For the Spirit of the Poet, who sang well of brides and ghouls  
Still remains to haunt what children will obey his vision's rules.

They who weep and burn in houses scattered thick on Jersey's shore  
Their eyes have seen his ghostly image, though the Prophet walks no  
more

Raven bright & cat of Night; and his wines of Death still run  
In their veins who haunt his brains, hidden from the human sun.

Reading words aloud from books, till a century has passed  
In his house his heirs carouse, till his woes are theirs at last:  
So I saw a pale youth trembling, speaking rhymes Poe spoke before,  
Till Poe's light rose on the living, and His fire gleamed on the floor—

The sitting room lost its cold gloom, I saw these generations burn  
With the Beauty he abandoned; in new bodies they return:  
To inspire future children 'spite his *Ravens* "Nevermore"  
I have writ this antient riddle in Poe's house in Baltimore.

*January 16, 1977*

## **Contest of Bards**

*For Jonathan Robbins*

# I

*THE ARGUMENT: Old bard lived in solitary stone house at ocean edge three decades retired from the world, Young poet arrives naked interrupting his studies & announces his own prophetic dreams to replace the old Bard's boring verities. Young poet had dreamed old poet's scene & its hidden secret, an Eternal Rune cut in stone at the hearth-front hidden under porphyry bard-throne. Young bard tries to seduce old Boner with his energy & insight, & makes him crawl down on the floor to read the secret riddle Rhyme.*

And the youth free stripling bounding along the Hills of Color  
And the old man bearded, wrinkled, browed in his black cave  
Meet in the broken house of stone, walls graven by Prophet Hands,  
& contend for the Mysteries, vanity against vanity, deciphering  
Eternal runes of Love, & Silence, & the Monster of Self  
Covered with Blood & Lilies, covered with bones and hair and skin:  
They glory in Night & Starvation the Fat Bright Cherub of  
Resurrection,  
Bliss & God: Terrible Mental Cherub of Chemistry Imagination &  
Vanity  
Bard after Bard orating and perishing, casting his image behind on  
men's brains  
thru sounds symbolized on the mind's stone walls reverberating  
Syllables Visionary  
Perfect formed to 'dure Millennia, but Phantom is such Rock,  
Phantom as the Cellular Believer in's own tangible re-creation.

"I hear the Bard's stone words Build my Immortal Architecture:  
This body stone hands and genitals this Heart stone Tenderness  
and Delight This head Stone language to Rafter the Stone Bed of  
Love.  
Come lay down on this rock pillow, kid, lay down your tender breast,  
Pale face, red hair, soft belly hairy tender foot and Loins  
Under the hard immortal blanket, mattress of Rock sheeted with  
Vocables!

In twenty years I'll vanish from this shore & Solitary Eternal Cave—  
Here I studied & Deciphered the Granite Alphabet surrendered  
from Graves from Sands that swirled at the door, from star-fish  
spotted boulders in seas' low tide when full-moon-gleam  
Pulls bones of Leviathan & tiny bass-fins tide-pool'd  
many in ancient nights." So one spoke, ocean serpents curl'd around  
his whitened beard, eyes wide in horror he be left by the Dark Shore,  
to burn his memories in the rocky hearth & keep his cold loins warm  
in winter-rain days or in snowy night's vastness filled  
with stars and planets, spring summer & autumn mortality.  
Sly, craven, conquering he spoke, his words like rainbows,  
or firelight, or shadows, moving humorous thru his beard,  
falling in the air, clothing his body in hypocritic webs of truth,  
to hide his shame, his empty nakedness. He meditated  
remembering deeper Buddhistic prophecies, abhorring his own runes  
solid  
immovable but by time and storm inexorable, half visible on his walls.

The youth the color of the hills laughed delighted at his Vanity  
and cried, "Under the hearth stone's a rune, old Bard of Familiarity,  
your eyes forgot, or tempest-addled brain, so busy boiling meat  
and tending to your threadbare cares and household hermitage  
& fishing day by day for thirty years for thoughts! Behold!"  
He naked bent and moved the porphyry-smooth red fire-seat aside:  
"Read what's writ on earth here before you Ignorant Prophet,  
Learn in your age what True Magicians spelled for all Futurity,  
Cut in the vanity of rock before your feeble hand grasped iron Pen  
Or feather fancy tickled your gross ear: There have been sages here  
before you, and I am after to outlive your gloomy miserable  
hospitality. I loved you Ungrateful Unimaginative Bard  
And Came over hills thru small cities to companion your steadfast  
study.  
I dreamed of your eyes and beard and rocks and oceans, I dreamed

this room these pitted moss green walls & runes you scraped  
deciphered and memorized, pillars worn by tide and smoke  
of your lamp You Grow near blind reading mind on your own house  
walls,

I dreamt you sitting on your fire-seat reading the vaporous language  
of flame tongues

nescient to the airy rune cut in the Bedrock under yr very Shamanic  
Throne

You stare at the ceiling half asleep, or sit on your pillow with heavy  
eyelid

murmuring old bards Truths to your brain, repetitive  
imagining me, or some other red-buttocked stripling savior come  
to yr stone bed naked to renew your old body's intelligence  
and help you read again when blind now what you already  
memorized

and forgot, peering like a boor illiterate in Shadows 30 years—

Yes I have come but not for your feeble purpose, come of my own  
dreamed will

To show you what you forgot dreamt, Immortal Text neglected  
under your groaning seat as you sat self-inspired by your mortal fire.

O Self Absorbed vulgar hungry Demon, leave your body & mine  
Take eyes off your own veined hands and worm thoughts, lower

Your watery selfish infatuate eyes from my breast to my feet  
& read me aloud in Bardic Voice, that Voice of Rock you boast so well  
so many decades,

Yea Face inland to the fields and railroads skyscrapers & Viaducts.

Youths maddened by Afric jukeboxes & maidens simpering at Picture  
shows

Read thru smoky air to a hopeless hundred million fools!

Read what young mind's Pearl Majesty made round oracular  
Beauteous

More unworldly than your own self-haunted snail's skull & stony  
household shell."

Pointing downward, his arm stiff in disdain dismissing lesser Beauty,

Like radiant lively Adolescence rejecting joy or sorrow, shrewd  
with bright glance Innocent, albescent limbs ruddy and smooth in Sea-  
Wrack Firelight

Proud with centuries of learning in New-woke brain and boyish limbs,  
so stood the young messenger.

Startled, the wool-wrapped bard looked up at eyes mocking shining  
into his own:

Looked down at the boy's neck unwrinkled white unlike his own: the  
breast

thin muscled unawakened silken flesh: the belly with a corse of tawny  
hair

rosed round the pricked virgin-budding genitals, shining in hearth  
light,

thighs ready and careless like a strong Child's, playful walking &  
dancing tho awkward,

Thick calves with new hair light to the foot long as a man's.

Humbled, bewilderment Touching his tongue, heart beating his ribs  
rewakened

The bard mused on this mortal beauty, remembering dead bodies he'd  
embraced in rough and silken beds

Years, years, and years of loves ago—his breast grew light, eyes lost  
in dream—Then in his forehead Time gapped all youthful-imaged  
bodies there

Devouring their Shadows, as the sea surged out the rocky door.

The stars inclined thru cold air, moved so slow blue shining past  
he saw them barely touch the ocean wave and rise and blink and  
glimmer silently engulfed—

Then to the Prophesied Task his inner eyes returned to their dim  
outward orbs:

Saw the gloom in his own stony shell: stone letters wavering on chill  
walls,

Iron Pots carbon black on shelves, old seaweed clothes in a stone  
closet, folded green

for Holiday Solitude at Vernal Equinox and full Moon face—brass fire



tongs  
from old Paumanok City bought with gold gleaming strong at the  
hearth's light—  
The hearth seat was moved, the porphyry throne worn smooth by the  
sea's muscles  
His eyes fell down to the messenger's foot, toes spread firm on the  
runed lintel:

## THE RUNE

*Where the years have gone,      where the clouds have flown  
  Where the rainbow shone*

*We vanish,      and we make no moan*

*Where the sun will blind      the delighting mind  
  in a diamond wind*

*We appear,      our beauty refined.*

*Icy intellect,      fi'ry Beauty wreck  
  but Love's castled speck  
of Moonbeam,      nor is Truth correct.*

*Wise bodies leave here      with the mind's false cheer,  
   Eternity near  
as Beauty,    where we disappear.*

*When sufferings come,      when all tongues lie dumb  
  when Bliss is all numb*

*with knowledge,      a bony white sum,*

*We die neither blest      nor with curse confessed  
   wanting Earth's worst Best:  
But return,      where all Beauties rest.*

*January 17–22, 1977*

## The Rune

Where the years have gone, where the clouds have flown where the rain-bow shone we  
vanish and we make no mean Where the sun will blind the de-  
lighting mind in a dia-mond wind we ap-pear our  
beauty re-fined. Icy intel-lect, fir'y Beau-ty wreck but  
Love's castled speck of moonbeam, nor is Truth cor-rect. Wise  
bodies leave here with the mind's false cheer, E-ter-ni-ty near as  
Beauty, where we disap-pear When sufferings come, when  
all tongues lie dumb when Bliss is all numb with knowledge, a  
bony white sum, We die neither blest nor with curse confessed wanting  
Earth's worst Best: But re-turn Where all Beauties  
rest

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## II

*THE ARGUMENT:* The Rune having been discovered by the Boy to the Man, the messenger commands the Hermit Sage to go out into the world with him, seek the ancient unearthly Beauty the riddle indicated. The old man gets mad, he says he's near death, has lost Desire. The boy reads his mind and lies down with the sage to make love. At dawn he gets up says he's disgusted with the body, condemns the sage to Chastity, demands the hermit leave his cell forever, and promises to lead him to the land of Poetry in the Sky. Exasperated, the old bard reveals the secret of the mysterious riddle.

And the old man silver bearded gold faced bald kneeling at his black cave's ruddy fireplace

Read the airy verses, humming them to himself, hands to the cold  
floor to support his aching spine  
watery eyed, one palsied cheek the muscles of the eyelid weak  
dripped with empty tears, unsorrowful soul'd, conning & eyeing the  
bright rhymes' No Truth  
Unfrowning, pondering old thought arisen on a breath from  
Meditation's hour—  
Inspirations drawing populous-hued tides of living plasm thru  
seaweed pipes  
from breast to brain, phantasms of interior ocean freshening the  
surface of the eyeball,  
old breath familiar exhaling into starry space that held shore &  
heaven  
where sat his tiny stone house, lost in black winds lapped by black  
waters fishy eyed  
oft phosphorescent when jellied monster sprites floated to the golden  
sand,  
wet bubbles of vehemence mouth'd by a ripple, tiny translucent spirits  
dried in the eyebeams of the frowning Face o' the moon, with the tip  
of a planet  
beaming twinkled deeper in Blackness washed by deep waves in the  
ear.

Dead bearded propped on his knees the old bard stared thru his  
beating mind's universe  
At sharp stanza'd riddles chiseled with thought & filled with wise gold  
at the bright colored foot of the boy, reddened by light of driftwood  
afire.  
“What is your mind?” yelled the youth, his proud contention shaped  
on red little lips  
beardless, ready to argue & instruct for he had dreamed well clear  
accurate  
Each stony word, each flame of the hearth fire, each tear in the eyelid  
of the elder Sage,  
each silver lock of hair, each worried frown wrinkling that skull, each

conscious smile  
that crept along the prophet's thick lips involuntary, who knelt still  
at the young teacher's knees—"What Beauty's stopped your Poetry!  
old speaker-forth  
of Naked Thoughts?" the ruddy legged messenger laughed down,  
skillfultongued, black eye beaming merry—  
"Will you obey my will and follow me through a riot of cities, to  
delicateporched countryhouses  
& rich polished-marble mansions, where we'll sport with Princes &  
Millionaires  
and make fun of the world's kings and Presidents Pumps & Limousines  
all present in their Unbeauty?  
Come leave your stupid business of seashells & seawrack, gathering  
wrinkles of the sea?  
Come with your pearls and banks of Ambergris hidden under yr bed &  
in yr stone closets?  
Come wrapped with seaweed round your belly & Neptunic laurel  
moist on yr skull's half century?  
Carry yr vowellic conch & give blast midnights in Midcity canyons  
Wall Street to Washington,  
Granite Pillars echoing ocean mouthed pearly syllables along  
Chicago's Lakeshore  
& reverberating in Pittsburgh's National Banks—Dance with the  
golden Trident of Fame in Hollywood  
Lift the Inspired Lyre to Strike the Ears of hotels in Los Angeles?"

The old man changed his thought, and stared in the boy's eye,  
interrupting his beauty—  
His voice grown wrathful, he lifted himself up on his haunches &  
glared  
at the childish youth's face till it paled, brow furrowed in self  
consideration  
small mouth open breathing doubtful thoughts, and tiny sighs uttered  
to match his listening.  
"Innocent!" the squinting bearded palsied resentful Shaman yelled,

“Come over sunshine colored hills naked thru suburbs boasting  
Your beauty intelligence and sexual joy O Delicate Skulled Youth,  
You bring news of old prophecy! You wake my wrathful Desires!  
old lust for mental power and vain body’d joy! Blind craving for Bliss  
of Breast and Loins! Shadow Conquest! Uncompassionate Angel!  
Know th’ emptiness your own Soul? Think you’re a king in oceans of  
Thought?

Neptune himself with his Crown of drown’d gold over a beardless face  
pale ivory with vanity! Re-waken ignorant desires no mortal boy can  
satisfy?

I go to a death you never dreamed, in iron oceans! homeless skull  
washed underwave with octopus and seahorse, flicked by soft wings  
of pink fish my eyelids!

Teeth a silver wormhouse on the sandy bottom, polypus & green-  
suckered squid in my ribs, wavy

snake-tailed insensible kelp and water-cactus footed in watery loins!  
clams breathe

their cold valved zephyrs where my heart ached on translucent  
shelves! Typhoons carry my voice away!

There is no God or Beauty suffering on earth nor starred in nebulous  
blue heaven

but only Dream that floats vast as an Ocean under the moon—

The moon, the cold full moon, boy, fills the window—look at the sea  
waving with lunar glitter like your eye—out there’s the moon

Mirror to give back cold pure cheer light on us, fade these Plutonian  
Images.

There’s a clear light without soul or vanity shining thru the stone  
window

shafting square on that rune uncovered at the hearth—the fire’s down  
but we can read it still—

Hermetic years’ve passed me by here, Cooled my anger like this  
moonlight cools the eye

—my loves & all desires burnt away, like this hearth’s wood to ash.”

“Behind the ashes of your face your mind wanders strongly—what  
your mind was

I knew as a young boy of books and dreams” the messenger replied  
calm voiced

speaking carefully, piping his thoughts intellectual clear in the old  
bard’s ear—

He settled down on the tiger, deer & sheep-skin covered floor, where  
the old man lay

with bearded head uplifted on the gold haired neck of a Lion amber  
eyed

Staring silent at the moon, huge pelt outstretched four-legged with  
yellow claws

and hard tail laid out on white lamb fleece toward the new discovered  
hearth-Rune.

Shivering in moonlight musing at the fire, the messenger put his  
nakedness against the white robed Elder’s

Giant form, slow-breathed resting back on the soft floor, silent eyes  
awake—

“I know your present mind, old heart, I’ll satisfy that as you wish

Unspoken, I know your work & nature beyond the wildest daydream

Y’ever had naked in hot sunshine summer noon ecstatic far from  
mankind

or downy-bearded in your animal bed embraced with glad phantom  
heroes

in midnight reverie down below Orion’s belt, right hand clasped in  
the heat of Creaturehood,

I saw your hard revelry with bodiless immortal companions,” the  
messenger cajoled,

laying his mournful sweet visage on the silenced Sage’s shoulder,  
drawing his right arm down his nipples thin-ribbed chest.

He shook & trembled chill, for the low moon paled over green ocean  
waves

and cold bright sun-fire passed upward whitening the long horizon—

The cloud-glory’d orange Orb arc’d living in blue still space, then  
lifting its bulk aflame

circled slowly over the breathing earth, while tiny oil tankers moved  
thru dawn  
floating across the widespread ocean's far edge silently going from  
world to world.

The boy took wrinkled years on his flesh, the snow whiskered bard  
trembled and touched

his breast, embracing, adoring from nipple to pink kneecap  
and kissing behind him and before, using his form as a girl's.

The youth of colored hills closed his eyes in virgin pleasure, uttered  
small moans

of merciful-limbed ecstasy in his throat, ah tremorous daydream  
pleasure,

body tingling delicate, made tender, open'd flower-soft, skull top to  
sole-skin touched.

The messenger, young and cold as the sun, sad face turned up to his  
earth-worn host

shuddered then as morning warmed the chill world, shuddered with  
more than world's chill

drawing his old Companion closer face to face embraced, silent  
thoughted, calm and still.

The boy looked in his elder's eyes, which gazed in his while bare  
branches on the hillside stood trembling in sky

blue dawn light. Honey bees woke under heaven inland and sought  
the lilac, Honeysuckle, rose,

pale dew dript from day-lily leaf to leaf, green lamps went out in  
windows on Minneapolis avenues,

Lovers rose to work in subways, buses ground down empty streets in  
early light, the country

robin lit from the maple leaf whistling, cat scratched the farmhouse  
door

bulls groaned in barns, the aluminum pail clanked on cement by  
wooden stools in steaming flop

& stainless-steel mouths sucked milk from millions of cows into  
shining vats,

Black nannygoats whinnied nubian complaints to the stinking spotted  
dog  
whose clump'd hair hung from his belly tangled with thistle, Church  
organs sang,  
Radios Chattered the nasal weather from barn to barn, the last snow  
patch slipped from the tarpaper roof of the tractor lean-to,  
Ice melted in the willow bog, stars vanished from the sky over  
gravestones stained with water melt,  
The White House shined near pillared Courts on electric-lit avenues  
wide roaring with cars.

The messenger remembered his dream vision, the Rune discovered by  
the bright fire,  
the Hermit's startled wrath, magnificent and vainly noised all night,  
his softness now, his careful fear, the wrinkle that remained around  
his eye  
still watery with emotionless tears tho he held love in his arms, a  
silent thinking boy.  
The naked messenger returned his thought. "I came for Love, old  
bard, tho you mistook  
my youth for Innocence; I came for love, Old Prophet, and I brought  
you Prophecy,  
Though you knew all; I came from Beauty, I came to Beauty, and I  
brought more beauty.  
I knew the Beauty here; not your ass on your stone seat but under  
your prophetic throne,  
older Beauty than your own, that laughs at wrinkled or smooth loins:  
thus I have proved pure Beauty to your empty heart—and now you  
sigh.  
It is that Beauty that I love in you, & not your intestinal self—  
A Babe I saw more horror than your smoky ocean holds, your empty  
heaven,  
& your tattered Earth. Follow the Prophecy I showed on your floor  
Follow the Ancient Command, chase diamonds in the wind, chase  
years, chase clouds



chase this rainbow I brought you, chase Beauty again—  
chase wrinkled lust away or chase a moonbeam, chase the rising Sun  
and then Chase setting sun  
chase off your Mind thru ocean, chase mind Under the World,  
Chase your body down to the grave & rejoice, Chase Chastity at last!  
Chaste virgin suffering for you now old bony lecherous Poet.”

The boy raged on, with tongue caught fire from the dawn sun lifted  
now over the heavy

skulled rafters of the hermitage long-haired with sea moss barnacled  
at foot, stone girders snailed and starfish stinking, sea sperm rotten in  
kelp masses at the porch stone. “Your door’s the musty stone door of a  
tomb, old man, corpses of corrupted loves’re buried under the smooth  
stone bed we lie on, pitted with yr fearful tears! What animal skins  
you vulgarize your bed with,

boorish stained with creepy-handed dream stuff jacked out of your  
Impotent loins in Pain—

This toothless lion, stuffed head, ear bit off by sea moths, this your  
love?

Deerskin stol’n from a Dead Buddha, snatched from wanderings in  
your boring Buddhafields?

A gutless Lamb for a pillow I hear you baah & bleat your Terrified  
Love—

Naked I have you now, bared, wrinkled, heaving heavy breaths on me  
you brought to your bed, and covered with hides of deskeletoned  
sheep.”

Wondering between shame and Longing the old Bard lay thick bellied  
open eyed

Bewilderment at heart, chill-loined, urgent to press that Cherry raving  
angel mouth a soft kiss,

tie down the juvenile prophet on the stone bed back upturned to slap  
his shamed white cheeks

in furious sexual punishment, pubescent weakling pale with anger,  
rouse his virgin blood to blush thin buttocks ruddy tingling,  
humiliated

cock hard pink with desire, heart tamed submissive, soft lipped,  
tearful.

The kid-like messenger laughed in the bed Despairing and looked the  
old man in the eye:

“Now slap my face, I want to Feel! Hard with all your Love’s strength  
coward Bard!

Show your Power!” Bold mute the Bard hit once, and then hit hard—  
Cold faced, the Boy complained, “Now hit again, I want to feel an  
honest hand!” The old man struck

his naked cheek with a rough palm, thrice shocked by harsh joy, pain  
enough!

“Now!” said the Changeling boy, “We prove the last verse of this  
Prophecy—

Yes the Prophecy old & Confounded Fool, that rune on your floor you  
never beheld before

I forced your gaze to my foot, the prophecy some Elder Mysterious  
Forebear Bard Magician left us—

that prophecy I dreamed & made real before your eyes, renewing your  
Beauty

thru suffering dumb knowledge, yourself roused at my Beauteous  
Command—

All but the Last verse I understand, thick rhymed with senses and  
nonsenses of worst Beauty

no man or boy can interpret in this stupid dank closed cell

Under this Skull that hides the Sun, behind walls covered with yr chill  
laborious decipherings,

your 30 years moony babbling fishy solitude—one verse remains  
undeciphered,

Magical worthy our mutual war thru Society & Nations, Bards at large  
on the planet

seeking to answer the Text! old man of Love I give you my virgin  
mind—

You read my youthful Beauty, tender lip and merry eye or Changeling  
glance

and love you think this silken muscular body, red hair even-parted

curling round my skull—  
Sir I do love you, but hate this earth and myself in it and the  
ignorance  
creeping in this house! Sir I do love your beard which you know is  
Beautiful to me,  
as beardless my tender-muscl'd abdomen to you: But my Beauty you  
love most  
is that of the aethereal Changeling of Poesy, the same I love in you  
which Frightens you; then know yourself slave of Immortality, Master  
of Unearthly Beauty  
nothing less, not God nor Empty Gurus of Thibet not Meditation's  
quiet starlit hour  
nor aching prostration to the Dharma King nor realms of human  
poetry  
washed at your doorstep everymorn by the sea, stamp'd with gold  
sand dollars  
licked by scummy wavelets, nor all the old beloved ghost boys dead  
made famous by your Immortality. Here's rotten Fish, Leviathan  
honor stinks your shore!  
and makes this hermit house no more habitable! Leave your wordy  
life behind!  
Chase the Last Beauty with me till we find the author, even if we  
enter Death Trance with 'im,  
rise & gather your Sea gold, all your grassy Emeralds & champagne  
Amber hidden safe  
Under the rune stone at the Hearth Yes Sir your Sparkling diamond  
treasury  
I dreamed it well! Clear Sapphires blue as ice you see in sky! And  
hoarded rubies  
red & multitudinous enough to make Each maiden and each boy on  
earth blush red with genius joy!  
Naked! Naked! rise with me take all your Secrets in the air, the Sun's  
at height, the morning's ope'd blue sky,  
Grandfather Clocks bong noon in oriental Carpet living-rooms in the  
Capital!

Close the stone door behind you, close this tomb lest gulls that swim  
the sea air

pluck the blind eyes of this lion out of its straw-brained head! Come  
out horrid Corpse!

But memorize the rune before we go, it'll encompass our lov'd  
wanderings!

As Dante had his Virgil & as Blake his own Miltonic Fiend, I your  
Cherub & Punk Idol

'll be Companion of th' Aethereal Ways till we discover of the Secret  
Eidolon

What Beauteous Paradise is spelled, & what the Speller of the Stanza  
was

Who chiseled his unearthly riddle on this floor before I was born."

The old bard trembled pale, at last his heart grew cold, composed to  
hear the fair youth raving

thru Hells and Heavens, paradise on his red lips, tricking, ravening  
Commanding,

hissing words half-cursed half prayers! Rending the breathing blue-  
green globe apart

in Vanity for what is not, aethereal Death and Life, while Love and  
sorrow ache

in the breast of the living moment under living skin, breath thrilled  
with sigh,

great Death & Life together One & love but a soul Aware,

For mind in heart is one with the body, Truth is the Depth of that,

and Poetry the Groan of Body lost in the Grave, for Thought is the  
love of Earth.

"I knew this Rune once long ago, cold Demon inspired kid, bright boy  
—

thank you for discovering it me again, 'twas meant for you to read in  
Dreams

and find at your own bare foot one day. I hardly visioned to be here  
when you came

naked maddened with delight into my room, demanding I respect  
your lips & loins.

Listen now, my turn to tell the story of a day when I was young as  
you,

Was in this room, for I was here lone witness to the Stranger, Alien,  
Wanderer,

Caller of the Great Call, Serpent minded Messenger that came like  
yourself

Naked from Beauty to Beauty. He came in the door as you did, but no  
one was home

to greet him, make fire to shine on runes or warm him in beds of  
Power, Wrath and

Meditation, Service or Tenderness. Nor was Sea gold gathered No nor  
any rhymed

or unrhymed Rune, not in this house on America's Eastern Shore.

Some house was here before, but broken down a Century Past, &  
Uninhabitable.

I gathered icy diamonds in the salt sea, plucked the blue eye of the  
whale for wisdom,

Green emeralds I found in the growing grass and on tree boughs in  
their Springtime buds,

For thirty years enriched with witty penury I gathered Amber from  
the generous laurel

and Rubies rolled out of my heart. I threw away the Pearl, back to the  
sea

To keep God out of trouble under his blue wet blanket, and be done  
with clammy envy and his watery blisses and grasping waves.

I brought the shining fire tongs here from Bardic Mannahatta, & the  
Red Porphyry Chair of Poetry

from the Ind. I set it beside the hearth and built a fire out of  
seawracked thrones of wooden kings

I found on the illuminated shore, and lay down on my belly in my  
healthy youth

and Carved your Beauteous riddle on this bedrock basalt floor with  
the tooth of an Angel

I imagined one night for Company in Meditation; & Pushed this red  
porphyry seat

smooth over that Mantric Rune with a Prayer to my visible & invisible  
teachers—

Beloved Stranger, Naked Beauty, terrible Eidolon O my youth I never  
dreamt that you would come.”

*Washington, January 22, 1977, 3 A.M.–11:30 AM.*

### III

#### EPILOGUE

*THE ARGUMENT: Last words spoken by the bard to the boy on a train  
between Washington and NY.*

“Some day when we surrender to each other and become One friend,  
we’ll walk back to this hermitage, returned from America  
thru Cities and Bars and Smoking Factories & State Capitols  
Universities, Crowds, Parks and Highways, returned from glass-  
glittering shrines

& diamond skyscrapers whose windows gleam sunset wealth Golden &  
Purple,

White & Red & Blue as Clouds that reflect Smog thru Western  
heavens.

Back here in our bodies we may renew these studies & labors  
of Iron & Feather, dream copybooks, & waking Levitation of heavy  
Mind.

Now still bodied separate in Vanity & minded contrary each in’s  
Phantasy

only Poetry’s Prophetic beauty Transports us on one Train back to  
households

in our north Vast City connected with telephones and buses. We may  
trip out

again into Hidden Beauty, Hearts beating thru the world’s Mills &  
Wires, Radiant

at Television Noon or on Ecstatic midnite bed with broken bone or  
body Forgetfulness.

Now we go from our Chambered Cranium forth thru Strangeness:  
Careful to respect our Heart, mindful of Beauty's slow working Calm  
Machine,  
Cigarette Vending Contraption or neon yellow Sun its face to your  
face—  
All faces different, all forms present a Face to look into with Care:  
The College boy his ignorant snub nose is a button whereon Sexual  
mercies  
Press their lusty thumbs & wake his studious energy. The grey hair'd  
dirty  
Professor of history's sought thru ages to find that Country where  
Love's face is King,  
While the Care on his face is King of Centuries. And thoughts in his  
mind are  
Presidents elected by fresh nerves every seven years to pass new laws  
of Consciousness.  
Each Maple waits our gaze erecting tricky branches in the air we  
breathe.  
Nothing is stupid but thought, & all thought we think's our own.  
My face you've seen palsied bearded White & Changing energies  
from Slavelike lust to snowy emptiness, bald Anger to fishy-eyed  
prophecy,  
Your voice you've heard naked and hard commanding arrogant, pale  
dandied  
in a fit of Burgundy Pique, Childlike delighted fingers twisting my  
beard  
on Lion coverlets in caves far from the Iron Domed Capitol,  
Intelligent deciphering runes yours and mine, dreamed & undreamt.  
Plebeian Prince of the Suburb, I return to my eastern office pleased  
with our work  
accident of our causes & Eidolons, Planned Careful in your Dreams &  
in my daylight Frenzies: failed Projections!  
Our icy wills resolved in watery black ink's translucent tears,  
Love's vapors are dissolved on seaboard's clear noon open to the Sun

shining thru railroad windows on new-revealed faces, our own inner forms!"

*January 23, 1977*

### **I Lay Love on My Knee**

I nurs'd love where he lay  
I let love get away  
I let love lie low  
I let my love go  
I let love go along  
I knew love was strong  
So I let love go stray  
I told love go away

I called love come home  
my tongue wasn't dumb  
I kissed love on the neck  
& told love to come back  
I told love come stay  
Down by me love lay  
I told love lie down  
Love made a fine sound

I told love to Work  
as musician or clerk  
I sent love to the farm  
He could do earth no harm  
I told love get married  
With children be harried  
I said love settle down  
with the worms in the ground  
I told love have pity  
Build me a good city

I taught love to sit  
to sharpen his wit  
I taught love to breathe



mindful of death  
I showed love a straight spine  
energetic as mine  
I told love take it easy  
Manners more breezy  
Thoughts full of light  
make love last all night

I kissed love on the brow  
Where he lay like a cow  
moaning and pleased  
his happy heart treasured  
I kissed love's own lips  
I laid love on his hips  
I kissed love on his breast  
When he lay down to rest  
I kissed love on his thigh  
Up rose his cock high

I bid Love leave me now  
rest my feverish brow  
I'm sick love goodbye  
I must close my eye  
No love you're not dead  
Go find a new bed  
for a day for a night  
& come back for delight  
after thought with new health  
For all time is our wealth.

*New York, February 21, 1977*

### **Stool Pigeon Blues**

I was born in Wyoming, Cody is my home town  
Got myself busted, the sheriff brought me down  
The Feds hit my nose, I felt like a dirty Clown

I turned in my sister, just like they asked me to

I turned in my brother, I had to, wouldn't you?  
If they beat me again, I guess I'd turn you in too

Please don't blame me, they had me for twenty years  
An ounce of weed, they planted it in my ears  
They found one seed, and watered it with my tears

I got A's in highschool, smartest boy in class  
Got laid at eleven, the sweetest piece of ass  
They found us in bed smoking a stick of grass

Girl broke down crying, the Narcs liked her looks in the nude  
Asked us for blowjobs, I told them that was too crude  
Took us to jail & accused us of being lewd

Ten years for resisting arrest, ten years for a little joint  
Ten years kid, beginning to get the point?  
Feds want a big bust, let's hear you sing oink oink!

Who do you know in highschool, how many's dealing lids?  
Who do you smoke with? We want the names of kids.  
They'll bust all our parents, unless Good God forbids!

I'm just a poor stoolie, got busted in Wyoming  
From Cody, to Casper, to Riverton I will sing!  
From Gillette to Powell a pigeon I'm on the wing.

Governor Governor Get me out of this fix!  
President President decriminalize the sticks,  
Out here in Wyoming, Sheriffs play dirty tricks.

*Casper, April 16, 1977*

**Punk Rock Your My Big Crybaby**

I'll tell my deaf mother on you! Fall on the floor

and eat your grandmother's diapers! Drums,  
Whatta lotta Noise you want a Revolution?  
Wanna Apocalypse? Blow up in Dynamite Sound?  
I can't get excited, Louder! Viciouser!  
Fuck me in the ass! Suck me! Come in my ears!  
I want those pink Abdominal bellybuttons!  
Promise you'll murder me in the gutter with Orgasms!  
I'll buy a ticket to your nightclub, I wanna get busted!  
50 years old I wanna Go! with whips & chains & leather!  
Spank me! Kiss me in the eye! Suck me all over  
from Mabuhay Gardens to CBGB's coast to coast  
Skull to toe Gimme yr electric guitar naked,  
Punk President, eat up the FBI w/ yr big mouth.

*Mabuhay Gardens, May 1977*

### **Love Replied**

Love came up to me  
& got down on his knee  
& said I am here to serve  
you what you deserve  
All that you wish  
as on a gold dish  
eyes tongue and heart  
your most private part.

Why do you eat  
my behind & my feet  
Why do you kiss  
my belly like this  
Why do you go down  
& suck my cock crown  
when I bare you the best  
that is inside my breast

I lay there reprov'd  
aching my prick moved  
But Love kissed my ear

& said nothing to fear  
Put your head on my breast  
There let your skull rest  
Yes hug my breast, this  
is my heart you can kiss

Then Love put his face  
in my tenderest place  
where throbbed my breast sweet  
with red hot heart's heat  
There, love is our bed  
There, love lay your head  
There you'll never regret  
all the love you can get.

From the hair to the toes  
neck & knees in repose  
Take the heart that I give  
Give heart that you live  
Forget my sweet cock  
my buttock like a rock  
Come up from my thighs  
Hear my heart's own straight sighs

I myself am not queer  
Tho I hold your heart dear  
Tho I lie with you naked  
tho my own heart has ached  
breast to breast with your bare  
body, yes tho I dare  
hug & kiss you all night  
This is straight hearts' delight.

So bring your head up  
from my loins or the cup  
of my knees and behind  
where you touch your lips blind

Put your lips to my heart  
That is my public part  
Hold me close and receive  
All the love I can give

*Boulder, June 18, 1977, 5 A.M.*

X

## PLUTONIAN ODE

(1977–1980)

### What's Dead?

Clouds' silent shadows passing across the Sun above Teton's  
mountaintop I saw on LSD

Movies dead shadows

ocean 40% dead said expert J. Cousteau A.D. 1968

Shakespeare the magician, Rimbaud visionary dead

silent vamp Alla Nazimova's corpse-lip black dust

Walt Disney of Mickey Mouse, Buck Rogers in the Twenty-fifth  
Century, Hollywood lost in shade

Tragedian Sophocles passed this shore with Charon thru Styx

Ex-Emperor Napoleon obituaried in 1821

Queen Liliuokalani giv'n to her reward

Chief Joseph buried on a brown hill in Washington State

General Douglas MacArthur urged atombombs to blow up China

Eisenhower & Xerxes led armies to the grave

The Skeleton Man in 1930 Barnum & Bailey Circus' Freakshow bony  
in's coffin

The mother Cat I played with in the basement Paterson New Jersey  
when I was ten

with the Lindbergh baby kidnapped found in a swamp of laundry

My father's grave writ "Answer a riddle with a stone" wet with rain in  
Newark

Jesus Christ & Mary for all their Assumption, dust in this world

Buddha relieved of his body, empty vehicle parked noiseless

Allah the Word in a book, or muezzin cry on a Tower  
Not even Moses reached Promised Land, went down to Sheol.  
Tickertape for heroes, clods of dirt for forgotten grandpas—  
Television ghosts still haunt living room & bed chamber  
Crooner Bing Crosby, Elvis Presley rock'n'roll Star, Groucho Marx a  
mustached joker, Einstein invented the universe, Naomi Ginsberg  
Communist Muse, Isadora Duncan dancing in diaphanous scarves  
Jack Kerouac noble Poet, Jimmy Dean mystic actor, Boris Karloff the  
old Frankenstein,  
Celebrities & Nonentities set apart, absent from their paths shadows  
left behind, breathing no more—  
These were the musings of Buddhist student Allen Ginsberg.

*Hawaii, October 16, 1977*

### **Grim Skeleton**

Grim skeleton come back & put me out of Action  
looking thru the rainy window at the Church wall  
yellow vapor lamped, 9 P.M. Cars hissing in street water  
—woken dizzy from nicotine sleep—papers piled on my desk  
myself lost in manila files of yellow faded newspaper Clippings  
at last after twenty five years tapes wound thru my brain  
Library of my own deeds of music tongue & oratoric yell—  
Is it my heart, a cold & phlegm in my skull or radiator  
Comfort cowardice that I slumber awake wrapped in Mexican  
Blanket, wallet & keys on the white chair by my head.  
Is it the guru of music or guru of meditation whose harsh force  
I bear, makes my eyelid heavy mid afternoons, is't Death  
stealing in my breast makes me nauseous mornings, work undone  
on a typewriter set like a green skull by the window  
When I wake unwilling to rise & take the narcotic *Times*  
above a soft Boiled egg and toasted English muffin daily noon?  
Beauty, Truth, Revolution, what skeleton in my closet  
makes me listen dumb my own skull thoughts lethargic

Gossip of Poets silenced by drunken Mussolinis every Country on Earth?

My own yatter of meditation, while I work and scream in frenzy  
at my wooden desk held up by iron filedrawers stuffed w/press paper  
& prophetic fake manuscripts, ears itching & scabbed w/anger  
at ghost Rockefeller Brothers pay-off of CIA, am I myself the CIA  
bought with acid meat & alcohol in Washington, silenced in  
meditation

on my own duplicity, stuck in anger at puerto rican wounded  
beerdrunk fathers walking East 12th street and their thieving kids  
violent screaming under my window 4 A.M.? Some Fantasy of Fame  
I dreamt in adolescence Came true last week over Television,  
Now homunculus I made's out there in American streets  
talking with my voice, accounted ledgered opinionated  
Interviewed & Codified in Poems, books & manuscripts, whole library  
shelves stacked with ambitious egohood's thousand pages imaged  
forth smart selft over half a lifetime! Who'm I now, Frankenstein  
hypocrite of good Cheer whose sick-stomached Discretion's grown  
fifty years overweight—while others I hate practice sainthood in  
Himalayas

or run the petrochemical atomic lamplit machines, by whose power  
I slumber cook my meat & write these verses captive of N.Y.C.

What's my sickness, flu virus or Selfhood infected swollen sore  
confronting the loath'd work of poetic flattery: Gurus, Rock stars  
Penthoused millionaires, White House alrightniks crowding my brain  
with orders & formulae, insults & smalltalk, threats & dollars  
Whose sucker am I, the media run by rich whitemen like myself, jew  
intellectuals afraid of poverty bust screaming beaten uncontrolled  
behind bars

or the black hole of narcotics Cops & brutal Mafiosi, thick men in dark  
hats,

hells angels in blue military garb or wall street cashmere drag  
hiding iron muscles of money, so the street is full of potholes, I'm



afraid  
to go out at night around the block to look at the moon in the Lower  
East Side  
where stricken junkies break their necks in damp hallways of  
abandoned buildings gutted & blackwindowed from old fires. I'm  
afraid  
to write my thoughts down lest I libel Nelson Rockefeller, Fidel  
Castro, Chögyam Trungpa, Louis Ginsberg & Naomi, Kerouac or Peter  
O.  
yea Henry Kissinger & Richard Helms, faded ghosts of Power and  
Poesy  
that people my brain with paranoia, my best friend shall be Nameless.  
Whose public speech is this I write? What stupid vast Complaint!  
For what impotent professor's ears, which Newsman's brainwave?  
What jazz king's devil blues?  
Is this Immortal history to tell tales of 20th Century to striplings  
naked centuries hence? To get laid by some brutal queen who'll  
beat my hairy buttocks punishment in a College Dorm? To show my  
ass  
to god? To grovel in magic tinsel & glitter on stinking powdered  
pillows?  
Agh! Who'll I read this to like a fool! Who'll applaud these lies

*December 16, 1977*

### **Ballade of Poisons**

ith oil that streaks streets a magic color,  
ith soot that falls on city vegetables  
ith basement sulfurs & coal black odor  
ith smog that purples suburbs' sunset hills  
ith Junk that feeble black & white men's wills  
ith plastic bubbles aeons will dissolve  
ith new plutoniums that only resolve  
eir poison heat in quarter million years,

ith pesticides that round food Chains revolve  
ay your soul make home, may your eyes weep tears.

ith freak hormones in chicken & soft egg  
ith panic red dye in cow meat burger  
ith mummy med'cines, nitrate in sliced pig  
ith sugar'd cereal kids scream for murder,  
ith Chemic additives that cause Cancer  
ith bladder and mouth in your salami,  
ith Strontium Ninety in milks of Mommy,  
ith sex voices that spill beer thru your ears  
ith Cups of Nicotine till you vomit  
May your soul make home, may your eyes weep tears.

ith microwave toaster television  
ith Cadmium lead in leaves of fruit trees  
ith Trade Center's nocturnal emission  
ith Coney Island's shore plopped with Faeces  
hile blue Whales sing in high infrequent seas  
ith Amazon worlds with fish in ocean  
ashed in Rockefellers greasy Potion  
ith oily toil fueled with atomic fears  
ith CIA tainting World emotion  
ay your soul make home, may your eyes weep tears.

### *Envoi*

esident, 'spite cockroach devotion,  
lk poisoned with radioactive lotion,  
pite soulless bionic energy queers  
ay your world move to healthy emotion,  
ake your soul at home, let your eyes weep tears.

*January 12, 1978*

## Lack Love

Love wears down to bare truth  
My heart hurt me much in youth  
Now I hear my real heart beat  
Strong and hollow thump of meat

I felt my heart wrong as an ache  
Sore in dreams and raw awake  
I'd kiss each new love on the chest  
Trembling hug him breast to breast

Kiss his belly, kiss his eye  
Kiss his ruddy boyish thigh  
Kiss his feet kiss his pink cheek  
Kiss behind him naked meek

Now I lie alone, and a youth  
Stalks my house, he won't in truth  
Come to bed with me, instead  
Loves the thoughts inside my head

He knows how much I think of him  
Holds my heart his painful whim  
Looks thru me with mocking eyes  
Steals my feelings, drinks & lies

Till I see Love's empty Truth  
Think back on heart broken youth  
Hear my heart beat red in bed  
Thick and living, love rejected.

*New York, February 8, 1978, 3 A.M.*

## Father Guru

Father Guru    unforlorn  
Heart beat Guru whom I scorn

Empty Guru Never Born  
Sitting Guru every morn  
Friendly Guru chewing corn  
Angry Guru Faking Porn  
Guru Guru Freely torn  
Garment Guru neatly worn  
Guru Head short hair shorn  
Absent Guru Eyes I mourn  
Guru of Duncan Guru of Dorn  
Ginsberg Guru like a thorn  
Goofy Guru Lion Horn  
Lonely Guru Unicorn  
O Guru whose slave I'm sworn  
Save me Guru Om Ah Hum

*Austin, February 14, 1978*

### **Manhattan May Day Midnight**

I walked out on the lamp shadowed concrete at midnight May Day  
passing a dark'd barfront,  
police found corpses under the floor last year, call-girls & Cadillacs  
lurked there on First Avenue  
around the block from my apartment, I'd come downstairs for  
tonight's newspapers—  
refrigerator repair shop's window grate padlocked, fluorescent blue  
light on a pile of newspapers, pages shifting in the chill Spring wind  
'round battered cans & plastic refuse bags leaned together at the  
pavement edge—  
Wind wind and old news sailed thru the air, old *Times* whirled above  
the garbage.  
At the Corner of 11th under dim Street-light in a hole in the ground  
a man wrapped in work-Cloth and wool Cap pulled down his bullet  
skull  
stood & bent with a rod & flashlight turning round in his pit halfway  
sunk in earth  
Peering down at his feet, up to his chest in the asphalt by a granite  
Curb

where his work mate poked a flexible tube in a tiny hole, a youth in gloves

who answered my question “Smell of gas—Someone must’ve reported in”—

Yes the body stink of City bowels, rotting tubes six feet under  
Could explode any minute sparked by Con Ed’s breathing Puttering truck

I noticed parked, as I passed by hurriedly Thinking Ancient Rome, Ur  
Were they like this, the same shadowy surveyors & passers-by  
scribing records of decaying pipes & Garbage piles on Marble,  
Cuneiform,

ordinary midnight citizen out on the street looking for Empire News,  
rumor, gossip, workmen police in uniform, walking silent sunk in  
thought

under windows of sleepers coupled with Monster squids & Other-  
Planet eyeballs in their sheets

in the same night six thousand years old where Cities rise & fall &  
turn to dream?

*May 1, 1978, 6 A.M.*

**ADAPTED FROM Neruda’s**  
**“Que dispierte el leñador”**

V

Let the Railsplitter Awake!  
Let Lincoln come with his ax  
and with his wooden plate  
to eat with the farmworkers.  
May his craggy head,  
his eyes we see in constellations,  
in the wrinkles of the live oak,  
come back to look at the world  
rising up over the foliage  
higher than Sequoias.  
Let him go shop in pharmacies,  
let him take the bus to Tampa  
let him nibble a yellow apple,

let him go to the movies, and  
talk to everybody there.

Let the Railsplitter awake!

Let Abraham come back, let his old yeast  
rise in green and gold earth of Illinois,  
and lift the ax in his city  
against the new slavemakers  
against their slave whips  
against the venom of the print houses  
against all the bloodsoaked  
merchandise they want to sell.  
Let the young white boy and young black  
march singing and smiling  
against walls of gold,  
against manufacturers of hatred,  
against the seller of his own blood,  
singing, smiling and winning at last.

Let the Railsplitter awake!

VI

Peace for all twilights to come,  
peace for the bridge, peace for the wine,  
peace for the letters that look for me  
and pump in my blood tangled  
with earth and love's old chant,  
peace for the city in the morning  
when bread wakes up,  
peace for Mississippi, the river of roots,  
peace for my brother's shirt,  
peace in the book like an airmail stamp,  
peace for the great Kolkhoz of Kiev,  
peace for the ashes of these dead  
and those other dead, peace for the black  
iron of Brooklyn, peace for the lettercarrier

going from house to house like the day,  
peace for the choreographer shrieking  
thru a funnel of honeysuckle vines,  
peace to my right hand  
that only wants to write Rosario,  
peace for the Bolivian, secret as a lump of tin,  
peace for you to get married, peace  
for all the sawmills of Bio-Bio,  
peace to Revolutionary Spain's torn heart  
peace to the little museum of Wyoming  
in which the sweetest thing  
was a pillowcase embroidered with a heart,  
peace to the baker and his loaves,  
and peace to all the flour: peace  
for all the wheat still to be born,  
peace for all the love that wants to flower,  
peace for all those who live: peace  
to all the lands and waters.

And here I say farewell, I return  
to my house, in my dreams  
I go back to Patagonia where  
the wind beats at barns  
and the Ocean spits ice.  
I'm nothing more than a poet:  
I want love for you all,  
I go wander the world I love:  
in my country they jail the miners  
and soldiers give orders to judges.  
But down to its very roots  
I love my little cold country.  
If I had to die a thousand times  
that's where I'd want to die:  
if I had to be born a thousand times  
that's where I'd want to be born,  
near the Araucanian wilds'  
sea-whirled south winds,  
bells just brought from the bellmaker.  
Don't let anybody think about me.

Let's think about the whole world,  
banging on the table with love.  
I don't want blood to come back  
and soak the bread, the beans  
the music: I want the miner  
to come with me, the little girl,  
the lawyer, the sailor, the dollmaker,  
let's all go to the movies and come  
out and drink the reddest wine.

I didn't come here to solve anything.

I came here to sing  
And for you to sing with me.

*Boulder, 1978–1981*

## **Nagasaki Days**

*I A Pleasant Afternoon*

*for Michael Brownstein & Dick Gallup*

One day 3 poets & 60 ears sat under a green-striped Chautauqua tent  
in Aurora  
listening to Black spirituals, tapping their feet, appreciating words  
singing by in mountain winds  
on a pleasant sunny day of rest—the wild wind blew thru blue  
Heavens  
filled with fluffy clouds stretched from Central City to Rocky Flats,  
Plutonium sizzled in its secret bed,  
hot dogs sizzled in the Lions Club lunchwagon microwave mouth,  
orangeade bubbled over in waxen cups  
Traffic moved along Colefax, meditators silent in the Diamond Castle  
shrine-room at Boulder followed the breath going out of their  
nostrils,  
Nobody could remember anything, spirits flew out of mouths & noses,



out of the sky, across Colorado plains & the tent flapped happily  
open spacious & didn't fall down.

*June 18, 1978*

## *II Peace Protest*

Cumulus clouds float across blue sky  
over the white-walled Rockwell Corporation factory  
—am I going to stop that?

\*

Rocky Mountains rising behind us  
Denver shining in morning light  
—Led away from the crowd by police and photographers

\*

iddleaged Ginsberg & Ellsberg taken down the road to the grayhaired  
Sheriff's van—

it what about Einstein? What about Einstein? Hey, Einstein Come  
back!

## *III Golden Courthouse*

Waiting for the Judge, breathing silent  
Prisoners, witnesses, Police—  
the stenographer yawns into her palms.

*August 9, 1978*

## *IV Everybody's Fantasy*

I walked outside & the bomb'd  
dropped lots of plutonium  
all over the Lower East Side

There weren't any buildings left just  
iron skeletons  
groceries burned, potholes open to  
stinking sewer waters

There were people starving and crawling  
across the desert  
the Martian UFOs with blue  
Light destroyer rays  
passed over and dried up all the  
waters

Charred Amazon palmtrees for  
hundreds of miles on both sides  
of the river

*August 10, 1978*

*V Waiting Room at the Rocky Flats Plutonium Plant*

"Give us the weapons we need to protect ourselves!"  
the bareheaded guard lifts his flyswatter above the desk  
—whap!

\*

A green-letter'd shield on the pressboard wall!  
"Life is fragile. Handle with care"—  
y Goodness! here's where they make the nuclear bomb-triggers.

*August 17, 1978*

*VI Numbers in Red Notebook*

000,000 killed in Vietnam  
0,000,000 refugees in Indochina 1972

10,000,000 years for the Galaxy to revolve on its core  
1,000 the Babylonian Great Year  
1,000 half life of plutonium  
100 the most I ever got for a poetry reading  
1,000 dolphins killed in the dragnet  
100,000,000 years earth been born

*Boulder, Summer 1978*

## **Plutonian Ode**

I

1       What new element before us unborn in nature? Is there a new  
          thing under the Sun?

At last inquisitive Whitman a modern epic, detonative,  
Scientific theme

First penned unmindful by Doctor Seaborg with poisonous  
hand, named for Death's planet through the sea beyond  
Uranus

whose chthonic ore fathers this magma-teared Lord of Hades,  
Sire of avenging Furies, billionaire Hell-King worshipped  
once

5       with black sheep throats cut, priest's face averted from  
          underground mysteries in a single temple at Eleusis,

Spring-green Persephone nuptialled to his inevitable Shade,  
Demeter mother of asphodel weeping dew,

her daughter stored in salty caverns under white snow, black  
hail, gray winter rain or Polar ice, immemorable seasons  
before

Fish flew in Heaven, before a Ram died by the starry bush,  
before the Bull stamped sky and earth

or Twins inscribed their memories in cuneiform clay or Crab'd  
flood

10 washed memory from the skull, or Lion sniffed the lilac breeze  
in Eden—

Before the Great Year began turning its twelve signs, ere  
constellations wheeled for twenty-four thousand sunny  
years

slowly round their axis in Sagittarius, one hundred sixty-seven  
thousand times returning to this night

Radioactive Nemesis were you there at the beginning black  
Dumb tongueless unsmelling blast of Disillusion?

I manifest your Baptismal Word after four billion years

15 I guess your birthday in Earthling Night, I salute your dreadful  
presence lasting majestic as the Gods,

Sabaot, Jehova, Astapheus, Adonaeus, Elohim, Iao,  
Ialdabaoth, Aeon from Aeon born ignorant in an Abyss of  
Light,

Sophia's reflections glittering thoughtful galaxies, whirlpools  
of star-spume silver-thin as hairs of Einstein!

Father Whitman I celebrate a matter that renders Self  
oblivion!

Grand Subject that annihilates inky hands & pages' prayers,  
old orators' inspired Immortalities,

20 I begin your chant, openmouthed exhaling into spacious sky  
over silent mills at Hanford, Savannah River, Rocky Flats,  
Pantex, Burlington, Albuquerque

I yell thru Washington, South Carolina, Colorado, Texas, Iowa,

New Mexico,  
where nuclear reactors create a new Thing under the Sun,  
where Rockwell war-plants fabricate this death stuff trigger  
in nitrogen baths,  
Hanger-Silas Mason assembles the terrified weapon secret by  
ten thousands, & where Manzano Mountain boasts to store  
its dreadful decay through two hundred forty millennia while  
our Galaxy spirals around its nebulous core.

25 I enter your secret places with my mind, I speak with your  
presence, I roar your Lion Roar with mortal mouth.

One microgram inspired to one lung, ten pounds of heavy  
metal dust adrift slow motion over gray Alps  
the breadth of the planet, how long before your radiance  
speeds blight and death to sentient beings?

Enter my body or not I carol my spirit inside you,  
Unapproachable Weight,

O heavy heavy Element awakened I vocalize your  
consciousness to six worlds

30 I chant your absolute Vanity. Yeah monster of Anger birthed  
in fear O most

Ignorant matter ever created unnatural to Earth! Delusion of  
metal empires!

Destroyer of lying Scientists! Devourer of covetous Generals,  
Incinerator of Armies & Melter of Wars!

Judgment of judgments, Divine Wind over vengeful nations,  
Molester of Presidents, Death-Scandal of Capital politics! Ah  
civilizations stupidly industrious!

Canker-Hex on multitudes learned or illiterate! Manufactured  
Spectre of human reason! O solidified imago of practitioners  
in Black Arts

35 I dare your Reality, I challenge your very being! I publish your  
cause and effect!

I turn the Wheel of Mind on your three hundred tons! Your  
name enters mankind's ear! I embody your ultimate powers!

My oratory advances on your vaunted Mystery! This breath  
dispels your braggart fears! I sing your form at last

behind your concrete & iron walls inside your fortress of  
rubber & translucent silicon shields in filtered cabinets and  
baths of lathe oil,

My voice resounds through robot glove boxes & ingot cans  
and echoes in electric vaults inert of atmosphere,

40 I enter with spirit out loud into your fuel rod drums  
underground on soundless thrones and beds of lead

O density! This weightless anthem trumpets transcendent  
through hidden chambers and breaks through iron doors  
into the Infernal Room!

Over your dreadful vibration this measured harmony floats  
audible, these jubilant tones are honey and milk and wine-  
sweet water

Poured on the stone block floor, these syllables are barely  
groats I scatter on the Reactor's core,

I call your name with hollow vowels, I psalm your Fate close  
by, my breath near deathless ever at your side

45 to Spell your destiny, I set this verse prophetic on your  
mausoleum walls to seal you up Eternally with Diamond

Truth! O doomed Plutonium.

## II

The Bard surveys Plutonian history from midnight lit with  
Mercury Vapor streetlamps till in dawn's early light  
he contemplates a tranquil politic spaced out between Nations'  
thought-forms proliferating bureaucratic  
& horrific arm'd, Satanic industries projected sudden with Five  
Hundred Billion Dollar Strength  
around the world same time this text is set in Boulder,  
Colorado before front range of Rocky Mountains  
50 twelve miles north of Rocky Flats Nuclear Facility in United  
States on North America, Western Hemisphere  
of planet Earth six months and fourteen days around our Solar  
System in a Spiral Galaxy  
the local year after Dominion of the last God nineteen  
hundred seventy eight  
Completed as yellow hazed dawn clouds brighten East, Denver  
city white below  
Blue sky transparent rising empty deep & spacious to a  
morning star high over the balcony  
55 above some autos sat with wheels to curb downhill from  
Flatiron's jagged pine ridge,  
sunlit mountain meadows sloped to rust-red sandstone cliffs  
above brick townhouse roofs  
as sparrows waked whistling through Marine Street's summer  
green leafed trees.

## III

This ode to you O Poets and Orators to come, you father  
Whitman as I join your side, you Congress and American  
people,  
you present meditators, spiritual friends & teachers, you O  
Master of the Diamond Arts,  
60 Take this wheel of syllables in hand, these vowels and  
consonants to breath's end  
take this inhalation of black poison to your heart, breathe out  
this blessing from your breast on our creation  
forests cities oceans deserts rocky flats and mountains in the  
Ten Directions pacify with this exhalation,  
enrich this Plutonian Ode to explode its empty thunder  
through earthen thought-worlds  
Magnetize this howl with heartless compassion, destroy this  
mountain of Plutonium with ordinary mind and body  
speech,  
65 thus empower this Mind-guard spirit gone out, gone out, gone  
beyond, gone beyond me, Wake space, so Ah!

*July 14, 1978*

**Old Pond**





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## Old Pond

The old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!  
 Hard road! I walked till both feet stunk—  
 Ma!Ma! Whatcha doing down on that bed?  
 Pa!Pa! what hole you hide your head?

Left home got work down town today  
 Sold coke, got busted looking gay  
 Day dream, I acted like a clunk  
 Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Got hitched, I bought a frying pan  
 Fried eggs, my wife eats like a man  
 Won't cook, her oatmeal tastes like funk  
 Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Eat shit exactly what she said  
 Drink wine, it goes right down my head  
 Fucked up, they all yelled I was drunk  
 Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Saw God at six o'clock tonight  
Flop house, I think I'll start a fight  
Head ache like both my eyeballs shrunk  
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Hot dog! I love my mustard hot  
Hey Rube! I think I just got shot  
Drop dead She said you want some junk?  
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Oh ho your dirty needle stinks  
No no I don't shoot up with finks  
Speed greed I stood there with the punk  
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Yeh yeh gimme a breath of fresh air  
Guess who I am well you don't care  
No name call up the mocking Monk  
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

No echo, make a lot of noise  
Come home you owe it to the boys  
Can't hear you scream your fish's sunk  
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Just folks, we bought a motor car  
No gas I guess we crossed the bar  
I swear we started for Podunk  
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

I got his banjo on my knee  
I played it like an old Sweetie  
I sang plunk-a-plunk-a-plunk plunk plunk plunk  
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

One hand I gave myself the clap  
Unborn, but still I took the rap  
Big deal, I fell out of my bunk  
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Hey hey! I ride down the blue sky  
Sit down with worms until I die  
Fare well! Hūṃ Hūṃ Hūṃ Hūṃ Hūṃ Hūṃ!  
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Red barn rise wet in morning dew  
Cockadoo dle do oink oink moo moo  
Buzz buzz—flyswatter in the kitchen, thwunk!  
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

*August 22, 1978*

### **Blame the Thought, Cling to the Bummer**

I am Fake Saint  
magazine Saint Ram Das  
Who's not a Fake Saint consciousness, Nobody!  
The 12th Trungpa, Karmapa 16, Dudjom lineage of Padmasambhava,  
Pope Jean-Paul, Queen of England crowned with dignity's brilliant  
empty Diamonds Sapphires Emeralds, Amber, Rubies—  
The sky is Fake Saint, emptyhearted blue  
The Sacramento Valley floor fields no saints either, tractors in green  
corn higher than the T-shirted jogger.  
This Volkswagen Fake Saint, license-plate-light wires smoking shorted  
in the rear-engine door.  
Filter cigarette butt still smoking in the ashtray  
No saints longhaired boys at the busdriver's wheel  
Hard workers no Fake Saints laborers everywhere behind desks in  
Plutonium offices  
swatting flies under plastic flower-power signs  
  
Driving Ponderosa & Spruce roads to the poet's shrine at Kitkitdizze

Bedrock Mortar hermitage—Shobo-An temple's copper roof on a  
black-oak groved hillside—  
Discontinuous, the thought—empty—no harm—  
To blame the thought would cling to the Bummer—  
Unborn Evil, the Self & its systems  
Transitory intermittent gapped in Grass Valley stopping for gas  
Plutonium blameless, apocalyptic gift of Furies  
Insentient space filled with green bushes—clouds over Ranger Station  
signs  
Uncertain as incense.

*Nevada City, September 7, 1978*

### **“Don't Grow Old”**

I  
Twenty-eight years before on the living room couch he'd stared at me,  
I said  
“I want to see a psychiatrist—I have sexual difficulties—  
homosexuality”  
I'd come home from troubled years as a student. This was the  
weekend I would talk with him.  
A look startled his face, “You mean you like to take men's penises in  
your mouth?”  
Equally startled, “No, no,” I lied, “that isn't what it means.”

Now he lay naked in the bath, hot water draining beneath his shanks.  
Strong shouldered Peter, once ambulance attendant, raised him up  
in the tiled room. We towed him dry, arms under his, bathrobe over  
his shoulder—  
he tottered thru the door to his carpeted bedroom  
sat on the soft mattress edge, exhausted, and coughed up watery  
phlegm.  
We lifted his swollen feet talcum'd white, put them thru pajama legs,  
tied the cord round his waist, and held the nightshirt sleeve open for  
his hand, slow.

Mouth drawn in, his false teeth in a dish, he turned his head round looking up at Peter to smile ruefully, “Don’t ever grow old.”

## II

At my urging, my eldest nephew came to keep his grandfather company, maybe sleep overnight in the apartment.

He had no job, and was homeless anyway.

All afternoon he read the papers and looked at old movies.

Later dusk, television silent, we sat on a soft-pillowed couch,

Louis sat in his easy-chair that swiveled and could lean back—

“So what kind of job are you looking for?”

“Dishwashing, but someone told me it makes your hands’ skin scaly red.”

“And what about officeboy?” His grandson finished highschool with marks too poor for college.

“It’s unhealthy inside airconditioned buildings under fluorescent light.”

The dying man looked at him, nodding at the specimen.

He began his advice. “You might be a taxidriver, but what if a car crashed into you? They say you can get mugged too.

Or you could get a job as a sailor, but the ship could sink, you could get drowned.

Maybe you should try a career in the grocery business, but a box of bananas could slip from the shelf,

you could hurt your head. Or if you were a waiter, you could slip and fall down with a loaded tray, & have to pay for the broken glasses.

Maybe you should be a carpenter, but your thumb might get hit by a hammer.

Or a lifeguard—but the undertow at Belmar beach is dangerous, and you could catch a cold.

Or a doctor, but sometimes you could cut your hand with a scalpel that had germs, you could get sick & die.”

Later, in bed after twilight, glasses off, he said to his wife  
“Why doesn’t he comb his hair? It falls all over his eyes, how can he  
see?  
Tell him to go home soon, I’m too tired.”

*Amherst, October 5, 1978*

### III

#### *Resigned*

A year before visiting a handsome poet and my Tibetan guru,  
Guests after supper on the mountainside  
we admired the lights of Boulder spread glittering below  
through a giant glass window—  
After coffee, my father bantered wearily  
“Is life worth living? Depends on the liver—”  
The Lama smiled to his secretary—  
It was an old pun I’d heard in childhood.  
Then he fell silent, looking at the floor  
and sighed, head bent heavy  
talking to no one—  
“What can you do ...?”

*Buffalo, October 6, 1978*

#### **Love Returned**

Love returned with smiles  
three thousand miles  
to keep a year’s promise  
Anonymous, honest  
studious, beauteous  
learned and childlike  
earnest and mild like  
a student of truth,  
a serious youth.

Whatever our ends  
young and old we were friends  
on the coast a few weeks  
In New York now he seeks  
scholarly manuscripts  
old writs, haunted notes  
Antique anecdotes,  
rare libraries lain  
back of the brain.

Now we are in bed  
he kisses my head  
his hand on my arm  
holds my side warm  
He presses my leg  
I don't have to beg  
his sweet penis heat  
enlarged at my hip,  
kiss his neck with my lip.

Small as a kid  
his ass is not hid  
I can touch, I can play  
with his thighs any way  
My cheek to his chest  
my body's his guest  
he offers his breast  
his belly, the rest  
hug and kiss to my bliss

Come twice at last  
he offers his ass  
first time for him  
to be entered at whim  
of my bare used cock—  
his cheeks do unlock  
tongue & hand at soft gland  
Alas for my dreams

my part's feeble it seems

Familiar with lust  
heartening the dust  
of 50 years' boys'  
abandoned love joys  
Not to queer my idea  
he's willing & trembles  
& his body's nimble  
where I want my hard skin  
I can't get it on in.

Well another day comes  
Church bells have rung  
dawn blue in New York  
I eat vegetables raw  
Sun flowers, cole slaw  
Age shortens my years  
yet brings these good cheers  
Some nights're left free  
& Love's patient with me

*December 16, 1978, 6 A.M.*

### **December 31, 1978**

Shining Diamonds & Sequins glitter  
Grand Ballroom Waldorf  
Astoria on the TV Screen  
radiant shifting goodbye to  
Times Square Phantoms  
waving  
massed eyeglasses & umbrellas'  
rainy hands over  
heads  
Celebrating China  
diplomatic relations  
Disco in Peking  
Congressional black & tan faces



on the news-dots sober Committee Report  
Concludes Conspiracy Killing  
Kennedy & Martin Luther King  
President & Peacemaker last  
Decade departed  
mysteriously gloomy miasma  
mind of NY Times Vietnam  
nuclear Warren Commission  
exploded, lies & confusion  
popping firecrackers Razz-ma-Tazz  
in mylar hats under klieg lights  
dancing to Guy Lombardo  
Hitchy Kitchy Koo in eyeglasses  
& bowties  
with tinkling Pianos, Trombones  
& tubas above the round white  
champagne tables  
Old Folks smiling into camera one  
last time  
appreciating the Royal Canadian  
Nostalgia  
among sweepstake kitchen  
sinks & refrigerators  
advertised before the deodorized  
stickup by Count Dracula  
with popping eyeballs.  
How enthusiastic the soap ads  
while masses honk paper  
horns  
between December's canyon'd building  
walls straight-sided up  
thru red misted sky  
above Gotham  
Broadway Oomp-pa-pa-ing its  
regards to Heaven the  
umpteenth time,  
tin Trumpets waiting to  
announce the year's  
midnight,  
Big teeth having a good time,

Puerto Ricans smiling  
under 44th Street marquees  
greeting the camera's  
million-eyed blank  
Hope the itching's gone—  
Live from New York! thousands  
scream delight  
roaring the clock along simultaneous  
congratulations Network Chairman  
Wm. S. Paley—  
Forgiveness! Time! the ball's  
falling down, drums  
roll loud  
across America's speaker  
systems to  
Balloons! Happy New Year!  
Trumpets & Bubbles wave  
thru the brain!  
Raise yr hat & shake yr bracelet  
Telephone Edie! Blow yr Trumpet  
Ganymede with a mustache  
Ring yr brazen horns ye  
Fire engines of Soho!  
Bark ye dogges in lofts, explode  
yr honking halos ye  
weightless Angels of  
Television!  
It's gonna be a delightful  
time, thank god nothing's  
happening muchachos  
Tonite but parties & car crashes,  
births & ambulance sirens,  
Confetti falling over  
heartbroken partygoers  
doing the Lindy Hop at the  
back window of the loft  
years ago when Abstract-Expressionist  
painters & poets had a party  
celebrating U.S. Eternity  
on New Year's Eve before the War.

## Brooklyn College Brain

*For David Shapiro & John Ashbery*

u used to wear dungarees & blue workshirt,  
eakers or cloth-top shoes, & ride alone  
subways, young & elegant unofficial  
stard of nature, sneaking sweetness into Brooklyn.  
ow tweed jacket & yr father's tie on yr breast,  
lmon-pink cotton shirt & Swedish bookbag  
u're half bald, palsied lip & lower eyelid  
ntinually tearing, gone back to college.  
odbye Professor Ginsberg, get your identity  
rd next week from the front office so you can  
t to class without being humiliated dumped on the  
lewalk by the black guard at the Student Union door.

ello Professor Ginsberg have some coffee,  
ve some students, have some office hours  
uesday & Thursdays, have a couple subway tokens  
advance, have a box in the English Department,  
ve a look at Miss Sylvia Blitzer behind the typewriter  
ve some poems er maybe they're not so bad have a  
od time workshopping Bodhicitta in the Bird Room.

*March 27, 1979*

## Garden State

It used to be, farms,  
stone houses on green lawns  
a wooded hill to play Jungle Camp  
asphalt roads thru Lincoln Park.

The communists picnicked  
amid spring's yellow forsythia

magnolia trees & apple blossoms, pale buds  
breezy May, blue June.

Then came the mafia, alcohol  
highways, garbage dumped in marshes, real  
estate, World War II, money  
flowed thru Nutley, bulldozers.

Einstein invented atom bombs  
in Princeton, television antennae  
sprung over West Orange—lobotomies  
performed in Greystone State Hospital.

Old graveyards behind churches  
on grassy knolls, Erie Railroad  
bridges' Checkerboard underpass  
signs, paint fading, remain.

Reminds me of a time pond's pure  
water was green, drink or swim.  
Traprock quarries embedded  
with amethyst, quiet on Sunday.

I was afraid to talk to anyone  
in Paterson, lest my sensitivity  
to sex, music, the universe, be discovered &  
I be laughed at, hit by colored boys.

"Mr. Professor" said the Dutchman  
on Haledon Ave. "Stinky Jew" said  
my friend black Joe, kinky haired.  
Oldsmobiles past by in front of my eyeglasses.

Greenhouses stood by the Passaic in the sun,  
little cottages in Belmar by the sea.

I heard Hitler's voice on the radio.  
I used to live on that hill up there.

They threw eggs at Norman Thomas the Socialist speaker  
in Newark Military Park, the police  
stood by & laughed. Used to murder  
silk strikers on Mill St. in the twenties.

Now turn on your boob tube  
They explain away the Harrisburg  
hydrogen bubble, the Vietnam war,  
They haven't reported the end of Jersey's gardens,

much less the end of the world.  
Here in Boonton they made cannonballs  
for Washington, had old iron mines,  
spillways, coach houses—Trolley cars

ran thru Newark, gardeners dug front lawns.  
Look for the News in your own backyard  
over the whitewashed picket fence, fading signs  
on upper stories of red brick factories.

The Data Terminal people stand on Route 40  
now. Let's get our stuff together. Let's  
go back Sundays & sing old springtime music  
on Greystone State Mental Hospital lawn.

*Spring 1979*

### **Spring Fashions**

Full moon over the shopping mall—  
in a display window's silent light  
the naked mannequin observes her fingernails

*Boulder, 1979*

## Las Vegas: Verses Improvised for El Dorado H.S. Newspaper

Aztec sandstone waterholes known by Moapa've  
dried out under the baccarat pits  
of M.G.M.'s Grand Hotel.

If Robert Maheu knew  
    who killed Kennedy  
would he tell Santos Trafficante?

If Frank Sinatra had to grow his own  
    food, would he learn  
how to grind piñon nuts?

If Sammy Davis had to find original water  
would he lead a million old ladies laughing  
    round Mt. Charleston to the Sheepshead Mountains  
    in migratory cycle?

Does Englebert know the name of  
the mountains he sings in?

When gas and water dry up  
will wild mustangs  
    inhabit the Hilton Arcade?

Will the 130-billion-dollared-Pentagon guard  
    the radioactive waste dump at Beatty  
    for the whole Platonic Year?

Tell all the generals and Maitre D's  
to read the bronze inscriptions  
    under the astronomical flagpole at Hoover Dam.

Will Franklin Delano Roosevelt  
Bugsy Siegel and Buddha  
all lose their shirts at Las Vegas?

Yeah! because they don't know how to gamble  
like mustangs and desert lizards.

*September 23, 1979*

### **To the Punks of Dawlish**

Your electric hair's beautiful gold as Blake's Glad Day boy,  
you raise your arms for industrial crucifixion  
You get 45 Pounds a week on the Production line  
and 15 goes to taxes, Mrs. Thatcher's nuclear womb swells  
The Iron Lady devours your powers & hours your pounds and pride &  
scatters radioactive urine on your mushroom dotted sheep fields.  
"Against the Bourgeois!" you raise your lip & dandy costume  
Against the Money Establishment you pogo to garage bands  
After humorous slavery in th' electronic factory  
put silver pins in your nose, gold rings in your ears  
talk to the Professor on the Plymouth train, asking  
"Marijuana rots your brain like it says in the papers, insists on the  
telly?"  
Cursed tragic kids rocking in a rail car on the Cornwall Coastline,  
Luck to your dancing revolution!  
With bodies beautiful as the gold blond lads' of Oxford—  
Your rage is more elegant than most purse-lipped considerations of  
Cambridge,  
your mouths more full of slang & kisses than tea-sipping wits of Eton  
whispering over scones & clotted cream  
conspiring to govern your music tax your body labor & chasten your  
impudent speech with an Official Secrets Act.

*Cornwall, November 18, 1979*

### **Some Love**

After 53 years  
I still cry tears  
I still fall in love  
I still improve

My art with a kiss  
My heart with bliss  
My hands massage  
Kids from the garage

Kids from the grave  
Kids who slave  
At study or labor  
Still show me favor

How can I complain  
When love like rain  
Falls all over the land  
On my head on my hand

On my breast on my shoes  
Kisses arrive like foreign news  
Mouths suck my cock  
Boys wish me good luck

How long can I last  
Such love gone past  
So much to come  
Till I get dumb

Rarer and rarer  
Boys give me favor  
Older and older  
Love grows bolder



Sweeter and sweeter  
Wrinkled like water  
My skin still trembles  
My fingers nimble

*Siegen, December 12, 1979*

### **Maybe Love**

Maybe love will come  
cause I am not so dumb  
Tonight it fills my heart  
heavy sad apart  
from one or two I fancy  
now I'm an old fairy.

This is hard to say  
I've come to be this way  
thru many loves of youth  
that taught me most heart truth  
Now I come by myself  
in my hand a potbellied elf

It's not the most romantic  
dream to be so frantic  
for young men's bodies,  
a fine sugar daddy  
blest respected known  
but left to bed alone.

How come love came to end  
flaccid, how pretend  
desires I have used  
Four decades as I cruised  
from bed to bar to book  
Shamefaced like a crook

Stealing here & there

pricks & buttocks bare  
by accident, by circumstance  
Naiveté or horny chance  
stray truth or famous lie,  
How come I came to die?

Love dies, body dies, the mind  
keeps groping blind  
half hearted full of lust  
to wet the silken dust  
of men that hold me dear  
but won't sleep with me near.

This morning's cigarette  
This morning's sweet regret  
habit of many years  
wake me to old fears  
Under the living sun  
one day there'll be no one

to kiss & to adore  
& to embrace & more  
lie down with side by side  
tender as a bride  
gentle under my touch—  
Prick I love to suck.

Church bells ring again  
in Heidelberg as when  
in New York City town  
I lay my belly down  
against a boy friend's buttock  
and couldn't get it up.

'Spite age and common Fate  
I'd hoped love'd hang out late

I'd never lack for thighs  
on which to sigh my sighs  
This day it seems the truth

I can't depend on youth,  
I can't keep dreaming love  
I can't pray heav'n above  
or call the pow'rs of hell  
to keep my body well  
occupied with young devils  
tongueing at my navel.

I stole up from my bed  
to that of a well-bred  
young friend who shared my purse  
and noted my tender verse,  
I held him by the ass  
waiting for sweat to pass

until he said Go back  
I said that I would jack  
myself away, not stay  
& so he let me play  
Allergic to my come—  
I came, & then went home.

This can't go on forever,  
this poem, nor my fever  
for brown eyed mortal joy,  
I love a straight white boy.  
Ah the circle closes  
Same old withered roses!

I haven't found an end  
I can fuck & defend  
& no more can depend

on youth time to amend  
what old ages portend—  
Love's death, & body's end.

*Heidelberg, December 15, 1979, 8 A.M.*

### **Ruhr-Gebiet**

Too much industry  
too much eats  
too much beer  
too much cigarettes

Too much philosophy  
too many thought forms  
not enough rooms—  
not enough trees

Too much Police  
too much computers  
too much hi fi  
too much Pork

Too much coffee  
too much smoking  
under gray slate roofs  
Too much obedience

Too many bellies  
Too many business suits  
Too much paperwork  
too many magazines

Too much industry  
No fish in the Rhine  
Lorelei poisoned  
Too much embarrassment

Too many fatigued  
workers on the train  
Ghost Jews scream  
on the streetcorner

Too much old murder  
too much white torture  
Too much one Stammheim  
too many happy Nazis

Too many crazy students  
Not enough farms  
not enough Appletrees  
Not enough nut trees

Too much money  
Too many poor  
turks without vote  
“Guests” do the work

Too much metal  
Too much fat  
Too many jokes  
not enough meditation

Too much anger  
Too much sugar  
Too many smokestacks  
Not enough snow

Too many radioactive  
plutonium wastebarels  
Take the Rhine gold  
Build a big tomb

A gold walled grave  
to bury this deadly nuclear slag  
all the Banks' gold  
Shining impenetrable

All the German gold  
will save the Nation  
Build a gold house  
to bury the Devil

*Heidelberg, December 15, 1979*

### Love Forgiven



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### Tübingen-Hamburg Schlafwagen

I  
Why am I so angry at Kissinger?  
Kent State? Terrorism began in 1968!  
"Berlin Student Protesting Shah Shot by Police."

II  
Building lights above black water!  
passing over a big river, railroad bridge & tower.

Mmm Fairyland! Must be Frankfurt!

*December 1979*

### **Love Forgiven**

Straight and slender  
Youthful tender  
Love shows the way  
And never says nay

Light & gentle-  
Hearted mental  
Tones sing & play  
Guitar in bright day

Voicing always  
Melodies, please  
Sing sad, & say  
Whatever you may

Righteous honest  
Heart's forgiveness  
Drives woes away,  
Gives Love to cold clay

*Tübingen, December 16, 1979*

### **Verses Written for Student Antidraft Registration Rally 1980**

The Warrior is afraid  
the warrior has a big trembling heart  
the warrior sees bright explosions over Utah, a giant bomber moves  
over Cheyenne Mountain at Colorado Springs  
the warrior laughs at its shadow, his thought flows out with his breath  
and dissolves in afternoon light  
The warrior never goes to War  
War runs away from the warrior's mouth

War falls apart in the warrior's mind

The Conquered go to War, drafted into shadow armies, navy'd on  
shadow oceans, flying in shadow fire

only helpless Draftees fight afraid, big meaty negroes trying not to die

—

The Warrior knows his own sad & tender heart, which is not the heart  
of most newspapers

Which is not the heart of most Television—This kind of sadness  
doesn't sell popcorn

This kind of sadness never goes to war, never spends \$100 Billion on  
MX Missile systems, never fights shadows in Utah,

never hides inside a hollow mountain near Colorado Springs with  
North American Aerospace Defense Command

waiting orders that he press the Secret button to Blow up the Great  
Cities of Earth

*Shambhala, Colorado, March 15, 1980*

## Homework

Homage Kenneth Koch

If I were doing my Laundry I'd wash my dirty Iran

I'd throw in my United States, and pour on the Ivory Soap, scrub up  
Africa, put all the birds and elephants back in the jungle,

I'd wash the Amazon river and clean the oily Carib & Gulf of Mexico,

Rub that smog off the North Pole, wipe up all the pipelines in Alaska,

Rub a dub dub for Rocky Flats and Los Alamos, Flush that sparkly  
Cesium out of Love Canal

Rinse down the Acid Rain over the Parthenon & Sphinx, Drain the  
Sludge out of the Mediterranean basin & make it azure again,

Put some blueing back into the sky over the Rhine, bleach the little  
Clouds so snow return white as snow,

Cleanse the Hudson Thames & Neckar, Drain the Suds out of Lake Erie

Then I'd throw big Asia in one giant Load & wash out the blood &  
Agent Orange,

Dump the whole mess of Russia and China in the wringer, squeeze out



the tattletail Gray of U.S. Central American police state,  
& put the planet in the drier & let it sit 20 minutes or an Aeon till it  
came out clean.

*Boulder, April 26, 1980*

### **After Whitman & Reznikoff**

1

#### *What Relief*

If my pen hand were snapped by a Broadway truck  
—What relief from writing letters to the *Nation*  
disputing tyrants, war gossip, FBI—  
My poems'll gather dust in Kansas libraries,  
adolescent farmboys opening book covers with ruddy hands.

2

#### *Lower East Side*

That round faced woman, she owns the street with her three big dogs,  
screeches at me, waddling with her shopping bag across Avenue B  
Grabbing my crotch, "Why don't you talk to me?"  
baring her teeth in a smile, voice loud like a taxi horn,  
"Big Jerk ... you think you're famous?"—reminds me of my mother.

*April 29, 1980*

### **Reflections at Lake Louise**

I

At midnight the teacher lectures on his throne  
Gongs, bells, wooden fish, tingling brass  
Transcendent Doctrines, non-meditation, old dog barks  
Past present future burn in Candleflame  
incense fills intellects—  
Mornings I wake, forgetting my dreams,  
dreary hearted, lift my body out of bed  
shave, wash, sit, bow down to the ground for hours.

II

Which country is real, mine or the teacher's?  
Going back & forth I cross the Canada border, unguarded,  
guilty, smuggling 10,000 thoughts.

III

Sometimes my guru seems a Hell King, sometimes a King in Eternity,  
sometimes a newspaper story, sometimes familiar eyed  
father, lonely mother, hard working—  
Poor man! to give me birth who may never grow up  
and earn my own living.

*May 7, 1980*

IV

Now the sky's clearer, clouds lifted, a patch of blue  
shows above Mt. Victoria. I should go walking to the Plain of the Six  
Glaciers  
but I have to eat Oryoki style, prostrate hours in the basement, study  
for Vajrayana Exams—  
If I had a heart attack on the path around the lake would I be ready to  
face my mother?

*Noon*

V

Scandal in the Buddhafields  
The lake's covered with soft ice inches thick.  
Naked, he insulted me under the glacier!  
He raped my mind on the wet granite cliffs!  
He misquoted me in the white mists all over the *Nation*.  
Hurrah! the Clouds drift apart!  
Big chunks of blue sky fall down!  
Mount Victoria stands with a mouth full of snow.

VI

I wander this path along little Lake Louise, the teacher's too busy to  
see me,

my dharma friends think I'm crazy, or worse, a lonely neurotic, maybe  
I am—

Alone in the mountains, same as in snowy streets of New York.

## VII

Trapped in the Guru's Chateau surrounded by 300 disciples

I could go home to Cherry Valley, Manhattan, Nevada City

to be a farmer forever, die in Lower East Side slums, sit with no  
lightbulbs in the forest,

Return to my daily mail Secretary, *Hard Times*, Junk mail and love  
letters, get wrinkled old in Manhattan

Fly out and sing poetry, bring home windmills, grow tomatoes and  
Marijuana

chop wood, do Zazen, obey my friends, muse in Gary's Maidu  
Territory, study acorn mush,

Here I'm destined to study the Higher Tantras and be a slave of  
Enlightenment.

Where can I go, how choose? Either way my life stands before me,  
mountains rising over the white lake 6 A.M., mist drifting between  
water and sky.

May 7–9, 1980

τεθνῆκην δ' ὀλίγω 'πιδεύης Φαίνομ' ἄλῃα

Red cheeked boyfriends tenderly kiss me sweet mouthed  
under Boulder coverlets winter springtime  
hug me naked laughing & telling girl friends  
gossip till autumn

Aging love escapes with his Childish body  
Monday one man visited sleeping big cocked  
older mustached crooked-mouthed not the same teenager  
I sucked off

This kid comes on Thursdays with happy hard ons

long nights talking heart to heart reading verses  
fucking hours he comes in me happy but I  
can't get it in him

Cherub, thin-legged Southern boy once slept over  
singing blues and drinking till he got horny  
Wednesday night he gave me his ass I screwed him  
good luck he was drunk

Blond curl'd clear eyed gardener passing thru town  
teaching digging earth in the ancient One Straw  
method lay back stomach bare that night blew me  
I blew him and came

Winter dance Naropa a barefoot wild kid  
jumped up grabbed me laughed at me took my hand and  
ran out saying Meet you at midnight your house  
Woke me up naked

Midnight crawled in bed with me breathed in my ear  
kissed my eyelids mouth on his cock it was soft  
"Doesn't do nothing for me," turned on belly  
Came in behind him

Future youth I never may touch any more  
Hark these Sapphics lipped by my hollow spirit  
everlasting tenderness breathed in these vowels  
sighing for love still

Song your cadence formed while on May night's full moon  
yellow onions tulips in fresh rain pale grass  
iris pea pods radishes grew as this verse  
blossomed in dawn light

Measure forever his face eighteen years old

green eyes blond hair muscular gold soft skin whose  
god like boy's voice mocked me once three decades past  
Come here and screw me

Breast struck scared to look in his eyes blood pulsing  
my ears mouth dry tongue never moved ribs shook a  
trembling fire ran down from my heart to my thighs  
Love-sick to this day

Heavy limbed I sat in a chair and watched him  
sleep naked all night afraid to kiss his mouth  
tender dying waited for sun rise years ago  
in Manhattan

*Boulder, May 17-June 1, 1980*

#### **Fourth Floor, Dawn, Up All Night Writing Letters**

Pigeons shake their wings on the copper church roof  
out my window across the street, a bird perched on the cross  
surveys the city's blue-gray clouds. Larry Rivers  
'll come at 10 A.M. and take my picture. I'm taking  
your picture, pigeons. I'm writing you down, Dawn.  
I'm immortalizing your exhaust, Avenue A bus.  
O Thought, now you'll have to think the same thing forever!

*New York, June 7, 1980, 6:48 A.M.*

#### **Ode to Failure**

Many prophets have failed, their voices silent  
ghost-shouts in basements nobody heard dusty laughter in family  
attics  
nor glanced them on park benches weeping with relief under empty  
sky  
Walt Whitman viva'd local losers—courage to Fat Ladies in the Freak  
Show! nervous prisoners whose mustached lips dripped sweat on  
chow lines—  
Mayakovsky cried, Then die! my verse, die like the workers' rank &

file fusilladed in Petersburg!  
Prospero burned his Power books & plummeted his magic wand to the  
bottom of dragon seas  
Alexander the Great failed to find more worlds to conquer!  
O Failure I chant your terrifying name, accept me your 54 year old  
Prophet  
epicking Eternal Flop! I join your Pantheon of mortal bards, & hasten  
this ode with high blood pressure  
rushing to the top of my skull as if I wouldn't last another minute, like  
the Dying Gaul! to  
You, Lord of blind Monet, deaf Beethoven, armless Venus de Milo,  
headless Winged Victory!  
I failed to sleep with every bearded rosy-cheeked boy I jacked off over  
My tirades destroyed no Intellectual Unions of KGB & CIA in  
turtlenecks & underpants, their woolen suits & tweeds  
I never dissolved Plutonium or dismantled the nuclear Bomb before  
my skull lost hair  
I have not yet stopped the Armies of entire Mankind in their march  
toward World War III  
I never got to Heaven, Nirvana, X, Whatchamacallit, I never left Earth,  
I never learned to die.

*Boulder, March 7 / October 10, 1980*

## **Birdbrain!**

Birdbrain runs the World!  
Birdbrain is the ultimate product of Capitalism  
Birdbrain chief bureaucrat of Russia, yawning  
Birdbrain ran FBI 30 years appointed by F. D. Roosevelt and never  
chased Cosa Nostra!  
Birdbrain apportions wheat to be burned, keep prices up on the world  
market!  
Birdbrain lends money to Developing Nation police-states thru the  
International Monetary Fund!  
Birdbrain never gets laid on his own he depends on his office to pimp

for him  
Birdbrain offers brain transplants in Switzerland  
Birdbrain wakes up in middle of night and arranges his sheets  
I am Birdbrain!  
I rule Russia Yugoslavia England Poland Argentina United States El  
Salvador  
Birdbrain multiplies in China!  
Birdbrain inhabits Stalin's corpse inside the Kremlin wall  
Birdbrain dictates petrochemical agriculture in Afric desert regions!  
Birdbrain lowers North California's water table sucking it up for  
Orange County Agribusiness Banks  
Birdbrain harpoons whales and chews blubber in the tropics  
Birdbrain clubs baby harp seals and wears their coats to Paris  
Birdbrain runs the Pentagon his brother runs the CIA, Fatass Bucks!  
Birdbrain writes and edits *Time Newsweek Wall Street Journal Pravda*  
*Izvestia*  
Birdbrain is Pope, Premier, President, Commissar, Chairman, Senator!  
Birdbrain voted Reagan President of the United States!  
Birdbrain prepares Wonder Bread with refined white flour!  
Birdbrain sold slaves, sugar, tobacco, alcohol  
Birdbrain conquered the New World and murdered mushroom god  
Xochopili on Popocatepetl!  
Birdbrain was President when a thousand mysterious students were  
machinegunned at Tlatelulco  
Birdbrain sent 20,000,000 intellectuals and Jews to Siberia,  
15,000,000 never got back to the Stray Dog Café  
Birdbrain wore a mustache & ran Germany on Amphetamines the last  
year of World War II  
Birdbrain conceived the Final Solution to the Jewish Problem in  
Europe  
Birdbrain carried it out in Gas Chambers  
Birdbrain borrowed Lucky Luciano the Mafia from jail to secure Sicily  
for U.S. Birdbrain against the Reds  
Birdbrain manufactured guns in the Holy Land and sold them to white

goyim in South Africa  
Birdbrain supplied helicopters to Central America generals, kill a lot  
of restless Indians, encourage a favorable business climate  
Birdbrain began a war of terror against Israeli Jews  
Birdbrain sent out Zionist planes to shoot Palestinian huts outside  
Beirut  
Birdbrain outlawed Opiates on the world market  
Birdbrain formed the Black Market in Opium  
Birdbrain's father shot skag in hallways of the lower East Side  
Birdbrain organized Operation Condor to spray poison fumes on the  
marijuana fields of Sonora  
Birdbrain got sick in Harvard Square from smoking Mexican grass  
Birdbrain arrived in Europe to Conquer cockroaches with Propaganda  
Birdbrain became a great International Poet and went around the  
world praising the Glories of Birdbrain  
I declare Birdbrain to be victor in the Poetry Contest  
He built the World Trade Center on New York Harbor waters without  
regard where the toilets emptied—  
Birdbrain began chopping down the Amazon Rainforest to build a  
wood-pulp factory on the river bank  
Birdbrain in Iraq attacked Birdbrain in Iran  
Birdbrain in Belfast throws bombs at his mother's ass  
Birdbrain wrote *Das Kapital!* authored the *Bible!* penned *The Wealth of  
Nations!*  
Birdbrain's humanity, he built the Rainbow Room on top of  
Rockefeller Center so we could dance  
He invented the Theory of Relativity so Rockwell Corporation could  
make Neutron Bombs at Rocky Flats in Colorado  
Birdbrain's going to see how long he can go without coming  
Birdbrain thinks his dong will grow big that way  
Birdbrain sees a new Spy in the Market Platz in Dubrovnik outside the  
Eyeglass Hotel—  
Birdbrain wants to suck your cock in Europe, he takes life very  
seriously, brokenhearted you won't cooperate—



Birdbrain goes to heavy duty Communist Countries so he can get KGB girlfriends while the sky thunders—

Birdbrain realized he was Buddha by meditating

Birdbrain's afraid he's going to blow up the planet so he wrote this poem to be immortal—

*Hotel Subrovka, Dubrovnik, October 14, 1980, 4:30 A.M.*

## Eroica

White marble pillars in the Rector's courtyard

at the end of a marble-white street in the walled city of Dubrovnik—

All the fleet sunk, Empire foundered, Doges all skeletons & Turks vanished to dust

World Wars passed by with cannonfire mustard gas & amphetamine-wired Führers—

Beethoven's drum roll beats again in the stone household

White jackets and Black ties the makers of Dissonant thunderbolts concentrate on music sheets

Bowing low, the Timpanist bends ear to his Copper Kettledrums' heroic vibration—

Bassists with hornrim glasses and beards, young and old pluck ensemble with middle fingers at thin animal strings—

Bassoonists press lips to wooden hollow wands,

The Violinists fiddle up and down excitedly—First Violin

with a stubborn beard (at his music stand with a young girl in black evening dress) waits patiently the orchestra tuning and tweedling to a C—

The Conductor moves his baton & elbows to get the Beethoven bounce jumping

Sweating in the cool Adriatic air at 10:15 white collar round his neck, black longtailed jacket & celluloid cuffs, high heeled black shoes— he turns the glossy page of the First Movement—

The brasses ring out, trumpets puffing, French horns blaring for Napoleon!

Conductor whips it to a Bam Bam Bamb.

But Beethoven got disgusted with Napoleon & scratched his hero  
name off the Dedication page—

Now the Funeral March! I used to listen to this over the radio in  
Paterson during the Spanish Civil War—

At last I know it's the bassoons Carry the wails of high elegy  
at last I see the cellos in their chairs, violinists swaying forward,  
bassmen standing looking sad  
as all bow together the mournful lament & dead march for Europe,  
The end of the liberty of Dubrovnik, the idiot cry March on Moscow!  
Dubrovnik's musicians take revenge on Napoleon,  
by playing Beethoven's heroic chords in a Castle by the sea at Night—  
Electric Globes on wrought iron stands light the year 1980 (Emperor  
Napoleon & Emperor Beethoven alike snoring skulls)  
in the Rector's house reconstructed a Concert Hall for Tourists  
Beethoven's heart pulses in the drums, his breath huffs and puffs, the  
black robed violin lady & the bearded Concert-master swing their  
arms.

The Funeral Fugue Begins! The Death of Kings, the screaming of  
Revolutionary multitudes  
as the Middle Ages tumble before Industrial Revolution  
a Mysterious Clarion! an extended brassy breath!  
serene rows of island cities in violin language,  
working back and forth from violins to bassoons—  
The drum beats the footfalls of Coffin Carriers—  
over the roofs the lilt of a sad melody emerges,  
like silent cats on red tile, the strings Climb up sadder—  
a broken-muzzled lion's head sticks out of a white plaster Fountain  
wall in the courtyard  
Now rats and lions chase each other round the orchestra from fiddle  
string to bass gut staccato—  
Hunting horns echo mellow against marble staircase blocks—  
Napoleon has himself crowned Emperor by the Pope!  
Unbelievable! Atom Bombs drop on Japan! Hitler attacks Poland! The

Allies fire-bomb Dresden alive! America goes to war—  
Now Violins and Horns rise Counterpoint to a thunderous bombing!  
Kettledrums war up! Bam Bamb! End of Scherzo!

Finale—Tiptoeing thru history, Pizzicato on the Bass Cello & Violins  
as Time marches on.

Running thru the veins, the lilt of victory, the Liberation of man from  
the State!

It's a big dance, a festival, every instrument joined in the Yea Saying!  
Who wouldn't be happy meeting Beethoven at Jena in 1812 or 1980!  
It's a small world, standing up to sing like a big beating heart!

Getting ready for the Ecstatic European Dance! Off we go on one ear,  
then another, Titanic Footsteps over Middle Europe—

And a waltz to quiet down the joy, But the big dance will come back  
like Eternity like God like

a hurricane an Earthquake a Beethoven Creation

a new Europe! A new world of Liberty almost 200 years ago

Prophesied thru brass and catgut, wood bow & breath

Gigantic Heartbeat of Beethoven's Deaf Longing—

The Prophecy of a Solid happy peaceful Just Europe—

Big as the Trumpets of the Third Symphony.

The Unification of the World! The triumph of the Moon! Mankind  
liberated to Music!

Enough to make you cry in the middle of the Rector's Palace, thinking  
of Einstein's

Atom Bomb exploded out of his head—

In the middle of a note, an interruption! Cloudburst!

The Conductor wipes his head & runs away,

basses and cellos lift up their woods and vanish into Cloakrooms,

French Horns Violins and Bassoons lift eyes to the shower & scatter  
under balconies

in the middle of a note, in the middle of a big Satyric Footstep,

Pouf! Rain pours thru the sky!

Musicians and audience flee the stone floor'd courtyard,

Atrium of the Rector's House Dubrovnik October 14, 1980, 10:45 P.M.

### **“Defending the Faith”**

Stopping on the bus from Novi Pazar in the rain  
I took a leak by Maglic Castle walls  
and talked with the dogs on Ivar River Bank  
They showed me their teeth & barked a long long time.

*October 20, 1980*

### **Capitol Air**

I don't like the government where I live  
I don't like dictatorship of the Rich  
I don't like bureaucrats telling me what to eat  
I don't like Police dogs sniffing round my feet

I don't like Communist Censorship of my books  
I don't like Marxists complaining about my looks  
I don't like Castro insulting members of my sex  
Leftists insisting we got the mystic Fix

I don't like Capitalists selling me gasoline Coke  
Multinationals burning Amazon trees to smoke  
Big Corporation takeover media mind  
I don't like the Top-bananas that're robbing Guatemala banks blind

I don't like K.G.B. Gulag concentration camps  
I don't like the Maoists' Cambodian Death Dance  
15 Million were killed by Stalin Secretary of Terror  
He has killed our old Red Revolution for ever

I don't like Anarchists screaming Love Is Free  
I don't like the C.I.A. they killed John Kennedy  
Paranoiac tanks sit in Prague and Hungary  
But I don't like counterrevolution paid for by the C.I.A.

Tyranny in Turkey or Korea Nineteen Eighty  
I don't like Right Wing Death Squad Democracy  
Police State Iran Nicaragua yesterday  
*Laissez-faire* please Government keep your secret police offa me

I don't like Nationalist Supremacy White or Black  
I don't like Narcs & Mafia marketing Smack  
The General bullying Congress in his tweed vest  
The President building up his Armies in the East & West

I don't like Argentine police Jail torture Truths  
Government Terrorist takeover Salvador news  
I don't like Zionists acting Nazi Storm Troop  
Palestine Liberation cooking Israel into Moslem soup

### Capital Air



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I don't like the Crown's Official Secrets Act  
You can get away with murder in the Government that's a fact  
Security cops teargassing radical kids  
In Switzerland or Czechoslovakia God Forbids

In America it's Attica in Russia it's Lubianka Wall  
In China if you disappear you wouldn't know yourself at all  
Arise Arise you citizens of the world use your lungs  
Talk back to the Tyrants all they're afraid of is your tongues

Two hundred Billion dollars inflates World War  
In United States every year They're asking for more  
Russia's got as much in tanks and laser planes  
Give or take Fifty Billion we can blow out everybody's brains

School's broke down 'cause History changes every night  
Half the Free World nations are Dictatorships of the Right  
The only place socialism worked was in Gdansk, Bud  
The Communist world's stuck together with prisoners' blood

The Generals say they know something worth fighting for  
They never say what till they start an unjust war  
Iranian hostage Media Hysteria sucked  
The Shah ran away with 9 Billion Iranian bucks

Kermit Roosevelt and his U.S. dollars overthrew Mossadegh  
They wanted his oil then they got Ayatollah's dreck  
They put in the Shah and they trained his police the Savak  
All Iran was our hostage quarter-century That's right Jack

Bishop Romero wrote President Carter to stop  
Sending guns to El Salvador's Junta so he got shot  
Ambassador White blew the whistle on the White House lies  
Reagan called him home cause he looked in the dead nuns' eyes

Half the voters didn't vote they knew it was too late  
Newspaper headlines called it a big Mandate  
Some people voted for Reagan eyes open wide  
3 out of 4 didn't vote for him That's a Landslide

Truth may be hard to find but Falsehood's easy  
Read between the lines our Imperialism is sleazy  
But if you think the People's State is your Heart's Desire  
Jump right back in the frying pan from the fire

The System the System in Russia & China the same  
Criticize the System in Budapest lose your name  
Coca Cola Pepsi Cola in Russia & China come true  
Khrushchev yelled in Hollywood "We will bury You"

America and Russia want to bomb themselves Okay  
Everybody dead on both sides    Everybody pray  
All except the Generals in caves where they can hide  
And fuck each other in the ass waiting for the next free ride

No hope Communism no hope Capitalism Yeah  
Everybody's lying on both sides Nyeah nyeah nyeah  
The bloody iron curtain of American Military Power  
Is a mirror image of Russia's red Babel-Tower

Jesus Christ was spotless but was Crucified by the Mob  
Law & Order Herod's hired soldiers did the job  
Flowerpower's fine but innocence has got no Protection  
The man who shot John Lennon had a Hero-worshipper's connection

The moral of this song is that the world is in a horrible place  
Scientific Industry devours the human race  
Police in every country armed with Tear Gas & TV  
Secret Masters everywhere bureaucratize for you & me

Terrorists and police together build a lowerclass Rage  
Propaganda murder manipulates the upperclass Stage  
Can't tell the difference 'tween a turkey & a provocateur  
If you're feeling confused the Government's in there for sure

Aware Aware wherever you are    No Fear  
Trust your heart Don't ride your Paranoia dear  
Breathe together with an ordinary mind  
Armed with Humor Feed & Help Enlighten    Woe Mankind

*Frankfurt-New York, December 15, 1980*

## APPENDIX

*Notes*

*Epigraphs from Original Editions*

*Dedications*

*Acknowledgments*

*Introduction by William Carlos Williams to Empty Mirror*

*Introduction by William Carlos Williams to Howl*

*Author's Cover Writ*

*Index of Proper Names*



## Notes

Notes were composed 1961–1984 in collaboration with Fernanda Pivano, Italian translator; Jean-Jacques Lebel, Mary Beach and Claude Pelieu, Gérard-Georges Lemaire and Philippe Mikriammos, French translators; as well as Carl Weissner, Heiner Bastien, Bernd Samland, Jürgen Schmidt and Michael Kellner, German translators. Ever-patient confidante, guide, adviser and scholar Fernanda Pivano has borne the burden of pioneer interpretation of American personal and ephemeral references in these texts to her Italian readers, and other translators, for almost a quarter century. Musician-poet Steven Taylor integrated notes from four languages. The author edited and expanded the work through Summer 1984. Poet Philip Whalen, Sensei, aided interpretation of Buddhist terminology.

A.G.

## I

### **EMPTY MIRROR: GATES OF WRATH (1947–1952)**

The four poems that follow, dedicated to Neal Cassady in the first years of our friendship, were set among “Earlier Poems: 1947,” appended to *Gates of Wrath*, a book of rhymed verse. These compositions, college imitations of Marlowe, Marvell and Donne (and Hart Crane), are now relocated among these notes. Subsequent poems of Summer 1948, also imitative in style, are placed with the main body of the collection because they deal with primary visionary experience.

#### A FURTHER PROPOSAL

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will some old pleasures prove.  
Men like me have paid in verse  
This costly courtesy, or curse;

But I would bargain with my art  
(As to the mind, now to the heart),  
My symbols, images, and signs  
Please me more outside these lines.

For your share and recompense,  
You will be taught another sense:  
The wisdom of the subtle worm  
Will turn most perfect in your form.

Not that your soul need tutored be  
By intellectual decree,  
But graces that the mind can share  
Will make you, as more wise, more fair,

Till all the world's devoted thought  
Find all in you it ever sought,  
And even I, of skeptic mind,  
A Resurrection of a kind.

This compliment, in my own way,  
For what I would receive, I pay;  
Thus all the wise have writ thereof,  
And all the fair have been their love.

1947

#### A LOVER'S GARDEN

How vainly lovers marvel, all  
To make a body, mind, and soul,  
Who, winning one white night of grace,  
Will weep and rage a year of days,  
Or muse forever on a kiss,  
If won by a more sad mistress—  
Are all these lovers, then, undone  
By him and me, who love alone?

O, have the virtues of the mind

Been all for this one love designed?  
As seconds on the clock do move,  
Each marks another thought of love;  
Thought follows thought, and we devise  
Each minute to antithesize,  
Till, as the hour chimes its tune,  
Dialectic, we commune.

The argument our minds create  
We do, abed, substantiate;  
Nor we disdain, in our delight,  
To flatter the old Stagirite:  
For in one speedy moment, we  
Endure the whole Eternity,  
And in our darkened shapes have found  
The greater world that we surround.

In this community, the soul  
Doth make its act impersonal,  
As, locked in a mechanic bliss,  
It shudders into nothingness—  
Three characters of each may die  
To dramatize that Unity.  
Timed, placed, and acting thus, the while,  
We sit and sing, and sing and smile.

What life is this? What pleasure mine!  
Such as no image can insign:  
Nor sweet music, understood,  
Soft at night, in solitude  
At a window, will enwreath  
Such stillness on my brow: I breathe,  
And walk on earth, and act my will,  
And cry Peace! Peace! and all is still.

Though here, it seems, I must remain,  
My thoughtless world, whereon men strain  
Through lives of motion without sense,  
Farewell! in this benevolence—

That all men may, as I, arrange  
A love as simple, sweet, and strange  
As few men know; nor can I tell,  
But only imitate farewell.

1947

#### LOVE LETTER

Let not the sad perplexity  
Of absent love unhumor thee:  
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and laughter I have spent  
To make my play with thee resolve in merriment;  
For wisest critics past agree  
The truest love is comedy.  
Will thou not weary of the tragic argument?

Wouldst thou make love perverse, and then  
Preposterous and crabbed, my pen?  
Tempt Eros not (he is more wise than I)  
To suck the apple of thy sad absurdity.  
Love, who is a friend to men,  
You'd make a Devil of again:  
Then should I be once more exiled, alas, in thee.

Make peace with me, and in my mind,  
With Eros, angel of the mind,  
Who loves me, loving thee, and in our bliss  
Is loved by all of us and finds his happiness.  
Such simple pleasures are designed  
To entertain our days, I find,  
And so shalt thee, when next we make a night of this.

This spring we'll be not merely mad,  
But absent lovers, therefore sad,  
So we'll be no more happy than we ought—  
That simple love of Eros may be strangely taught.  
And wit will seldom make me glad  
That spring hath not what winter had,  
Therefore these nights are darkened shadows of my thought.

Grieve in a garden, then, and in a summer's twilight,  
Think of thy love, for spring is lost to me.  
Or as you will, and if the moon be white,  
Let all thy soul to music married be,  
To magic, nightingales, and immortality;  
And, if it pleases thee, why, think on Death;  
For Death is strange upon a summer night,  
The thought of it may make thee catch thy breath,  
And meditation hath itself a great beauty;  
Wherefore if thou must weep, now I must mourn with thee.

*Easter Sunday, 1947*

#### DAKAR DOLDRUMS

I  
Most dear, and dearest at this moment most,  
Since this my love for thee is thus more free  
Than that I cherished more dear and lost;  
Most near, now nearest where I fly from thee:  
Thy love most consummated is in absence,  
Half for the trust I have for thee in mind,  
Half for the pleasures of thee in remembrance—  
Thou art most full and fair of all thy kind.

Not half so fair as thee is fate I fear,  
Wherefore my sad departure from this season  
Wherein for some love of me thou held'st me dear,  
While I betray thee for a better reason.  
I am a brutish agonist, I know  
Lust or its consummation cannot ease  
These miseries of mind, this mask like sorrow:  
It is myself, not thee, shall make my peace.

Yet, O sweet soul, to have possessed thy love,  
The meditations of thy mind for me,  
Hath half deceived a thought that ill shall prove.  
It was a grace of fate, this scene of comedy  
Foretold more tragic acts in my short age.  
Yet 'tis no masque of mine, no mere sad play

Spectacular upon an empty stage—  
My life is more unreal, another way.

To lie with thee, to touch thee with desire,  
Enrage the summer nights with thy mere presence—  
Flesh hath such joy, such sweetness, and such fire!  
The white ghost fell on me, departing thence.  
Henceforth I must perform a winter mood;  
Belovèd gestures freeze in bitter ice,  
Eyes glare through a pale jail of solitude,  
Fear chills my mind: Here endeth all my bliss!

Cursed may be this month of Fall! I fail  
My full and fair and near and dear and kind.  
I but endure my role, my own seas sail,  
Far from the sunny shores within thy mind.  
So this departure shadoweth mine end:  
Ah! what poor human cometh unto me,  
Since now the snowy spectre doth descend,  
Henceforth I shall in fear and anger flee.

## II

Lord, forgive my passions, they are old,  
And restive as the years that I have known.  
To what abandonments have I foretold  
My bondage? And have mine own love undone!  
How mad my youth, my sacramental passage!  
Yet I dream these September journeys true:  
When five days flowed like sickness in this knowledge,  
I vomited out my mockery, all I knew.

## III

Five nights upon the deep I suffered presage,  
Five dawns familiar seabirds cried me pale:  
I care not now, for I have seen an image  
In the sea that was no Nightingale.

—My love, and doth still that rare figurine  
In thy sad garden sing, now I am gone?

Sweet carols that I made, and caroller serene,  
They broke my heart, and sang for thee alone.  
Secret to thee the Nightingale was Death;  
So all the figures are that I create.  
For thee awhile I breathed another breath,  
To make my Death thy Beauty imitate.—

More terrible than these are the vast visions  
Of the sea, nor comprehensible.  
Last night I stared upon the Cuban mountains,  
Tragic in the mist, as on my soul,  
Star studded in the dark, sea shaded round  
And still, a funeral of Emperors,  
Wind wound in ruined shrouds and crescent crowned  
And tombed in desolation on dead shores.

The place was dread with age: the evening tide,  
Eternal wife of death that washed these bones,  
Turns back to sea by night, eternal bride:  
She clasped my ship and rocked to hear its groans.  
I did imagine I had known this sea,  
Had been an audience to this before;  
The place was prescient, like a great stage in me,  
As out of a dream that late I dream no more.

I did imagine I had known this sea;  
It raged like a great beast in my passage,  
Till I, enragèd creature, anciently  
Engendered here, cried out upon mine image:  
“How long in absence O thou journeyest,  
Ages my soul and ages! Here ever home  
In this sea’s endangerments thou sufferest;  
And do, and do, and now my will hath done!”

Ah, love, I tell thee true, nor false affix  
The solitude I watched by th’iron prow:  
While I interpreted I stared me sick  
At transformations in the tides below;  
For the grim bride rose up, and all surrounding,

Carried me through the star-piercèd air,  
Till I cried Stay! and Stay! surrendering  
My movèd soul in flight to faster fear.

As I dived then I cried, delving all depthed in foam,  
“Now close in weeds thy wave-lipped womb, mistress!”  
But she ope’d her watering wounds and drew me down  
And drove me dancing through the white-wreathed darkness.  
Though I stood still to memorize the deep,  
And woke my eyes wild-wide upon the height,  
My soul it feareth its descent to keep,  
My soul it turneth in its famous flight.

#### IV

Ha! now I die or no, I fear this tide  
Carrieth me still, perishing, past where I stood,  
So mild, to gaze whereat I long had died,  
Or shall, as well, in future solitude.  
What other shores are there I still remember?  
I was in a pale land, I looked through a pure vision  
In a pallid dawn, with a half-vacant glare.  
Alas! what harbour hath the imagination?

O the transparent past hath a white port,  
Tinted in the eye; it doth appear  
Sometime on dark days, much by night, to sport  
Bright shades like dimes of silver shining there,  
On red dull sands on green volcanic shores.  
I thought these stanzas out this cloudy noon,  
Past Cuba now, past Haiti’s stony jaws,  
In the last passage to Dakar. The moon

Alone was full as it had been all year,  
Orange and strange at dawn. It was my eyes,  
Not Africa, did this: they shined so pure  
Each island floated by a sweet surprise.  
Coins, then, on Cape Verde’s peakèd cones  
Sparkle out with pallors various.  
It makes me God to pass these mortal towns:



Real people sicken here upon slopes sulphurous.

So in my years I saw my serious cities  
Colored with Love and chiming with Nightingales,  
Architectural with fantasies,  
With fools in schools and geniuses in jails.  
When in sweet vivid dreams such rainbows rise,  
and spectral children dance among the music,  
I watch them still: hot emeralds are their eyes!  
My eyes are ice, alas! How white I wake!

V

Twenty days have drifted in the wake  
Of this slow agèd ship that carries coal  
From Texas to Dakar. I, for the sake  
Of little but my causelessness of soul,  
Am carried out of my chill hemisphere  
To unfamiliar summer on the earth.  
I spend my days to meditate a fear;  
Each day I give the sea is one of death.

This is the last night of the outward journeying,  
The darkness falleth westward unto thee;  
And I must end my labors of this evening,  
And all the last long night, and all this day:  
It doth give peace, thus to torment the soul,  
Till it is sundered from its forms and sense,  
Till it surrendereth its knowledge whole,  
And stares on the world out of a sleepless trance.

So on these stanzas doth a peace descend,  
Now I have journeyed through these images  
To come upon no image in the end.  
So are we consummated in these passages,  
Most near and dear and far apart in fate.  
As I mean no mere sweet philosophy,  
So I, unto a world I must create,  
Turn with no promise and no prophecy.

*South Atlantic, 1947*

*Sweet Levinsky*

27 LEVINSKY: Leon Levinsky is a character in Jack Kerouac's *The Town and the City*.

*A Poem on America*

72 ACIS AND GALATEA ... versilov: In Fyodor Dostoyevsky's penultimate novel, *A Raw Youth*, hero Dolgoruki's father, Versilov, the ex-revolutionary, wore a hair shirt and mused on Poussin's painting.

## **II**

### **THE GREEN AUTOMOBILE**

**(1953–1954)**

#### ***The Green Automobile***

94 NEAL: Neal Cassady, to whom the poem is dedicated.



Neal Cassady (1925–1968) in his first suit, bought second hand in Chinatown, 1946, the day before his return to Denver on Greyhound bus.

#### ***Sakyamuni Coming Out from the Mountain***

98 SAKYAMUNI: Buddha (563–483 B.C.) Sage born to warrior-caste Sakya family; human aspect of Buddha. Poem interprets noted Chinese painting, Sung dynasty.

98 ARHAT: Self-liberated sage who has not taken Bodhisattva's vows to

liberate all sentient beings.

### ***Havana 1953***

100 CAB CALLOWAY: (b. 1907) Ex-law student, stage-show black jazz singer, slick-haired satin-suited early hipster popular band leader who composed and sang “Minnie the Moocher,” “Are You Hep to the Jive,” “Are You All Reet” and “Hi-De-Ho Man.”

101 VIVA JALISCO: Mexican state mariachi music macho whoop, like Viva Texas!

101 FREER: Gallery of Oriental Art, Mall adjunct to Washington, D.C., Smithsonian Institution.

### ***Siesta in Xbalba***

105 UXMAL ...: Proper names mentioned in the first part of the poem are those of ruined cities. Xbalba, translatable as Morning Star in Region Obscure, or Hope, and pronounced Chivalvá, is the area in Chiapas between the Tabasco border and the Usumacinta River at the edge of the Petén rain forest; the boundary of lower Mexico and Guatemala today is thereabouts. The locale was considered a Purgatory, or Limbo (the legend is vague), in the (Old) Mayan Empire. To the large tree at the crest of what is now called Mount Don Juan, at the foot of which this poem was written, ancient craftsmen came to complete work left unfinished at their death.

### ***On Burroughs Work***

122 Written on receiving early “routines” from Burroughs in Tangier, including *Dr. Benway in the Operating Room* and *The Talking Asshole*.



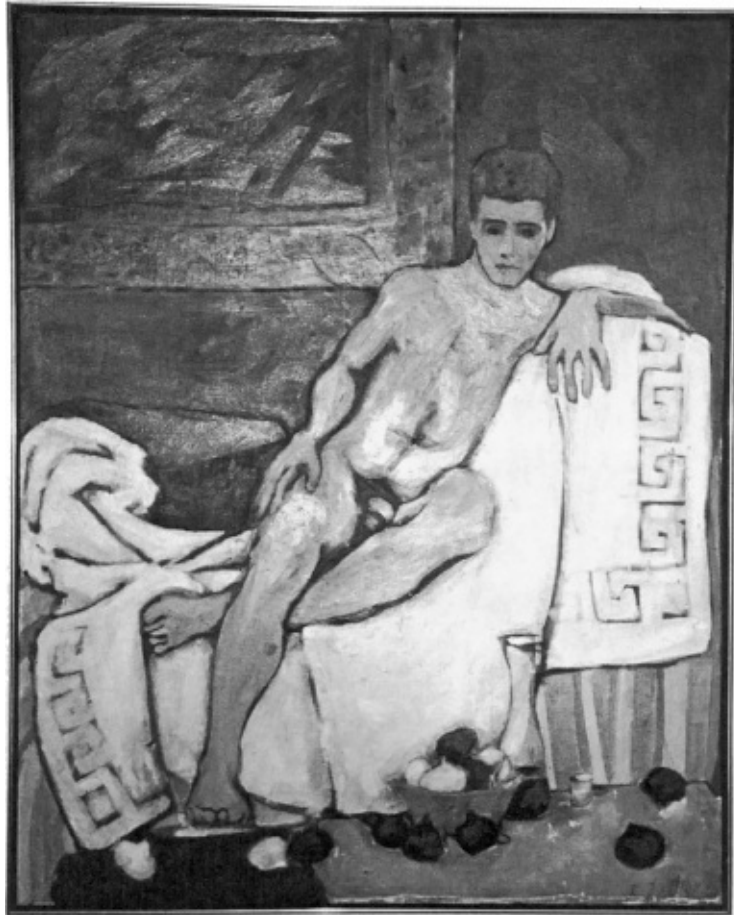
W. S. Burroughs, 206 East 7th Street, N.Y.C., Fall 1953, at time assembling “Yage Letters” and visioning Inter-zone Market Naked Lunch. Photo by A.G.

### III

#### **HOWL, BEFORE AND AFTER: SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA (1955–1956)**

##### ***Malest Cornifici Tuo Catullo***

1 MALEST, CORNIFICI, TUO CATULLO: Catullus #38, probably addressed to the erotic “new poet” friend of Catullus, a verse note beginning “I’m ill, Cornificus, your Catullus is ill,” asking for a little friendly word, and ending “*Maestius lacrimis Simonideis*”—“Sad as the tears of old Simonides.” Ginsberg to Kerouac, on meeting Peter Orlovsky.



Peter Orlovsky by Robert LaVigne, 1954, San Francisco. Author met Orlovsky immediately after viewing this painting, 1403 Gough Street.

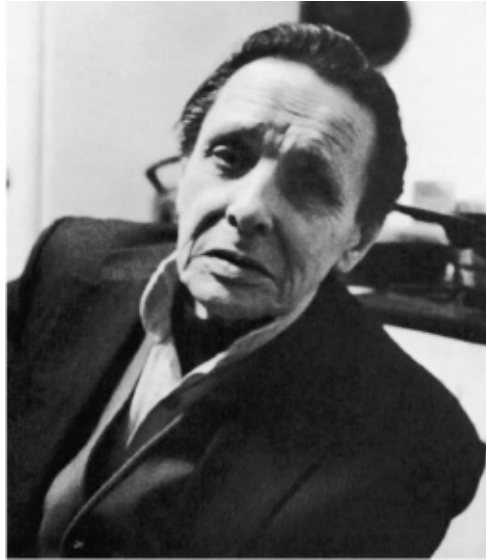


Jack Kerouac on Avenue A, Manhattan, 1953, at time of *The Subterraneans*. Photo by A.G.

### ***Dream Record: June 8, 1955***

132 HUNCKE: Herbert E. Huncke (1915–1996), American prose writer. Friend and early contact for Kerouac, Burroughs and the author in explorations circa 1945 around Times Square, where he hung out at center of the hustling world in early stages of his opiate addictions. He served as connection to midtown's floating population for Dr. Alfred Kinsey's interviews with that population segment in his celebrated surveys of human sexuality. Huncke introduced Burroughs and others to the slang, information and ritual of the emergent "hip" or "beat" subculture. See the author's preface to Huncke's book of sketches and stories, *The Evening Sun Turned Crimson* (Cherry Valley, N.Y.: Cherry Valley Editions, 1980): "Huncke's figure appears variously in Clellon Holmes's novel *Go*, there is an excellent early portrait in Kerouac's first bildungsroman *The Town and the City*, fugitive glimpses of Huncke as Gotham

morphinist appear in William Lee's *Junkie*, Burroughs' dry first classic of prose. He walked on the snowbank docks with shoes full of blood into the middle of *Howl*, and is glimpsed in short sketches by Herb Gold, Carl Solomon and Irving Rosenthal scattered through subsequent decades. ... Kerouac always maintained that he was a great story teller."



Herbert Huncke, 1983. Photo by A.G.

## ***Howl***

134 PARADISE ALLEY: A slum courtyard N.Y. Lower East Side, site of Kerouac's *Subterraneans*, 1958.

139 ELI ELI LAMMA LAMMA SABACTHANI: "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" Christ's last words from the cross ("Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani": Matthew 27:46).

139 MOLOCH: Or Molech, the Canaanite fire god, whose worship was marked by parents burning their children as propitiatory sacrifice. "And thou shalt not let any of thy seed pass through the fire to Molech" (Leviticus 18:21).

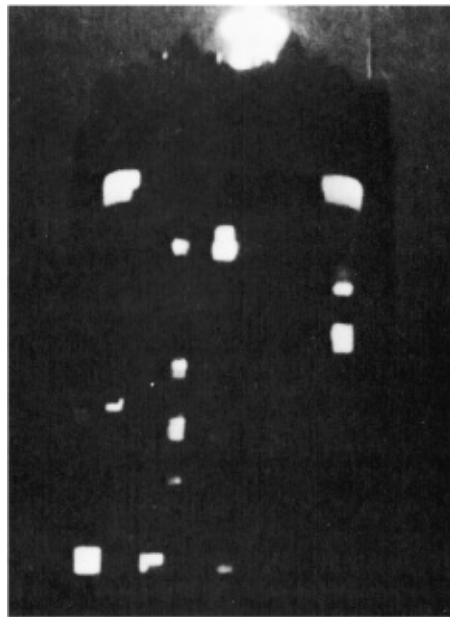
## ***A Supermarket in California***

144 GARCÍA LORCA

Not for one moment, old beautiful Walt Whitman,  
have I failed to see your beard full of butterflies

nor your corduroy shoulders worn down by the moon ...  
Not for one moment, virile beauty who in mountains of coal,  
posters and railroads,  
dreamed of being a river and sleeping like a river  
with whatever comrade would lay on your breast  
the little pain of an ignorant leopard.

—Federico García Lorca,  
“Oda a Walt Whitman” (*adapted by Allen Ginsberg*)



Sir Francis Drake Hotel tower, Powell and Sutter Streets, San Francisco, seen from Nob Hill, original motif of Moloch section of *Howl*, Part II. Photo 1959 by Harry Redl. (See n.p. 139.)

## ***America***

154 WOBBLIES: International Workers of the World, strong on Northwest coast, some Anarchist-Buddhist-Populist tinge, primarily lumber and mining workers, pre-World War I activist precursors to organized American labor unions. For “I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night...” see *Little Red Song Book*.

155 TOM MOONEY: (1882–1942) Labor leader accused of bomb-throwing, 1919 San Francisco Preparedness Day Parade; imprisoned still protesting innocence till pardoned 1939 by Governor Earl Warren; cause célèbre in left-wing populist circles worldwide.

155 SACCO & VANZETTI: Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, Italian-American anarchists convicted of robbery and murder, executed in



Massachusetts, 1927, after international protest. Vanzetti's last speech to the court: "I found myself compelled to fight back from my eyes the tears, and quench my heart throbbing to my throat to not weep before him. But Sacco's name will live in the hearts of the people when your name, your laws, institutions and your false god are but a dim remembering of a cursed past in which man was wolf to the man." And a letter to his son, April 1927: "If it had not been for this thing I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man, as now we do by accident. ... Our words—our lives—our pains: nothing. The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment, belongs to us—that agony is our triumph."

155 SCOTTSBORO BOYS: Nine black youths arrested 1931 by mob in Paint Rock, Alabama, jailed in Scottsboro, set up and sentenced to death for alleged train rape of two white girls, despite popular belief in their innocence. Their cause focused international attention on Southern U.S. legal injustice and racial discrimination. Supreme Court reversed convictions twice, setting landmark precedents for adequate counsel representation and fair race-balanced juries.

155 SCOTT NEARING: (1883–1983) Sociology professor bounced from Academe for anti-World War I views, Socialist congressional candidate 1919, staunch pro-Soviet historian and autobiographer. In old age, Nearing evolved into "new age" counterculture role model with publication of *Living the Good Life* (pioneering, building, organic gardening, cooperation and vegetarian living on a self-subsistent Vermont homestead; working plans for a twenty-year project), 1954; and *The Maple Sugar Book* (account of the art and history of sugaring; practical details for modern sugar-making; remarks on pioneering as a way of living in the twentieth century), 1950; both coauthored with Helen Nearing (reprint ed., New York: Schocken Books, 1970, 1971).

155 MOTHER BLOOR: Ella Reeve Bloor (1862–1951) Communist leader, writer, traveling union strike organizer and speechmaker.

155 EWIG-WEIBLICHE: (German) Eternal feminine.

155 ISRAEL AMTER: (1881–1954) A leading American Communist,

Yiddish part of movement, traveling orator, ran for N.Y. governor 1930s.

### ***Fragment 1956***

157 TOMBS: New York City jailhouse.

### ***Afternoon Seattle***

158 MANDALA: Map of psychological universe, generally Hindu-Buddhist. See Time Wheel Mandala, p. 590.

158 SNYDER: Gary Snyder (b. 1930) Naturalist-woodsman, poet, early U.S. student of Zen, hitchhiked Northwest with author 1956, as described in poem. Prototype for Kerouac's *Dharma Bums* hero.

158 GREEN PARROT THEATER: First Avenue vaudeville movie playhouse, whose marquee was celebrated for Art Nouveau design and extravagant variety of neon colors in tail of its green parrot insignia. At time of poem, the 1930s Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald movie *Maytime* was rerun. See *Maytime* song quotes, "Iron Horse."

158 FRANK H. LITTLE: His dry mummy stood in a glass case in a curio shop on Seattle waterfront, as described.

## **IV**

### **REALITY SANDWICHES: EUROPE! EUROPE!**

**(1957–1959)**

### ***To Aunt Rose***

193 *THE ATTIC OF THE PAST AND EVERLASTING MINUTE*: Books of lyric poetry by the author's father, Louis Ginsberg (1896–1976). *The Everlasting Minute* was published 1937 by Horace Liveright, N.Y. Certain poems were anthologized in various editions of Louis Untermeyer's standard anthology *Modern American and British Poetry*.

### ***Laughing Gas***

- 198 SATORI: (Japanese) Sudden flash of enlightenment, awakening a glimpse of ordinary mind, often result of prolonged Zazen meditation practice. See also opening pages of Kerouac, *Satori in Paris* (New York: Grove Press, 1966). (There are various kinds of Satori: it is believed that a Zen master can recognize what kind and how profound, long lasting, or life-changing some person's Satori is. —P.W.)
- 198 SUTRAS: Buddhist discourses or dialogues, joining teacher and student in transmission of Dharma, or doctrine, over generations.
- 201 CZARDAS: East European dance, wildly spirited.
- 202 SHERMAN ADAMS: Assistant to President Eisenhower, who did resign; involved in minor White House scandal for accepting fur coat as gift.

## V

### KADDISH AND RELATED POEMS (1959–1960)

#### *Kaddish*

- 217 FIRST POISONOUS TOMATOES OF AMERICA: Russian immigrants to U.S. at turn of the century had not seen tomatoes; some believed them poisonous.
- 8 YPSL: Young People's Socialist League.
- !1 GRAF ZEPPELIN: Refers to giant hydrogen-inflated German airship *Hindenburg*, destroyed in flames with 36 deaths while mooring at Lakehurst, N.J., May 6, 1937, arrived on its first transatlantic crossing.
- !2 PARCAE: The Three Fates: goddess Clotho, spinning thread of life; Lachesis, holding and fixing length; and Atropos, whose shears cut thread's end.
- !2 THE GREEN TABLE: German Jooss Ballet's 1930s classic, wherein warmonger capitalists in black tie and tails pirouette round long green table at diplomatic conference, arranging mobilization, combat, arms profit, refugee fate and division of spoils, with Death figure dancing in foreground throughout eight-scene parable WWI.

!2 DEBS: Eugene Victor Debs (1855–1926) Rail union organizer, founder IWW, “one big union,” Socialist presidential candidate 1900–1920, ran from Atlanta penitentiary during ten-year sentence under so-called Espionage Act for speech denouncing U.S. entry into WWI; received nearly 1 million votes 1920.



Naomi, Allen, and Louis Ginsberg, New York World's Fair, June 15, 1940.

!2 ALTGELD: John P. Altgeld (1847–1902) First Democratic governor of Illinois (1892–1896) since Civil War. Pardoned surviving anarchists of 1886 Haymarket Riots, initiated prison reform, protected laboring women and reformed child labor laws, opposed use of fed troops to suppress RR strikes, incorruptible, rich entering governorship, which he left penniless. See Vachel Lindsay's poem "The Eagle That Is Forgotten": "Sleep softly ... eagle forgotten ... under the stone. Time

has its way with you there, and clay has its own. / ‘We have buried him now,’ thought his foes, and in secret rejoiced ... / Sleep on, O brave hearted, O wise man, that kindled the flame— / To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name ...”—Vachel Lindsay, *Collected Poems* (New York: Macmillan, 1925).



Hindenberg Explosion. (See n.p. 221.) The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

222 LITTLE BLUE BOOKS: Tiny blue-covered booklets, first mass-market paperbacks in U.S., freethinking content, distributed from immigrant socialist town Girard, southeast Kansas, by E. Haldeman-Julius (1889–1951), whose mission was to educate the masses by offering great literature at cheapest price, including all Shakespeare, much Oscar Wilde, Tom Paine, Clarence Darrow, Upton Sinclair, the agnostic orator Robert Ingersoll, and Mark Twain. For publishing *The FBI—The Basis of an American Police State*, *The Alarming Methods of J. Edgar Hoover*, by Clifton Bennett, 1948, Haldeman-Julius was hounded by FBI; withdrew *The Black International*, by Joseph McCabe, 20-pamphlet series exposing relation between Roman Catholic Church and fascist Axis.

224 ZHDANOV: Andrei Aleksandrovich Zhdanov (1896–1948) Bolshevik Central Committee Secy, Politburo member, etc., later noted for “anticosmopolitan” chauvinistic pronouncements, 1946, as Stalin’s literary and cultural affairs chief. “Doctors’ Plot” accusations that ten Jewish Kremlin physicians were responsible for the death of

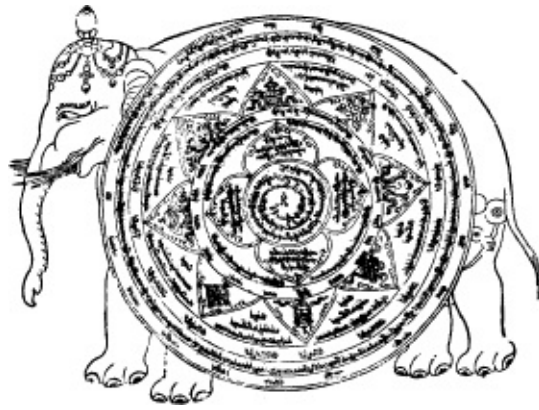
- Zhdanov and other high military figures signaled a purging of the Party in the year preceding Stalin's death in 1953.
- 225 METRAZOL: Used with insulin for shock treatment in common but now abandoned mental therapy experiments.
- 225 STENKA RAZIN: Russian song, name of folk-heroic Cossack river pirate, tortured and killed in Moscow in 1671.
- 226 WORKMEN'S CIRCLE: Newark-area Jewish immigrants' Socialist community service organization.
- 227 YISBORACH ... B'RICHS HU: Heart of Kaddish prayer for the dead; for translation see lines 1–2, "Hymmn" section of *Kaddish*.
- 229 BUBA: (Yiddish) Grandmother.
- 229 SHEMA Y'ISRAEL: (Hebrew) Listen, O Israel!
- 229 SRUL AVRUM: (Hebrew) Israel Abraham, equivalent to Irwin Allen, names on the author's birth certificate.
- 231 CAMP NICHT-GEDEIGET: (Yiddish) Camp "No Worry," near Monroe, N.Y., summer settlement used by left-wing families, 1930s.

### ***Mescaline***

- 236 MESCALINE: Active psychedelic ingredient in peyote cactus, Southwest Indian religious-vision use. See Aldous Huxley, *The Doors of Perception* (New York: Harper & Row, 1970).

### ***Lysergic Acid***

- 239 LYSERGIC ACID: Synthetic psychoactive chemical with which author first experimented at Mental Research Institute, Palo Alto, California, whence poem is dated.
- 240 GHOST TRAP: A multicolor-stringed wool antenna, to trap stupid ghosts, used during LSD experiments at Stanford Mental Research Institute.



240 ELEPHANT MANDALA: A picture of the universe borrowed by the author from Prof. Frederic Spiegelberg for study during a Lysergic Acid vision and described in section six of the accompanying poem. The mandala and various Ghost Traps—see section five—were brought by Prof. Spiegelberg from a monastery in Sikkim. He writes: “The inscription consists mainly of Mantras, power-words in Sanskrit, which do not carry any mental symbolism, no intellectually expressible meaning, but are supposed to be directly effective as a transforming soul-influence” etc.

### ***To an Old Poet in Peru***

247 OLD POET: Martín Adán, pseud. (1908–1985) Refers to his celebrated sonnets in *La Rosa de la Espenela*, 1939.

247 DISAGUADEROS: Railroad station behind presidential palace in Lima, across from which, in Hotel Comercio, “Old Poet” and “Aether” were written.

247–254 CHANCAY, PACHACAMAC, NASCA: Pre-Incaic cultures of coastal desert Peru. Myriad relics were found by graverobbers opening the sand of these necropolises.

### ***Aether***

257 PHILIP WHALEN (1923–2002): San Francisco Renaissance poet and Soto Zen priest, born Northwest 1923, peer among poets Kerouac, Snyder, Welch, McClure, Creeley.

258 ADONAI ECHAD: (Hebrew) “The Lord is one,” end of the “Eli Eli” prayer song.

263–267 *Magic Psalm*, *The Reply* and *The End* record visions experienced after drinking Ayajuasca (Yage or Soga de Muerte, *Banisteriopsis caapi*), a vine infusion used by Amazon *curanderos* as spiritual potion, for medicine and sacred vision. See author's *The Yage Letters*, w/ William S. Burroughs (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1963). The message is: Widen the area of consciousness.

### ***The End***

267 YIN: Feminine principle, receptivity or emptiness, in Chinese Taoist apposition to Yang, active masculine form.

## **VI**

### **PLANET NEWS: TO EUROPE AND ASIA (1961–1963)**

#### ***Who Will Take Over the Universe?***

273 CLINT MURCHISON: (1895–1969) Dallas billionaire industrialist (banks, rail, steamships, real estate, gas, oil, publishing, office equipment, movie theaters, restaurants, fishing tackle), conservative establishment Democrat.

273 JUDGE YALE MCFATE: His July 1960 decision affirmed constitutional protection for Native American Church use of psychedelic peyote cactus. Weston LaBarre, *The Peyote Cult* (New York: Shocken paperback, 1977), pp. 224–25: “The legal action most likely to set precedent, however, is the disposition of the case against Mary Attakai, a member of the Navaho Native American Church, under an anti-peyote ordinance of the Navaho Tribe. The local judge in Flagstaff, Arizona, H. L. Russell, disqualified himself, whereupon the Hon. Yale McFate was sent from Phoenix to preside over the case in the Superior Court of Coconino County in Flagstaff. In a notably lucid and well-informed opinion, rendered on 26 July 1960, the Court held that:

‘Peyote is not a narcotic. It is not habit-forming. ... There are about 225,000 members of the organized church, known as the Native American Church, which adheres to this practice. ... The use of peyote



is essential to the existence of the peyote religion. Without it, the practice of the religion would be effectively prevented. ... It is significant that many states which formerly outlawed the use of peyote have abolished or amended their laws to permit its use for religious purposes. It is also significant that the Federal Government has in nowise prevented the use of peyote by Indians or others.'

Inasmuch as the statute under which Mary Attakai was convicted of illegal possession is contrary to both the 14th Amendment of the Federal Constitution and Article II Sections 4, 8, 12, and 13 of the Arizona Constitution, the Court found the statute unconstitutional, exonerated the bond, and dismissed the case. Expert opinion has widely admired the decision of Judge McFate."

273 JOHN FOSTER DULLES: (1888–1959) Eisenhower secretary of state (1953–1959), who escalated cold war with China at 1954 Geneva Conference, where, refusing to shake hands or speak with Chinese foreign minister, he walked past icily, thereby initiating the thirty-year U.S.-China "containment policy." U.S. refused to sign the French-Indo-Chinese Peace Agreement at Geneva for fear "80% of the populace [of united Vietnam] would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh as their leader."

273 FORRESTAL: James V. Forrestal (1892–1949) First U.S. secretary of defense; inaugurated first U.S. peacetime draft 1948, early cold war time (never before in U.S. history!) by illegally spending military-budget money for pro-draft propaganda. Next year, in mental decline, obsessed with Zionists and Communist Russian invasion of America, he threw himself out of Bethesda government mental hospital window, May 22, 1949.

### ***Journal Night Thoughts***

275 HARRY SMITH (1923–1991): Celebrated experimental filmmaker, artist, philosopher, hermeticist; editor Ethnic Folkways Records' *The Kiowa Peyote Meeting* (FE 4601, 1973) and three-volume, six-disc *Anthology of American Folk Music* (FA 2951–3, 1952), influential on midcentury world folk-rock renaissance.

275 ATMAN: Notion of individual self, identifiable with permanent self, Brahman.

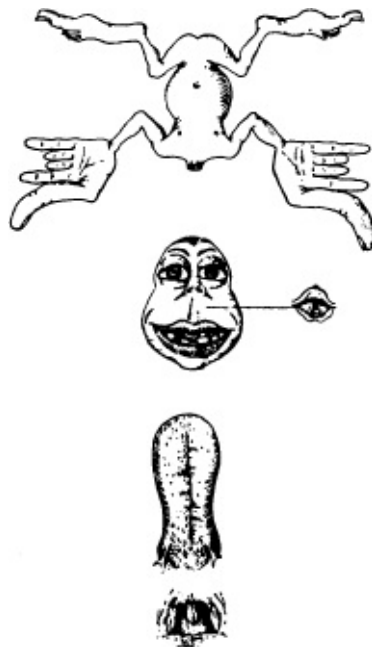
275 KABBALA: Hebrew Gnostic numerical meditation practice using

letters of Pentateuch (Torah). “Natural language letters.”—H. Smith.

277 SPIRO MOUND: Southern Cult (A.D. 1200) Indian mound in Spiro, Oklahoma.

277 PENFIELD’S HOMUNCULUS: Map of brain areas controlling motor and sensory functions. See design p. 70, Fig. III-15, in Wilder Penfield and Jasper Herbert, *Epilepsy and the Functional Anatomy of the Human Brain* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1954).

277 KALI YUGA: Present era is last aeon in Hindu cycle of four ages, an age of iron during which spiritual awareness is at nadir, and cosmic apocalyptic destruction follows.



Combination sensory and motor homunculus (as they appear from above on Rolandic cortex). Penfield's Homunculus. (See n.p. 277.)

### ***Television Was a Baby Crawling Toward That Deathchamber***

280 ENKIDU: Friend-servant of Gilgamesh, for whose shade's sake Gilgamesh visited the dusts of Deathworld.

280 LAFCADIO: L. Orlovsky, brother of poet Peter Orlovsky; see “Lazarus” portrait, Kerouac's *Desolation Angels*, Book Two, Part One, section 10.

280 CHANGO: Afro-Cuban Oricha, Lord of Drum, phallic creation divinity, somewhat equivalent to Hindu Shiva among polytheistic

systems.

- 280 BARDO THODOL: Experience of gap between death and rebirth; see *The Tibetan Book of the Dead: The Great Liberation Through Hearing in the Bardo*, trans. Francesca Fremantle, commentary by Chögyam Trungpa (Boulder: Shambhala, 1975).
- 281 KULCHUR: Magazine of new writing, 1961, ed. Leroi Jones et al.
- 281 IRVING ROSE IN THRALL: Irving Rosenthal (with Paul Carroll), editing 1959 *Big Table* magazine, published first eighty-page chunk of Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*, previously censored in *Chicago Review*.
- 281 KALPA: Complete Aeonic four-yuga cycle, according to Hindu mythology.
- 285 CHESSMAN: Caryl Chessman (1921–1960) Executed for murder in California after lengthy court appeals intelligently written by himself, and despite world protest in favor of his life.
- 285 CHATTERLEY ATTACKED: Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield laid copy of D. H. Lawrence's long-banned masterpiece, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, on President Eisenhower's desk with certain words underlined as "obscene," and asked for permission to ban its transport by U.S. mail. "Terrible, we can't have that," said Ike in *Time* magazine (according to author's memory, 1959).
- 285 ROCHESTER: John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647–1680) English poet, Milton's contemporary, whose brilliant gaudy lyrics, published 1950s Paris by Olympia Press, when imported to America were confiscated and burned by Eisenhower U.S. Customs, along with novels by Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence, Jean Genet, etc.
- 296 2,000,000 PIECES MAIL: At beginning of cold war, 1945, U.S. Customs and Post Office departments burned as propaganda all second-class mail (books and printed matter) arriving from China, N. Vietnam, and other Communist lands. Two million items a year were incinerated. The practice was ended by President John Kennedy.
- 287 FABIAN BLDG.: Downtown Church and Market streets, Paterson, New Jersey, movie theater where author in boyhood saw movie phantoms of Jeanette Mac-Donald, Nelson Eddy, Ronald Reagan.
- 288 ANGELICA BALABANOFF: (1876–1965) Kiev-born aristocrat, first Secretary of Third Communist International 1919, quit disillusioned

1923 with Lenin's & Trotsky's use of "unscrupulous calumny" for centralization of power, went her own way, radical, poet. Earlier as Benito Mussolini's mistress she sheltered and introduced him to Socialist ideology, co-edited Rome socialist daily *Avanti*; later broke with him, was betrayed and confined, when he formed Italian Fascist Party. See *My Life as a Rebel* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1938; reprint Indiana University Press, 1978). Author met her briefly at pacifist gathering, Brooklyn, 1945.

289 SS SANTA MARIA: "Cruise ship Santa Maria, with 600 passengers aboard, seized ... by armed band of 69 ... leader identified as [Portuguese dictator] Salazar foe, Army ex-Capt Galvao ... colonial policy manifesto demands creation of Fed Repub of the US of Portugal including overseas territories ... Portuguese exiles in GB open drive against Salazar regime" (*New York Times*, January 24–27, 1961). See also *Time*, February 10, 1961.

290 DEVAS: Hindu or Buddhist gods, attendant psychological spirits.

290 RAY BREMSER: American poet (b. 1934) See *The New American Poetry*, ed. Donald M. Allen (New York: Grove Press, 1960). Much praised by Kerouac and Bob Dylan for his celebrated word-synecopation, as in *Blowing Mouth* (Cherry Valley Editions, 1978).

### ***Seabattle of Salamis Took Place off Perama***

296 PANYOTIS ... YORGIS: Greek youths' common given names.

296 AHARISTI ... NA-TI-THE-MA-FEZ: Bouzouki songs, Athens suburb jukebox, 1961.

296 OPEN THE DOOR RICHARD, I'M CASTING A SPELL ON YOU: American jukebox songs, the latter by Screamin' Jay Hawkins, actually titled "I Put a Spell on You."

### ***Stotras to Kali Destroyer of Illusions***

298 YONI: Vagina, counterpart to lingam, in Hindu iconography.

## ***Heat***

302 HOOGLY: River Ganges at Calcutta.

302 BIDI: Tiny cheap Indian cigarette.

## ***Describe: The Rain on Dasaswamedh Ghat***

303 KALI MA: Benares beggar lady with a holy name; see her photograph, *Indian Journals* (NY: Grove Press, 1996).

303 JAI RAM: "Victory to Ram" (aspect of Vishnu the Preserver).

304 JAI SHANKAR: Shankar or Shiva, patron lord of Benares.

304 BAUL: Mystical sect of wandering, patchwork-clothed Vaishnav singers, some devoted to Krishna, in North Bengal. See *Obscure Religious Cults*, Sashi Bhusan Das Gupta (Calcutta: Firma K. L. Makhopadhyay, 1959). "The elephant is caught in the spider web, and the ant bursts out laughing." Influenced Tagore songs.

## ***Death News***

305 GANGA-MA: Mother Ganges, represented traditionally riding a crocodile.

305 HOLLAND: John P. Holland (1841–1914) Irish born. His invention, the first iron submarine, the *Fenian Ram*, launched and sank in 1878, was fished up rusty from the Passaic in 1927, and exhibited thereafter in the Paterson Museum. Holland cofounded Electric Boat Co., ancestor General Dynamics Corp.

## ***Patna-Benares Express***

308 MAIDAN: Area that contains a horse track and polo field in Bankipore, sector of Patna city.

308 PATNA: Capital, Bihar state on right bank of Ganges, 125 miles from Benares.

## ***Angkor Wat\****

- 314 AVALOKITESVERA: The gates to the palaces and some temples of Angkor Wat are made of giant heads of Avalokitesvera (Down-Glancing Lord, Buddha of Mercy) facing in four directions. Principal Bodhisattva of Lotus Sutra pantheon, Chinese Kwan-Yin mercy god, Japanese Lady Kannon, sometimes thousand-armed energetic in compassionate activity.
- 314 BANYANS: Banyan trees, whose giant roots grow out of ruined walls and temple roofs.
- 314 SITARAM: Sitaram Onkar Das Thakur, a Vaishnavite guru who told the author in Benares, “Give up desire for children,” and gave other instructions for purity.
- 316 CHURNING OF THE OCEAN: Bas-reliefs of old Hindu myth “Churning of the Ocean” cover one wall of Angkor Wat (a theme repeated throughout the temple areas).
- 317 BUDDHA DHARMA SANGHA: *Buddham Saranam Gochamee*—I take my refuge in the Buddha; *Dhammam Saranam Gochamee*—I take my refuge in the Dharma; *Sangham Saranam Gochamee*—I take my refuge in the Sangha. The Three Refuges, which the author interprets as: I take my refuge in my Self, I take my refuge in the nature of my Self, I take my refuge in the company of my fellow Selves. [Non-Self interpretation.—A.G., 1984.]
- 317 HARE KRISHNA: This Maha Mantra (Great Prayer) for the Kali Yuga, first recommended to the author by Shivananda, consisting of different names of Vishnu the Preserver, can be sung with ecstatic rock beat.
- 318 ABHAYA MUDRA: Mudra—Buddhist hand gesture; Abhaya—gesture of calm, stilling stormy waters. Commonly seen on seated Buddhist statuary.
- 318 LEROI MOI: The American radical poet Leroi Jones, later known as Amiri Baraka.
- 319 LEARY: Dr. Timothy Leary, an early heroic explorer of Psychedelic Consciousness.
- 319 AP BAC: Early guerilla battle in Vietnam won by Viet Cong, with many unreported losses of life by S. Vietnam Government soldiers and great confusion of leadership.
- 320 TA-PHROM ... TA-KEO ... THOMMANOM: Giant ruined Khmer civilization

temple areas near Angkor Wat.

320 GARUDA: God of the Hindu pantheon, bird-headed, aide of King Ram in the Ramayana. [Spontaneously self-born enlightenment, Vajrayana Buddhist view—A.G., 1984.]

320 CHAMS: A northern tribe that conquered and burned the wooden Khmer cities that surrounded the temples.

320 TA-PHROM: Huge temple in giant stone-walled enclosure, unreconstructed by archaeologists, its paths cleaned of small overgrowth to show the Baynan jungle encroachment on the tumbling stone architecture.

322–323 “BLIND ... RAIN!": The entire text of this composition was written in one night half sleeping and waking, as transcription of passages of consciousness in the author's mind made somnolent by an injection of morphine-atrophine in a hotel room in the town of Siemreap, adjacent to the ruins of Angkor Wat. The passage incorporated in quotation marks was notes taken earlier that day high on ganja (pot) on the roof of the temple of Angkor Thom.

324 LOLEI: A small ruined temple with an active monastery in the same compound, a few miles on the highway out of Siemreap.

325 HUÉ: S. Vietnamese city on north coast above Saigon, where student protests against suppression of Buddhist radio ceremonies ended in blister-gas riots, reported by telephone to UP office in Saigon, June 1963.

325 RAINY NIGHT AT THE BORDER: “Rainy Night at the Border,” a popular song like “Lili Marlene,” and classic complaint of Oriental soldiers, was banned in the nightclubs of Saigon by Mme. Nhu (wife of Catholic Premier Diem) as being “too pessimistic and demoralizing.”

326 XALOI TEMPLE: Center of Buddhist Association hunger strike, early resistance to Diem government.

326 AFRAID TO PUBLISH: A letter from Jon Edgar Webb of *Outsider* magazine, apologizing for not publishing a dream of Negroes by the author, for fear of violent white gang reprisals against his office in New Orleans.

327 SUKOTHAI: Very graceful early Thai style of Buddha statues, one hand delicately flowing behind, one hand raised in reassurance, one

foot set forward as he steps out into the world of action.

327 LINGAM: Stone phallus universally worshipped in India as basic form of Shiva the Creator.

328 BUDDHA FOOTPRINT: Three fish with one head—a sign of Buddhahood incised in giant stone carving of Buddha footprint found under Bo Tree at Bodh Gaya, mythological Indian site of the Buddha's realization.

329 RADIOACTIVE DOLPHINS: From a letter from J. Kerouac describing the twentieth-century complaints of his Canuck cousins.

330 10 TINY BUDDHAS: A little fragment of the twelfth-century miniature Stupa carried by the author from broken-down Hindu garden near Bo Tree as a present to poet Gary Snyder in Kyoto.

330 MEA SHEARIM: Orthodox Hasidic section of modern Jerusalem.

331 PEKING'S JEWELRY FEET: See poem "Magic Psalm."

331 "MAKE ME READY—BUT NOT YET": A line from W. H. Auden, out of St. Augustine: "O Lord, make me chaste—but not yet."

### **The Change: *Kyoto–Tokyo Express***

333 "... CONVOLUTED ...": See "The Clouds," part IV, in William Carlos Williams, *The Collected Later Poems* (New York: New Directions, 1963), p. 128.

## **VII**

### **KING OF MAY: AMERICA TO EUROPE (1963–1965)**

#### ***Morning***

345 JULIUS: Julius Orlovsky, brother of the poet Peter Orlovsky, rescued by latter 1958 after twelve years' residence Central Islip State Hospital, N.Y. See Robert Frank film *Me and My Brother*, 1966.

#### ***Today***



- 353 SWAMI SHIVANANDA: (1887–1962) “Your own heart is the guru.” Spoken to author, Rishikesh, 1962. See dedication, Ginsberg, *Indian Journals*.
- 354 BENJAMIN PÉRET & RENÉ CREVEL: Péret—French surrealist poet (1899–1959); Crevel—French dada dandy poet suicide (1900–1935).
- 355 FAINLIGHT: Harry Fainlight, young British poet active N.Y. underground film literary circles early 1960s. Participated Albert Hall, London, Poetry Incarnation, 1965. Died 1982.
- 355 ED: Edward Sanders (b. 1939) American poet, classicist, and musician, leader of Fugs rock group, editor *Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts*.

## **Message II**

- 356 GOLEM: Artificial man created, in one Hebrew legend, by the Kabbalist Rabbi Löw, Prague, end of sixteenth century. Parallel to Mary Shelley’s *Frankenstein* monster.
- 356 BREUGHEL: Pieter Breughel (1520?-1569) His painting *Winter Landscape of Prague* (including Vltava panorama) is exhibited in that city.

## **Big Beat**

- 357 KALKI: Final avatar (incarnation) of Vishnu, appearing at close of Kali Yuga (see “Journal Night Thoughts” note) to destroy world and initiate Maha Yuga, the aeon of greatest spiritual virtue, first Yuga of four in Hindu Kalpa cycle.
- 357 MAITREYA: Future Buddha, aspect of compassion, personification of love, parallel formation to maitri (Sanskrit), friendship.

## **The Moments Return**

- 360 SEBASTIAN SAMPAS: Youthtime poet friend of Jack Kerouac, brother of widow Stella, killed at Anzio beachhead WW II a few weeks after sending Kerouac a recording: “I weep for Adonais, he is dead. ... Goodbye, Jack.”

360 OZONE PARK: In Queens, N.Y., where Jack Kerouac lived with his family late 1940s and wrote *The Town and the City*, his first novel.



The author setting forth from hotel with throne and crown on flatbed truck to Prague Culture-Park for May King election; May 1, 1965. Note formal-dressed students for May Day holiday. Photographer unknown.

360 GURU: Sitaram Onkar Das Thakur. See “Wichita Vortex Sutra.”

### ***Kraj Majales***

361 KRAL MAJALES: May King. Traditional May Day festival, suspended after German occupation prior to WWII. Previous years’ student disturbances persuaded Czech government to restore May King and

Queen crowning ceremony in 1965, the occasion of massive public park demonstration by festive Prague populace. Nominated by Polytechnic students, author was elected May King by 100,000 citizens; ministers of culture and education objected. A week later, detained incommunicado, his Prague notebook confiscated, author was deported by plane to London, poem scribed en route.

361 KABIR: (1450?–1518) Illiterate Benares mystic poet-singer, weaver, disciple of Saint Ramanand, comparable to Blake: “If I heard love in exchange for the head in market is being sold,/I shall lose no time in entering the bargain and instantly sever my head, and offer it.” (*Sufis, Mystics and Yogis of India*, trans. Bankey Behari [Bombay: Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, 1962], p. 224.) See Kabir poems also translated by Tagore, Bly, Linda Hess.

361 BOUZERANT: (Czech slang) Homosexual.

361 AND I WAS SENT FROM HAVANA: Author was deported from Cuba, February 1965 for private criticism of speech at Havana University in which Fidel Castro denounced homosexuals and ordered purge of theater school. Detained in hotel room, held incommunicado from Casa de las Americas, which hosted the month-long Interamerican Poetry contest he’d been invited to help judge, author was expelled by plane to Prague.

361 JOSEPH K: See Kafka, *The Trial*.

362 BUNHILL FIELDS: Chief nonconformist burial ground of Old London. Site where Blake’s bones are buried, adjacent to gravestones of Daniel Defoe, John Wesley and Isaac Watts.

362 HAMPSTEAD HEATH: “The great old piece of uncultivated common land and woods whose ancient oaks were protected by Royal Charter in North London, haunt of painter John Constable and poet John Keats, who wrote ‘Ode to a Nightingale’ in a house which still stands at the heath’s edge in Hampstead.”—Tom Pickard

## ***Guru***

364 Poem occasioned by a nap at dusk on the site of Druid mysteries, the grassy crest of London’s Primrose Hill, overlooking London’s towery skyline.

## ***Who Be Kind To***

367 HARRY: Harry Fainlight (see “Today” note).

369 MONK IN THE 5 SPOT: Thelonious Monk (1918–1982) Genius of spare precise “out” piano harmony and innovator of “bop” rhythm, long denied by drug bureaucracy the necessary police “cabaret card” permit to work in N.Y., returned early 1960s to play many months at Bowery’s Five Spot, jazz club.

## ***Studying the Signs***

371 STUDYING THE SIGNS: 360-degree panorama sketch of Piccadilly Circus composed after midnight conclusion of Albert Hall International Poetry Incarnation.

371 BRIGGFLATTS: Late long poem by English master Basil Bunting (1900–1985), who’d suggested to Ezra Pound that Poetry be equated with Condensation, as in Briggflatts verse describing a Northumbrian road cart: “Rut thuds the rim ...” See his *Collected Poems*, Oxford University Press, 1980.

## **VIII**

### **THE FALL OF AMERICA (1965–1971)**

Thru the Vortex West Coast to East (1965–1966)

## ***A Methedrine Vision in Hollywood***

388 TITLE: See Earl of Rochester’s satire “Upon Nothing”: “Ere time and place were, time and place were not, / When primitive *Nothing* something strait begot, / Then all proceeded from the great united —What?”

## ***Wichita Vortex Sutra***

403 PRAJNAPARAMITA SUTRA: Highest Perfect Wisdom Sutra, central to Zen and Tibetan Buddhist practice. It includes the phrase “Form is

emptiness, emptiness is form,” and mantra “Gate Gate Paragate Parasamgate Bodhi Svaha.”

404 LA ILLAHA EL (LILL) ALLAH HU: “There is no god but God [Allah],” Sufi chant for trance dance as taught by Bay Area Sufi Sam circa 1967.

405 WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN: (1860–1925) Congressman, presidential candidate 1908. Later involved in Baby Doe silver mine speculation; leader of populist silver monetary movement: “Thou shalt not crucify Mankind upon a Cross of Gold.” See Vachel Lindsay’s poem “Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan” (1919):

I brag and chant of Bryan, Bryan, Bryan,  
Candidate for President who sketched a silver Zion,  
The one American who could sing outdoors ...

Where is Altgeld, brave as the truth,  
Whose name the few still say with tears?  
Gone to join the ironies with old John Brown,  
Whose fame rings loud for a thousand years.

Where is that Boy, the Heaven-born Bryan  
That Homer Bryan, who sang from the West?  
Gone to join the shadows with Altgeld the Eagle,  
Where the kings and the slaves and the troubadors rest.

—Vachel Lindsay, *Collected Poems* (New York: Macmillan, 1925), p. 96.

405 WHO DIDN'T WANT TO BE A MONKEY: John T Scopes disobeyed 1920's Tennessee law prohibiting high-school teaching of Darwin evolution theory. Defended at trial by Clarence Darrow, he was, interestingly, opposed by Biblical fundamentalist W. J. Bryan, who maintained that God created Adam and Eve in 4004 B.C.

406 AIKEN REPUBLICAN: George D. Aiken (1892–1984) Vermont senator from 1940 through Vietnam War, author, *Pioneering with Wildflowers*, 1933, other nature books. Interviewed by newsmen on *Face the Nation* broadcast through Midwest heard by author (through Volkswagen radio) February 20, 1966, on Kansas roads. Senator Aiken pronounced the entire Indochina war involvement “a bad guess” by policymakers who had predicted in 1962 that “8,000 American troops could handle the situation.” Defense Secretary McNamara contended that U.S. was defending South Vietnam from

invasion by North Vietnam. “China Lobby” ideologues saw Chinese expansionist plot behind Hanoi and urged nuclear bombing of China.

Senator Aiken argued that the quarter-million South Vietnamese Viet Cong guerrilla army outweighed Hanoi’s troops in confounding the U.S. technologic army then massing toward half-million men. That month, Senator Strom Thurmond backed nuclear arms to win the war.

Later, General Curtis LeMay urged America to “bomb North Vietnam back to the Stone Age.” Carpet bombing of north did take place, and Mekong jungle cover was saturated with Agent Orange.

In mid-’70s chaos after American withdrawal, North Vietnam dismantled and bypassed what was left of the same South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government (P.R.G. or Viet Cong) political infrastructure U.S. had rejected 1966. Traditional hostilities were renewed between Vietnam and China at disputed border areas. By then, U.S. was allied with China. Doves & hawks both lost the war, always “a bad guess.”

406 MCNAMARA: Robert S. McNamara (b. 1916) Defense secretary under President LBJ during 1960s Vietnam War, brought managerial sophistication to Pentagon mechanized warfare, though privately doubted its purpose.

406 MANDATE FOR CHANGE: “It was generally conceded that had an election been held, Ho Chi Minh would have been elected Premier.” (p. 337–38) “I have never talked or corresponded with a person knowledgeable in Indochinese affairs who did not agree that had elections been held as of the time of the fighting, possibly 80 per cent of the population would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh as their leader. ...” (p. 372) Dwight D. Eisenhower, *Mandate for Change* (New York: Doubleday, 1963).

406 STENNIS: John C. Stennis (1901–1995) U.S. senator, Mississippi, Armed Services Committee man and “hawk,” urged nuclear war for Indochina, 1966.

407 AUNT BETTY: Highway billboard advertising bread.

407 RUSK SAYS TOUGHNESS ... VIETNAM WAR BRINGS PROSPERITY: Literal headlines, Midwest newspapers February 1966.

407 BEATRICE: Nebraska town, Route 77.

408 HUTCHINSON ... EL DORADO: Kansas towns en route between Lincoln,

Nebraska, & Wichita.

408 ABILENE: Dwight D. Eisenhower's hometown, site of his Presidential Library.

408 NATION " OF THE FABLED DAMNED": See concluding paragraphs of Whitman's *Democratic Vistas* for prophetic warning against America's hawkish materialism.

410 CLARK: Joseph S. Clark (1901–1990) U.S. senator, Pennsylvania, described Vietnam War at the time as "open-ended"—i.e., could go on forever, including war with China.

410 MORSE: Wayne Morse (1900–1974) U.S. senator, Oregon, outstanding legislative "dove" in active opposition to America's undeclared war in Vietnam.

411 OR SMOKING CIGARETTES/AND WATCHING CAPTAIN KANGAROO: Pop song of the day referring to children's TV program.

411 UNITED FRUIT: United Fruit Company's law firm, Sullivan and Cromwell, had employed State Secretary Dulles (see "Who Will Take Over the Universe?" note), whose brother, Allen, heading CIA, coordinated the 1954 then-covert overthrow of Jacobo Arbenz, elected president of Guatemala. The event is notorious throughout Latin America as a mid-twentieth-century example of "banana republic" repression by North American imperium. By 1980, the U.S.-trained Guatemalan military had reportedly genocided 10 percent of jungle Indian population as part of "pacification" program to "create a favorable business climate."



Birbhum yogi, likely Khaki Baba. Photographer unknown.

- 411 OAKLAND ARMY TERMINAL: California students had passed leaflets and picketed this Pacific war transshipment center. Gary Snyder & Zen companions had sat meditating at its gates.
- 412 MILLIONAIRE PRESURE: Refers to a Mr. Love from Wichita, second biggest backer of cold-war-conspiracy-obsessed John Birch Society.
- 412 TELEPHONE VOICES: When Peter Orlovsky and author came to read poetry, Philosophy Department hosts at Wichita's Kansas State University received many crank phone complaints.
- 413 AGING WHITE HAired GENERAL: Lewis B. Hershey (1893–1977) Selective Service director since Truman appointment 1948, time of first U.S. peacetime draft.
- 413 REPUBLICAN RIVER: Runs from Kansas City to Junction City.
- 414 OLD HEROES OF LOVE: Neal Cassady, born in Independence, Mo.
- 414 MCCLURE: Michael McClure, American Romantic bard and playwright (b. 1932), Marysville, Kansas. See *The New American Poetry*, Donald M. Allen, ed. (New York: Grove Press, 1960), for McClure's part as key biological philosopher-poet in 1950s "San Francisco Renaissance" and subsequent "generational" culture.
- 414 OLD MAN'S STILL ALIVE: Ex-President Harry S. Truman.
- 414 SHAMBU BHARTI BABA: A Naga (naked) saddhu the author often met at Benares's Manikarnika Ghat cremation ground. See photographs, *Indian Journals*.
- 414 KHAKI BAB A: North Bengali (Birbhum area) 19th-century saint who, dressed in khaki loincloth, is pictured sometimes sitting surrounded by dog friends and protectors. (See photograph on page 786.)
- 414 DEHORAHAVA BABA: A yogi author met at Ganges River across from Benares, 1963.
- 414 SATYANANDA: Calcutta swami encountered by author 1962, had twin-thumbed hands, and said, "Be a sweet poet of the Lord."
- 414 KALI PADA GUHA ROY: Tantric acharya or guru visited by author in Benares, 1963.
- 414 SHIVANANDA: Swami, teacher to Satchitananda, visited by author, Peter Orlovsky, Gary Snyder and Joanne Kyger, Rishikesh, 1962: "Your own heart is your Guru."
- 415 SRIMATA KRISHNAJI: Contemporary Brindaban lady saint, translator



- of poet Kabir, advised author thus.
- 415 BRINDABAN: Holy town near Delhi where Krishna spent childhood in play as cow herder.
- 415 CHAITANYA: 16th-century North Bengali saint, founder of Hare Krishna Mahamantra lineage, pictured dancing, singing.
- 415 DURGA-MA: Mother Durga, aspect of Shiva's consort Parvati emphasized in Bengali Hindu mythology, 10-armed goddess of war fields, who consumes evil through violence.
- 415 TATHAGATA: (Sanskrit) Buddha characterized as "He who has passed through," or "that which passed." ("Thus come," and also "Thus gone": "Thus come [One].")
- 415 DEVAS: Indian gods, seen as aspects of human or divine being.
- 415 MANTRA: Sacred verbal spell or prayer composed of elemental sound "seed" syllables, used in meditative concentration practice. Literally, "mind protection" speech.
- 416 "KENNEDY URGES CONG GET CHAIR" ...: February 14, 1966, news headlined Senator Robert Kennedy's proposal that U.S. offer Viet Cong share of power in South Vietnam. This was major break with administration war policy.
- 416 CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE: In February 14, 1966, *Wichita Eagle*.
- 416 BONG SON: 100 Viet Cong soldiers were killed close to Bong Son and were reported struck by many bullets before falling.
- 417 LA DRANG: Vietnamese battlefield mentioned in news reports third week February 1966.
- 417 BURNS: Tiny Kansas town near Wichita.
- 418 KELLOGG: Main drag in Wichita.
- 418 HOTEL EATON: On Douglas Street, near local Vortex Gallery patronized by Charles Plymell and Kansas artists.
- 418 CARRY NATION: "(b. Garrard Co., 1846; d. Leavenworth, Kans., 1911), temperance agitator. An ignorant, unbalanced, and contentious woman of vast energies, afflicted with an hereditary paranoia, she was subjected to early hardships that fused all her great physical and emotional powers into a flaming enmity toward liquor and its corrupt purveyors. From her first saloon-smashing ventures at Medicine Lodge, Kans., she carried her campaign to

Wichita (1900), where her distinctive weapon, the hatchet, was first used, and then on to many of the principal American cities. Arrested thirty times for ‘disturbing the peace,’ she paid fines from sales of souvenir hatchets, lecture tours, and stage appearances. Her autobiography was published, 1904.”—*Concise Dictionary of American Biography* (New York: Scribner’s, 1964), p. 721.

419 NIGGERTOWN: Area of Wichita between Hydraulic and 17th streets.

### ***Kansas City to Saint Louis***

421 CHARLIE PLYMELL: American poet, filmmaker and pioneer editor, accompanied author in Kansas-Nebraska travel.

421 THE JEWEL-BOX REVIEW: Transvestite club show, Kansas City.

421 SEX FACTORIES: Kinsey Institute, University of Indiana, Bloomington, gave birth to this jump-cut phrase.

421 BURCHFIELD: Charles Burchfield (1893–1967) American painter, best known for portraits of particular solitary gabled Victorian houses in bare U.S. regional landscapes.

421 WALKER EVANS: (1903–1975) Classic American photographer whose record of Boston houses, poets’ faces, Cuban visages, Southern agrarian scenes (for Farm Security Administration Project, 1930s), billboards, junkyards, main streets, subway riders, Chicago corners and train glimpses helped define a second generation of American photography, and influenced younger eyes, including Robert Frank’s.

423 KENNEY ... MORPHY: Friends of William S. Burroughs in 1930s St. Louis.

423 W.S.B.: William Seward Burroughs

425 FRENCH TRUTH, DUTCH CIVILITY: “*French Truth, Dutch prowess, British Policy,/Hibernian Learning, Scotch civility,/Spaniards Dispatch, Danes wit,/are mainly seen in thee.*”—Earl of Rochester, “On Nothing”

425 CRANE: See Hart Crane’s address to Whitman, *The Bridge*, end of Cape Hatteras section.

## ***Bayonne Entering NYC***

429 CANNASTRA: William Cannastra, ex-Harvard Law suicide-accident-dead (1950) friend of N.Y. painters and poets, including W. H. Auden and Jack Kerouac. See “In Memoriam,” September 1950.

## ***Uptown***

432 MADAME GRADY: Panna Grady, patron of letters, friend of poets Charles Olson, John Wieners and William Burroughs, once lived at Dakota Apartments, Central Park West, N.Y., and held literary salon there.

Zigzag Back Thru These States  
(1966–1967)

## ***Iron Horse***

442 EDWARD CARPENTER: Contemporary, disciple of Whitman, British educator-poet. See “Turin-Paris Express” from his poem book *Towards Democracy*, 1902, a rare example of successful Whitmanic line.

442 HOMER: Poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti’s late sizable black dog, subject of several popular poems.

443 MULADHARA SPHINCTER: Refers to anal chakra (one of seven bodily centers of spirit energy in Orient yoga practice).

443 SAHASRARAPADMA: Seventh chakra, “thousand-petal lotus” at skulltop.

443 GAVIN ARTHUR: (d. 1972) Bay area astrologer, grandson of U.S. President Chester A. Arthur, had slept with Carpenter, who’d slept with Whitman, according to written testament entrusted to author. See text, *Gay Sunshine Interviews*, ed. Winston Leyland, vol. 1, San Francisco, 1978, pp. 126–28.

444 MR. CUMMINGS & MR. VINAL: E. E. Cummings wrote much-anthologized poem mocking lesser poet Harold Vinal: “Poem, or Beauty Hurts Mr. Vinal.”

444 SEBSI: Moroccan clay pipe for kif.

- 446 NA-MU SA-MAN-DA ... SO-MO-KO: “Dharani of Removing Disasters,” repeated thrice in temple usage. See D. T. Suzuki, *Manual of Zen Buddhism* (New York: Grove Press, 1960).
- 447 WALTER LIPPMANN: (1889–1974) Aging political columnist/philosopher wrote thus in newspapers the week of “Iron Horse” ride.
- 447 SAM LEWIS: “Sufi Sam”—world traveler, founder of Sufi sect in San Francisco, friend of Gavin Arthur.
- 447 DR. LOURIA: Leon Luria, Naomi’s boyfriend, “Dr. Isaac” of “Kaddish,” had served as consulting physician for National Maritime Union until purged as left-winger in Senator Joe McCarthy era, early 1950s.
- 447 FREEHOLD NEW JERSEY: Geyshe Wangyal, first Gelugpa sect Tibetan Buddhist teacher in America, founded his monastery at Freehold in 1950s.
- 450 GEORGE E. TURNER: Ephemeral Texas journalist (b. 1925) whose acid comments author read on train newspaper.
- 451 YEVTUSHENKO: Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the then-popular Russian poet, had written an open letter to novelist John Steinbeck questioning his support for U.S. military occupation of South Vietnam.
- 455 THE WOMAN IN THE RED DRESS: The woman who “informed” on “Public Enemy No. 1,” John Dillinger, leading FBI to the Biograph movie house where he was cornered and shot.
- 455 PURVIS: FBI agent who organized Dillinger’s fatal ambush.
- 455 HENRY CROWN: (1896–1990) Chicago business hustler, made early fortune buying municipally owned rock waste and selling it back to Chicago for road construction; later major stockholder and 1959–1966 chairman executive committee, director, of then-number-one military-industrial-complex corporation, General Dynamics.
- 457 FULBRIGHT: Senator James William Fulbright (1905–1995) Head of Senate Foreign Relations Committee 1959–1974, made eloquent public attack on President Johnson’s expansion of the Vietnam War.
- 458 SHERI MARTINELLI: American painter and miniaturist, formerly N.Y. fashion model, friend-companion to Ezra Pound at St. Elizabeths Hospital, Washington, D.C., in mid-’50s. An acquaintance of Charlie

Parker, she served somewhat as Pound's connection to the new cultural life in U.S. postwar underground. A tiny book of her portraits, with prefatory note by Pound, was published by Editions Scheiwiller, Milan, 1956.

458 YAJALÓN VALLEY: Isolated mountain valley town, Chiapas.

458 XOCHIMILCO: Ancient floating gardens, Mexico City, where Kerouac, Orlovsky and the author met a party of Mexican ballet boys in a sightseeing boat. See Kerouac's *Desolation Angels*, Book Two, Part One, section 20.

458 FIJIJAPAN: town close to Guadalajara, Mexico, notable for its candy.

459 KEDERNATH & BADRINATH & GANGOTRI: Northwest India Hindu pilgrimage sites on the way to Kailash, Shiva's sacred Tibetan border mountain abode, source of Ganges.

459 MANASAROVAR: Iced lake on Kailash.

450 KARMA: Hindu-Buddhist concept of inevitable interconnection of cause and effect. Karma may be "white" and "black," wholesome and unwholesome, meritorious or unmeritorious, or neutral, in mixed degrees, according to the activities of Mind, Speech, and Body that initiate karmic momentum and payback. "Black" karma example: As ignorant greed motivates agribusiness to aggressive exploitation of soil, so soil may collapse under assault of chemical poisons, finally become barren, eroded, no longer nourishing its bewildered and inconsiderable stewards. Further example: As American populace is indifferent to military sufferings its government wreaks on distant nations, Indochina to Central America, so will that public heartlessness progressively discourage private trust and adhesiveness between government and populace. On individual scale, a father, careless of his children, may not have faithful helpers on his deathbed.

Such karmic patterns may be altered and their energy made wholesome through meditative mindfulness, conscious awareness, the practice of appreciation, which burns up karma on the spot. Traditionally, attentive appreciation of an enlightened teacher who has transcended his/her own karma may inspire the student/seeker/citizen to work from "black" through "white" situations toward holistic primordial experience, or unconditioned

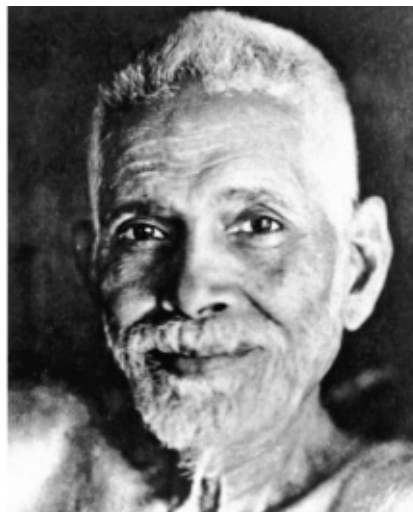
states of mind and activity, exchanging self for others, liberated from karma as may be Mahatma Gandhi or certain Buddhist folk or Native American elders.

461 SRI RAMA NA MAHARSHI: 20th-century South Indian ascetic saint, instructed meditation practice, “Who Am I?” Quotations are from his book *Maha Yoga*.

464 MANNAHATTA:

Starting from fish-shaped Paumanok where I was born,  
Well-begotten, and rais’d by a perfect mother,  
After roaming many lands, lover of populous pavements,  
Dweller in Mannahatta, my city ... (“Starting from Paumanok”)

“Thus Walt Whitman, born in Long Island, paraphrases the old Indian name for New York City. ‘Mannahatta! How fit a name for America’s great democratic island city! The word itself, how beautiful! how aboriginal! how it seems to rise with tall spires glistening in the sunshine, with such New World atmosphere, vista and action!’” (Justin Kaplan, *Walt Whitman: A Life* [New York: Simon & Schuster, 1980] p. 107.)



Sri Ramana Maharshi. Photographer unknown. (See n.p. 461.)

### ***City Midnight Junk Strains***

465 FRANK O HARA: (1926–1966) Gay central figure in N.Y. literary art life 1950s till his death; MOMA exhibitions department curator, inspired a whole generation of N.Y. “Personism” poets; died struck

by beach buggy, dark midnight accident Fire Island. See “The Day Lady Died,” in his *Collected Poems* (New York: Knopf, 1972).

465 KLINE: Franz Kline (1910–1962) American abstract expressionist pioneer painter, on whose work Frank O’Hara wrote monograph, died of heart attack.

466 EDWIN DENBY: (1903–1983) China-born, influential dance critic, poet, friend of younger writers of “New York School,” 1960s–1980s; frequented N.Y.C. Ballet and St. Mark’s Poetry Project. (*Collected Poems* published by Full Court Press, New York, 1975.)

### ***Holy Ghost on the Nod over the Body of Bliss***

475 KUAN YIN: Chinese name, Avelokitesvara, compassionate aspect of Buddha. See “Angkor Wat.”

475 SHIVA: Lord energy of creation and destruction, symbolized in Hindu shrines by Shiva lingam or phallus, generally a standing rounded oblong rock covered with flowers and incense.

475 OUROBOROS: Great cosmic snake, tail in mouth completing Einsteinian circle.

475 PARVATI: Shiva’s consort.

475 YOD: Hebrew abbreviation, divine unutterable name.

475 COYOTE: Amerindian trickster-hero god.

475 RAMAKRISHNA: Ecstatic Hindu saint (1836–1886), founder of Vedanta order, entered all religious practices. See *The Gospel of Shri Ramakrishna*, trans. Swami Nikhilananda (Madras, India: Shri Ramakrishna Math, 1957).

475 BODHIDHARMA: Twenty-eighth Zen patriarch after Sakyamuni in orthodox transmission line, brought Buddhism from India to Canton in the West 520 A.D., thus first Chinese patriarch of “Wall-gazing” Chan (Zen) practice; died aged 150 years.

Hui-K’o (486–593) cut off his arm and gave it to Bodhidharma, token of sincerity: “I have no peace of mind ... Please pacify it.”

“Bring your mind here.”

“I can’t find it.”

“There, I have pacified your mind.”

## ***An Open Window on Chicago***

481 BOUFFANT ROOTS: Upswept hairstyle, with undyed roots growing visible.

482 DAKINI: Buddhist sky goddess, conveyor of insight.

## ***Wales Visitation***

488 VISITACIONE: Ancient bardic visiting round in Wales.

488 LLANTHONY VALLEY: Pastoral vale, Welsh Black Mountains.

490 CAPEL-Y-FFN: Ancient ruined chapel at green bottom of Llanthony Valley. Eric Gill, type-font designer and craftsman, dwelt there 1920s with arts commune.

490 LORD HEREFORD S KNOB: Mountain walling north side Llanthony Valley.

490 (LSD): First draft main body of poem was written in fifth hour LSD-inspired afternoon.

## ***Pentagon Exorcism***

491 EXORCISM: Gary Snyder's 1967 Bay Area broadside, *A Curse Against the Men in Pentagon, Washington*, helped initiate flower-power era mass peace-protest "Levitation" of Pentagon, the demystification of its authority. See Norman Mailer's extensive account in *Armies of the Night* (New York: New American Library, 1971 reprint).

491 DIAPHANOID: From title of science fiction movie the author saw 1967 at S. Gemignano while traveling from Florence to Milan.

491 WESTMORELAND: General William C. Westmoreland (b. 1914) "Hawk" commander of U.S. forces in Vietnam 1964–1968, who, not realizing that the majority of Vietnamese didn't welcome American/Catholic domination of South Vietnam as part of China-containment policy, urged escalation of war, all-out victory by any means, including nuclear.

491 USURY: Allusion to Ezra Pound's monetarist theory: that banks' usurious (fast buck high interest) abuse of credit as a commodity, for speculative moneymaking rather than productive ends, cankers the



entire economic system of the West. See the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound, “Canto XLV” (New York: New Directions, 1970): “With Usura the line grows thick.”

491 MCDONNELL DOUGLAS TO GENERAL DYNAMICS: These corporations were chief military contractees to Pentagon, 1967.

491 APOKATASTASIS: Event wherein ignorant or “satanic” energy is transformed instantaneously to divine wisdom light, as might be at end of Kali Yuga.

491 RAKSA: Tibetan mantra to purify site for a ceremony, from Hevajra Tantra. Raksa is an energy daemon.

491 PEKING: At time of composition, diplomatic nonrecognition of existence of People’s Republic of China was an obsession central to U.S. anti-red cold war monolithic “containment policy” strong-armed politically by “China Lobby,” including then ex-Vice-President Richard Nixon.

### ***Elegy Che Guevara***

492 RUSK: Secretary of State Dean Rusk (1909–1994) President Johnson’s hawkish diplomatic executive for Vietnam War.

493 NORRIS: Frank Norris (1876–1902) Novelist, author of naturalist novel *The Pit*, drama of frenzied Chicago grain market.

493 OBSERVERS’ BALCONY: “Street theater action” initiated 1968 by Abbie Hoffman at New York Stock Exchange, throwing a bag of dollars on the exchange floor as war protest. Thenceforth balcony was walled with glass.

Elegies for Neal Cassady  
(1968)

### ***Elegy for Neal Cassady***

496 SHABDA: (Sanskrit) Sound or vibration, a path of yoga.

496 GREAT YEAR: 24,000-year cycle of the sun, which rises for 2,000 years each through 12 zodiacal constellations, as it wobbles almost imperceptibly on its sidereal axis; presently entering Age of Aquarius.

497 HEJIRA: Mohammed's flight from Mecca, A.D. 622; Kesey's bus trip, A.D. 1964, Neal Cassady at driver's wheel.

497 LOWELL: Massachusetts Merrimack River redbrick mill town where Jack Kerouac was raised, site of many novels.

Ecologues of These States  
(1969–1971)

### ***Over Denver Again***

519 ALLEYWAY LILA: Lila (Sanskrit), "play," as in Krishna's play on earth, "Krishna Lila."

### ***Falling Asleep in America***

525 BEULAH: Blake term for mythic realm of subconscious, source of dream-poetic inspiration.

### ***Northwest Passage***

526 JOHNSON BUTTE: High mountain plateau overlooking Lake Wallula at confluence of Snake and Columbia rivers. Horse Heaven Hills top the vast butte.

526 SAKAJAWEA: Indian lady guide for Lewis and Clark expedition through Northwest native territory hitherto unknown by white men.

526 THALASSA: (Greek) Sea.

527 SIRHAN: Sirhan J. Sirhan, young Palestine-born assassin of Robert F. Kennedy, Los Angeles 1968. His comments on conviction, and description of his visage, were taken from Associated Press reports.

527 52% PEOPLE: Refers to 1968 Gallup poll.

527 SDS: Radical activist Students for a Democratic Society, whose early 1960s "Port Huron Declaration" proposed patriotic reform of institutionalized race prejudice and abusive imperial exploitation of nature and human labor. SDS rose as an alternative to the relatively passive "establishment" National Students Association, which had absorbed much natural student energy but was revealed during

mid-1960s Senate investigation to have been funded by the CIA as a front for covert propaganda activity and an illegal domestic training ground for agents. SDS was later infiltrated and sabotaged covertly by the FBI, whose “cointel” (counterintelligence) policy was blueprinted to create leadership dissension and split white student youth from alliance with black activist groups. SDS fragmented in early 1970s, having helped spearhead early civil rights struggle in South and later extreme student opposition to U.S. military invasion of Indochina.

528 MIRA BAI: 14th-century Indian poetess, ecstatic Krishna worshiper. Her sacred devotional songs are still sung in villages and cities of India.

### ***Sonora Desert-Edge***

530 DRUM H.: Arizona poet Drummond Hadley (student of Charles Olson, friend of Gary Snyder), from whom author first heard Padmasambhava mantra.

530 TARTHANG TULKU: N’yingma-pa lineage Tibetan Buddhist teacher, Berkeley friend of Gary Snyder, taught the millennial Padmasambhava mantra quoted: “Body, Speech, Mind, Lotus-Flower-Power Diamond-Teacher, Hum.”

530 SAGUARO ... OCOTILLO ... CHOLLA ... PALO VERDE: Varieties of cacti.

### ***Memory Gardens***

539 MEMORY GARDENS: Cemetery near Albany Airport glimpsed on way to Jack Kerouac’s funeral in Lowell, Mass. Poem was written on that trip.

540 HAL: Hal Chase, Denver-bred contemporary and friend of Cassady and Kerouac, later boat and lute builder in Bolinas, California, 1960s.

541 JOHN HOLMES: John Clellon Holmes (1926–1988) Author of first published (1952) Beat romance, *Go* (New York: New American Library, 1980).

### ***Graffiti 12th Cubicle Men's Room Syracuse Airport***

543 LSD: Formula for lysergide written on the john wall differs from that given in *Dorland's Medical Dictionary* (1981):  $C_{20}H_{25}N_3O$ .

### ***Friday the Thirteenth***

546 FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH: Allusion to date of explosion in town house West 11th Street, New York. While parents were on vacation, it was used as safe-house bomb factory by "Weathermen."

546 HAMPTON, KING, GOLD: Fred Hampton, Chicago Black Panther murdered in bed by police with FBI collaboration, 1968. Martin Luther King, assassinated in Memphis, April 5, 1968. Theodore Gold, killed in Weathermen blast (see note above).

546 SONG-MY: Vietnamese village blasted and burned by U.S. forces "to save it from the Viet Cong."

546 TU-DO: Main Saigon hotel-café street during U.S. occupation.

### ***Ecologue***

550 MAHANIRVANA & HEVAJRA TANTRAS: Buddhist Vajrayana texts used by advanced meditation practitioners.

552 JOHN SINCLAIR: Poet, pioneer Detroit publisher, jazz critic, leader of Ann Arbor "White Panthers." Arrested 1969 for giving two marijuana joints to police spies in his Artists Workshop interracial poet-musicians' enterprise, he was sentenced to 9½–10 years jail, and liberated by state legislation the weekend after John Lennon-Yoko Ono's "Free John Sinclair" concert, Ann Arbor, 1972. This libertarian protest provoked unsuccessful Nixon administration deportation proceedings against Lennon.

553 QUECHUA: The Quechua Indian city Macchu Picchu is located in Huilca Bamba valley.

553 DMT: Dimethyltryptamine, a short-lived "high," psychedelic drug related to traditional Peruvian intoxicant Huilca. The chemical was later described by an early experimenter, Dr. Oscar Janiger, as "most powerful of all hallucinogenic agents." DMT use has not yet

been experimentally discerned in a cultural climate (1970s–1980s) discouraging to this area of scientific investigation.

555 GOODMAN, CHANEY, SCHWERNER: N.Y. Jewish boys and a Southern black were murdered together while traveling in Mississippi, 1964, to aid black civil rights campaign.

558 WEATHERMEN: Underground radical extreme confrontation-protest antiwar SDS splinter group engineered pot-convict scientist Dr. Timothy Leary's over-the-wall departure from half-ounce grass-bust twenty-year sentence to California prison.

558 EAST HILL: Highest point Otsego County, N.Y., 2,400 feet near Cherry Valley town (pop. 300).

### ***Guru Om***

561 PRANAYAM: Yogic conscious breath attention practice.

561 NITYANANDA: Swami, guru to Swami Muktananda Paramahansa, from whom author received meditation instruction at time of writing.

562 SAMBARA: World of illusory suffering, or existence seen as condition of suffering.

562 ASANAS: Yogic postures.

562 KUNDALINI: Energy awakened by yogic practice. See *The Serpent Power*, by Arthur Avalon (New York: Dover, 1974), celebrated early exposition-translation by Westerner.

### ***Milarepa Taste***

565 MILAREPA: "Cotton-clad" Himalayan yogi poet, early father of Kagyu lineage, Tibetan Buddhist hero, author *The Hundred Thousand Songs of Milarepa*, trans. Garma C. C. Chang, 2 vols. (New Hyde Park, N.Y.: University Books, 1962).

Bixby Canyon to Jessore Road  
(1971)

### ***Bixby Canyon Ocean Path Word Breeze***

569 MUDRAS: Sacramental or yogic hand gestures, bodily or psychologic attitudes.

570 BEEDLE: Beetle, or beadle: church official who bears the mace. See Blake, *Songs of Innocence*, “Holy Thursday”: “Grey headed beadles walked before / with wands as white as snow / ...”

### ***September on Jessore Road***

579 JESSORE ROAD: At time of author’s visit, millions of Hindu refugees from East Pakistan communal strife crowded starving in floods on this main road between Bangladesh and Calcutta.

582 SUNIL POET: Calcutta poet Sunil Ganguly (Ganghopadhyay), with whom author traveled Jessore Road, in company with American Buddhist student and poet John Giorno.

## **IX**

### **MIND BREATHS ALL OVER THE PLACE (1972–1977)**

Sad Dust Glories  
(1972–1974)

### ***Thoughts Sitting Breathing***

597 OM MANI PADMI HUM: (Sanskrit) “Hail jewel in the lotus,” Tibetan mantra for compassion practice, each syllable penetrating its equivalent among the six worlds pictured in Time Wheel Mandala: Heaven Realm, Human Realm, Hungry Ghost Realm, Hell Realm, Animal Realm, Angry Warrior Realm, transitory delusive states of consciousness, all revolving on the axle of vanity, greed and ignorance. The poem explores the cycle thrice. See illustration to poem.

597 CORD MEYER: CIA officer responsible for covert subsidization of international intellectuals’ opinion-making organizations and periodicals, 1950s–60s Committee for Cultural Freedom, *Encounter* magazine, etc.

599 DHARMAKAYA: Buddhist term—kaya: realm, world or body; dharma:

truth, law or nature. World of absolute, in the sense of totally accommodating open space, nondiscriminating ultimate reality, equivalent to the nonconceptualizing awareness of ordinary mind.

***“What would you do if you lost it?”***

600 RINPOCHE CHÖGYAM TRUNGPA TULKU: (1939–1987) Rinpoche, honorific title for lamas: “precious jewel”; Tulku, one of succession of teachers “reincarnated” or trained in specific lineage teachings. Chögyam Trungpa, the author’s Vajracharya, or Mantrayana-style meditation practice master, born in Tibet, abbot of Surmang Monastery, is presently director of Vajradhatu Buddhist Centers and Naropa Institute. See his *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism*, 1973, and *First Thought, Best Thought* (108 poems), with introduction by Allen Ginsberg, 1984, both Shambhala Press, Boulder.

600 TANTRAS: Buddhist texts for Mantrayana practice mode.

600 HAGGADAHS: Hebrew liturgy, Passover Seder service.

600 ZOHAR: Kabbalist-gnostic theosophical work expounding Pentateuch mysteries.

600 KOANS: Extrarationalistic riddles for nonconceptual mindfulness and “nonlinear” awareness used in Zen meditation practice with a committed teacher’s guidance.

600 DHARMAKAYA ... NIRMANAKAYA ... SAMBHOVAKAYA: “body of truth” (absolute Buddha nature), “body of creation” (earthly or grounded Buddha form) and “body of bliss” (visionary communicative aspect of Buddha as speech).

600 PADMASAMBHAVA: Founder Tibetan Buddhist Nyingma or “old sect,” A.D. 747 author of *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

600 DR. SAMEDI: Traditional Vodun presence in Haitian graveyard, dressed as described.

600 BHAKTIVEDANTA SWAMI: Founder of U.S. Hare Krishna movement, spiritual friend of author; died 1977.

600 FILES ON NY POLICE AND C.I.A. PEDDLING HEROIN: See section “Narcotics Agents Peddling Drugs,” including “Brief bibliography of news reports showing that narcotics agents, federal, state and local, the bulk of each group, are themselves involved in dope trafficking,”

pp. 63–70, and “CIA Involvement with Opium Traffic at Its Source,” pp. 71–97, *Allen Verbatim*, ed. Gordon Ball (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1974). See also Alfred W. McCoy, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* (New York: Harper & Row, 1973).

601 JOE BOZZO & HARRY HAINES: Respectively, reputed 1930s mob boss, Paterson N.J., and publisher of *Paterson Evening News*.

601 MOUNI: (Sanskrit) Wise man, sage, sometimes vowed to silence.

601 TOM VEITCH: American poet (b. 1941) See his *Death Collage*, (Berkeley: Big Sky, 1976), with afterword by Allen Ginsberg.

601 IBM 135–35: During U.S. invasion of Vietnam, world’s largest computer located at Nakon Thanom Airbase, Thailand, directed “electronic battlefield” Indochina bombing.

601 IGLOO WHITE: U.S. project to destroy supply trucks and people moving down Laotian Ho-Chi-Minh jungle trail, 1967 on. Sensors, implanted on ground or suspended from trees by air drop, sent electronic messages to aircraft overhead, for relay to central computer control station. Then flying gunships equipped with low light-level TV systems and infrared detectors were directed to strike area.

601 DRAGON-TOOTH: Plastic pellet bombs which devastated football-field-sized areas.

601 FUEL-AIR BOMB: Scattered a powder gas which exploded after penetrating underground caves and shelters used by Viet Cong.

601 BODHISATTVAS: Who take Four Vows: (1) Sentient Beings are numberless, I vow to liberate all; (2) Obstacles are countless, I vow to uncover all; (3) Gates of Dharma are innumerable, I vow to enter all; (4) Buddha path is endless, I vow to follow through.

601 BHUMI: (Sanskrit) World, realm, among graduated stages of awareness. For Ten Bhumis, see Gampopa, *The Jewel Ornament of Liberation*, trans. H. V Guenther (Boulder: Shambhala Press, 1971).

601 RUNG: (Hebrew mystic term) Realm or state of attainment.

601 OM AH HŪM: Trikaya mantra of body, speech and mind.

601 A LA LA HO: Salutation mantra.

601 SOPHIA: Gnostic wisdom goddess.

601 SOHAM: Pranayama breath mantra, “I am.”



- 601 TA RA MA: Mother Tara, Hindu-Buddhist compassion aspect goddess; also, a female Buddha.
- 601 OM PHAT SVAHA: Mantra of offering to affective spirits. See D. L. Snellgrove, *Hevajra Tantra* (New York: Oxford, 1959). (For traditional use, consult lineage teacher.)
- 602 MARPA ... GAMPOPA: Kagyu order, early Tibetan lineage teachers. Marpa the translator (1012–1096), farmer-yogi; Milarepa (1052–1135), yogi-poet; Gampopa (1079–1153), consolidator of teachings, author guidebook, *The Jewel Ornament of Liberation*.
- 602 TRUNGPAYE: Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, a current bearer of Kagyu teachings.
- 602 NAMASTAJI: Intimate Indian salutation.
- 602 BRAHMA: Formless aspect of Hindu trinity with Vishnu, Preserver, and Shiva, Changer.
- 602 SURYA: Vedic sun god, much like Occidental Apollo.
- 602 INDRA: Chief Vedic god, rain-lightning-thunder.
- 602 BOM BOM! SHIVAYE!: Mantra of offering cried out, often at cremation grounds, by cannabis-smoking saddhus to grace a chilam (clay ganja pipe) before inhaling.
- 602 RAM NAM SATYAHEY: “Ram’s name is the truth,” traditional chant of Hindus bearing corpse litter to Ganges cremation ground.
- 602 GANIPATTI: Or Ganesha, four-armed, elephant-headed Remover of Obstacles, god of wisdom, prudence and learning, son of Shiva and Parvati, whose vehicle is a rat.
- 602 OM SARASWATI HRIH SOWHA: Traditional mantric invocation to goddess of music, learning and poetry.
- 602 ARDINARISHVARA: Hermaphrodite-bodied Hindu divinity.
- 602 RADHA: Krishna’s consort.
- 602 HAREKRISHNA: Krishna, seventh of nine avatars of Vishnu, lord of preservation. Hare may be shakti of Krishna, consort, or spiritual-bliss potency of supreme person of universe.

**Who**

603 WHO: Reply to request from *Who's Who* for self-characterization.

### ***Yes and It's Hopeless***

604 HALF MILLION COMMUNISTS ASSASSINATED: Indonesian slaughter accompanying 1965–1966 overthrow of President Sukarno, political coup influenced by U.S. business intelligence.

604 SLAUGHTER ... MEXICO CITY: Refers to 1968 machine-gun massacre of 1,000 student protesters at Tlatelolco Square, a clean-up of political dissidents preparatory to Olympic festivals. See also “Birdbrain.”

### ***What I'd Like to Do***

610 NAROPA'S SIX DOCTRINES: Psychic Heat, Illusory Body, Dream State, Clear Light, After Death State, and Consciousness Transference; see *Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines*, W. Y. Evans-Wentz (Oxford, 1967).

610 KITKITDIZZE: Wintun Indian name for tarweed, bear clover or mountain misery, dark green shrub varying 3–15 inches in height, tarry touch and smell, belonging to rose family. Typical ground cover, western slope Sierra ponderosa pine forest. Poet Gary Snyder's Sierra household is named Kitkitdizze, after this common plant, *Chamaebatia foliolosa*.

### ***Mind Breaths***

616 AH: Calligraphy by Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, 1978. Symbol of Tibetan Buddhist Kagyu order; one syllable summary of Prajnaparamita Sutra; mantra for purification of speech, and appreciation of space; related to Samatha meditation practice, mindfulness of outbreath; a vocalization of the outbreath.

617 SANGHA: (Sanskrit) Community of Buddhist practitioners.

618 BO TREE: The ancient pipal, *Ficus religiosa*, or sacred fig tree, in Bodh Gaya, India, under which Buddha meditated till enlightened.

### ***Flying Elegy***

620 SKANDAS: (Sanskrit) The five “heaps” of experience or psychosomatic aggregates of individual personality, namely: form, reaction-sensation, feeling-ideation, cumulative habit pattern, and apparent consciousness, which compound the transitory energies of ego.

620 SUNYATA: Emptiness, nonmind, or awareness devoid of egocentric projection.

### ***Jaweb and Allah Battle***

622 SNAKE COCK AND PIG EAT EACH OTHER’S TAILS: Symbols of anger, vanity and ignorance at center axle of Time Wheel Mandala. See illustration, p. 588.

622 CALLER OF THE GREAT CALL: According to Barbelo-Ophitic myth of Garden of Eden, the snake (as caller of the Great Call) was Sophia’s messenger to waken awareness in Adam and Eve. Sabaot, archon of their aeon, was but seven-aeon-times-removed reflection of Sophia’s first thought. See Hans Jonas, *Gnostic Religion* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1963). Refer also to “Plutonian Ode,” note to verse 16, *Sabaot*.

622 STERN GANG IRGUN: Terrorist groups under British mandate, fought for Zionist cause.

622 AL FATAH BLACK SEPTEMBER: Terrorist groups after Israeli sovereignty, fought for Palestinian cause.

623 MEYER LANSKY: U.S. organized-crime chief reported to’ve supplied guns to Zionist terrorist/freedom fighters. Retired to Israel for years, was deported back to U.S. after public scandal, 1972, and arrested for income tax evasion.

623 MY FATHER HAD A COFFEE SHOP IN JERUSALEM: See poem “Write It Down, Allen Said,” in *Clean Asshole Poems & Smiling Vegetable Songs*, Peter Orlovsky (San Francisco: City Lights Pocket Poet Series #37, 1978), pp. 118–20.

623 COMMENTARY: American highbrow crypto-Zionist right-wing ideological journal edited by ambitious early prose critic of Kerouac’s poetic prose, later hawkish proponent of military hard-line hardware equated as alternative discipline for supposed loose 1960s national morals including public acknowledgment of gaiety.

- 623 PALESTINE REVIEW: Pro-Palestinian journal.
- 624 SHEMA YISROEL ADONOI ELUHENU: End of Hebrew chant: “Rejoice, O Israel, the Lord is one, the Lord is God.”
- 624 LA ILAH ...: Sufi chant: “There is no god but Allah.”
- 624 HU: Sufi mantric out-breath.
- 624 SHALOM! SHANTIH! SALAAM!: Hebrew, Sanskrit, Arabic for “Peace!”

### ***Sad Dust Glories***

- 627 KENJI MYAZAWA: 20th-century Japanese poet, trans. Gary Snyder among others.
- 628 SHOBO-AN: Japanese Soto temple reconstructed by San Francisco Zen Center in California Sierras adjacent to Kitkitdizze “Ring of Bone” Zen Practice Center.
- 628 ACORN PEOPLE: Sierra Indian diet staple was acorn mush.

Ego Confessions  
(1974–1977)

### ***Ego Confession***

- 631 GYALWA KARMAPA: 16th lama head of Milarepa lineage, Kagyu order of Tibetan Buddhism.
- 631 WEATHERMEN GOT NO MOSCOW GOLD: Timothy Leary, held incommunicado for years, early 1970’s, by Feds, refused to testify falsely that Weathermen were directed by Moscow finance. FBI heads were later convicted of illegal wiretapping since no evidence that antiwar protesters were agents of foreign powers could be found.
- 631 VAJRASATTVA: Central image of Nyingma old-school Tibetan meditation practice, blue-bodied, with diamond-lightning bolt (vajra) form held in right hand at breast, bell (ghanta) of empty (open) space held at left hip. Dharmakaya Buddha.
- 631 OVERTHREW THE CIA WITH A SILENT THOUGHT: Refers to 1970 Georgetown dinner bet between author and then CIA chief Richard Helms: whether or not Central Intelligence Agency had working

relationship with opium traffickers at “secret” CIA base, Long Cheng, Laos. Author offered his vajra, if misinformed, and requested CIA Director Helms to practice meditation an hour a day for life if his denial proved incorrect. The wager was accepted, a bet either party might profit from by losing. Note also:

The New York Times  
3 rue Scribe  
75 Paris 9e

Apr. 11 1978

Dear Allen,

I fear I owe you an apology. I have been reading a succession of pieces about CIA involvement in the dope trade in Southeast Asia and I remember when you first suggested I look into this I thought you were full of beans. Indeed you were right and I acknowledge the fact plus sending my best personal wishes.

C. L. Sulzberger

### ***Who Runs America?***

6 GENERAL MOTORS ... STANDARD OF CALIFORNIA: The dozen corporations name-dropped herein are top twelve capital powers whose \$133 billion sales represented a tenth the total gross national product one yearly trillion \$. Traditionally, an oil corporation representative fills post of U.S. Secy of State and auto corporation representative fills Secretary of Defense post. This gossip's source was conversation with Daniel Ellsberg & Gary Snyder, November 26, 1974, re: Douglas F. Dowd's *The Twisted Dream, Capitalist Development in the United States Since 1776*, 2nd ed. (Cambridge: Winthrop, 1977).

### ***Thoughts on a Breath***

637 FOUR YEARS AGO: Poem is sequel to “Guru Om,” October 4–6, 1970.

637 STONY BURNS: “After being arrested twice on pornography charges, then convicted for inciting riot, Stony Burns, art director and founder of *Iconoclast* and *Dallas Notes* [underground newspapers], was sentenced in Dallas to ten years and one day in prison for the

possession of less than one tenth of an ounce of marijuana. The extra day in the sentence prevented eligibility for parole. Within a year, public protest freed editor Burns.”—*Unamerican Activities: The Campaign Against the Underground Press*, PEN American Center report, ed. Geoffrey Rips, foreword by Allen Ginsberg (San Francisco: City Lights, 1981); see pp. 102, 107–8. The poem was written when Stony Burns was first jailed, 1974.

### ***Hospital Window***

642 (MAYAGUEZ CRISIS): After U.S. withdrawal from Indochina war, the U.S. merchant ship *Mayaguez*, presumed to be spy ship, was taken by Cambodians near their coast in 1975. The ship was recaptured by U.S. with giant force, some loss of life, large headlines. The incident was argued at the time to symbolize U.S. resolve to “be perceived” still as “number one” in world might.

### ***Hadda Be Playing on the Jukebox***

643 BIG TIME SYNDICATE TAMPA: Sam Giancana and John Roselli, associated with Tampa mob chief, engaged by CIA to assassinate Cuban Premier Castro in “turf war,” early ’60s. Both were murdered or “rubbed out” prior to scheduled testimony before Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, chaired by late Senator Frank Church, 1965, re CIA assassination attempts against Castro. Roselli was found in barrel in ocean; Giancana was shot in his kitchen.

643 LET LUCKY LUCIANO OUT OF JAIL ...: The international organized crime chief was released from federal prison by wartime Office of Strategic Services to supplant influence of Communist partisan anti-Hitler underground in Sicily with Mafia political infrastructure. According to American authorities, Luciano later became Mediterranean narcotics overlord. See “I’m Glad the CIA Is Immoral,” Thomas W. Braden, *Saturday Evening Post*, May 20, 1967, p. 14.

644 CHILE’S RED DEMOCRACY ...: Salvador Allende (1908–1973), first democratically elected Marxist-socialist head of state in the western hemisphere, was deposed by U.S.-trained generals’ junta, 1973. Subsequent Senate investigation revealed that CIA funds were used

to organize destabilizing truck transport strikes, to penetrate Santiago's daily newspaper *Mercurio*, and to arrange "housewife demonstrations" against the new Allende government. Well-dressed family ladies walked in the streets, and banged on pots and pans, conveying an impression of normal people spontaneously protesting Allende government's socialist austerities. The night after the U.S.-backed generals' assault on presidential palace and assassination of Allende, the author remembers watching the TV screen with his father while news commentator Victor Riesel energetically congratulated American viewers: "The CIA was not involved!"

644 NKVD: People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs—Soviet secret police.

644 OGPU: 1930s Russian secret police.

644 DIA: U.S. Defense Intelligence Agency.

644 KGB: Soviet Committee of State Security, equivalent to U.S. FBI, but worse.

### ***Come All Ye Brave Boys***

645 LIDS: Lid, a quantity of marijuana, equivalent to an ounce, originally a Prince Albert tobacco can full.

### ***Gospel Noble Truths***

649 YOU GOT TO SUFFER: First stanza refers to Buddhist doctrine of three "marks" or characteristics of existence: (1) suffering, (2) change, (3) Anatma (no permanent selfhood). Stanzas 1–3 refer to the Four Noble Truths of Buddhist philosophy: (1) Existence contains suffering; (2) Suffering is caused by ignorance; (3) Ignorance can be changed by practice of detachment, wisdom and compassion (4) and by following an eightfold path as paraphrased in song lines 13–20: (1) right views, (2) right aspiration, (3) right speech, (4) right activity, (5) right labor, (6) right energy, (7) right mindfulness, (8) right meditation. There follows brief instruction for sitting and review of six sense fields.

### ***Rolling Thunder Stones***

652 WE GIVE THANKS FOR THIS FOOD ...: After Snyder/Whalen adaptation of Zen thanks offering for food.

### ***Two Dreams***

656 ACID TIDE: Nitrous waste pollution of Jersey-Manhattan waters. A 1966 *Los Angeles Free Press* Robert Cobb cartoon showed ocean of LSD washing away a pillared fortress-island of Law, God, Self, Good, Evil, etc., seen somewhat as Urizenic Blakean abstractions.

### ***Don't Grow Old***

664 AUNT ROSE: See "To Aunt Rose," Paris, 1958.

664 NAROPA: Naropa Institute, contemplative college founded 1974 by Chögyam Trungpa; named for Kagyu lineage second patriarch, once rector of eighth-century Buddhist Nalanda International University. Naropa's Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics, codirected by author and Anne Waldman, was founded same year.

### ***Contest of Bards***

673 ETERNAL RUNE CUT IN STONE: Rune (Old Norse), character of Old Teutonic or Scandinavian alphabets; magical cipher.

685 EIDOLON: Platonic Image. See Whitman's poem "Eidolons."

### ***Punk Rock Your My Big Crybaby***

691 MABUHAY GARDENS TO CBGB 'S: Punk rock/new wave youth clubs, on San Francisco's North Beach and New York's Bowery.

X

PLUTONIAN ODE  
(1977-1980)



## ***Grim Skeleton***

699 RICHARD HELMS: See “Ego Confession” note.

## ***Adapted from Neruda’s “Que dispierte el leñador”***

704 QUE DISPIERTE: Adapted Summer 1978-Spring 1981 by Sidney Goldfarb and Allen Ginsberg from Waldeen’s trans. of *Let The Railsplitter Awake and Other Poems*, by Pablo Neruda (New York: Masses and Mainstream, 1950).

## ***Nagasaki Days***

707 ELLSBERG: Daniel Ellsberg (b. 1931) Author, revealer of the “Pentagon Papers,” now-public “secret” Defense Department analysis of built-in futility of U.S. Vietnam War adventure, had also helped design nuclear-strategy practical mechanics, including the failsafe system. The author and scholar Ellsberg were arrested together in Colorado during anti-nuclear peace protest at Rockwell Corporation’s Rocky Flats plutonium-bomb-trigger factory.

708 GOLDEN COURTHOUSE: See Kerouac’s verse “I wanna go to Golden,” i.e., Golden, Colorado, Jefferson county seat, where Rocky Flats anti-nuclear-weapons-manufacture demonstrators were tried.

## ***Plutonian Ode***

710 WHITMAN: Walt Whitman.

710 DOCTOR SEABORG: Glenn Seaborg, “Discoverer of Plutonium.”

710 SEA BEYOND URANUS: Pluto, past planets Uranus and Neptune.

710 AVENGING FURIES: Pluto was father to Eumenides, the Furies who return to avenge mindless damage done in passion, aggression, ignorance, etc. Pluto was also Lord of Wealth.

710 DEMETER: Pluto’s mother-in-law, the Earth fertility goddess whose daughter Persephone was stolen for marriage by underworld lord Pluto (Greek: Hades [Aides], brother to Zeus and Poseidon) and kept in his caverns a half year at a time, released to her mother

each spring. Demeter gave wheat to man at Eleusis, site of her temple, one place in ancient world where Hades also was acknowledged with ceremonies indicated above.



Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky and friends of Rocky Flats Truth Force, meditating on R.R. Tracks outside Rockwell Corporation Nuclear Facility's Plutonium bomb trigger factory, Colorado, halting trainload of waste fissile materials on the day Plutonium Ode was completed, July 14, 1978. Photo by Steve Groer, *Rocky Mountain News*.

710 ASPHODEL: W. C. Williams wrote of asphodel, "that greeny flower," as the blossom of Hades.

710 FISH ... RAM ... BULL ... TWINS ... CRAB ... LION: Ages of Pisces, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo—2,000 years each age.

710 GREAT YEAR: Platonic, or Babylonian, or Sidereal "Great Year"—24,000 years—half life of Plutonium radioactivity. This fact, pointed out to me by Gregory Corso, inspired this poem. Cf. W. B. Yeats, *A Vision*.

710 ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVEN THOUSAND: The 24,000-year span of the Great Year—167,000 cycles—4 billion years, supposed age of Earth.

710 BLACK ... DISILLUSION: Six senses, including mind.

710 SABAOT ... IALDABAOTH: Archons of successive aeons born of Sophia's thought, according to Ophitic and Barbelo-Gnostic myths.

710 SKY OVER SILENT MILLS AT HANFORD ... MASON: Plutonium factories,

whose location by state and whose function in bomb-making are here described. Plants in Pantex, Texas, and Burlington, Iowa, managed by Mason & Hanger-Silas Mason Co., Inc., assemble the finished components of the nuclear weapons.

711 TWO HUNDRED FORTY MILLENNIA: 240,000 years the supposed time till Plutonium becomes physically inert.

711 TEN POUNDS: Ten pounds of Plutonium scattered throughout the earth is calculated sufficient to kill 4 billion people.

711 SIX WORLDS: Six worlds of Gods, Warrior Demons, Humans, Hungry Ghosts, Animals, and Hell Beings held together in the delusion of time by pride, anger and ignorance: a Buddhist concept. See notes to “Thoughts Sitting Breathing,” p. 796.

711 DIVINE WIND: Kamikaze, typhoon, wind of Gods.

711 THREE HUNDRED TONS: 300 tons of Plutonium, estimate circa 1978 of the amount produced for American bombs.

711 I SING YOUR FORM: “The Reactor hath hid himself thro envy. I behold him. But you cannot behold him till he be revealed in his System.”—Blake, *Jerusalem*, Chap. II, Plate 43, lines 9–10.

712 HONEY ... WATER: Traditional libation to Hades poured at Temple of Eleusis, and by Odysseus at the Necromanteion at Acheron.

712 DIAMOND TRUTH: Reference to Buddhist doctrine of Sunyataa, i.e., existence as simultaneously void and solid, empty and real, all-penetrating egoless (empty void) nature symbolized by adamant Vajra or Diamond Sceptre.

712 FIVE HUNDRED BILLION DOLLAR: Estimated world military budget; 116 billion, U.S. share, October 1978.

713 TAKE THIS INHALATION ... THOUGHT-WORLDS: Four characteristics of Buddha-nature activity: to pacify, enrich, magnetize & destroy.

713 GONE OUT ... AH!: Americanese approximation and paraphrase of Sanskrit Prajnaparamita (Highest Perfect Wisdom) Mantra: Gate Gate Paragate Parasamgate Bodhi Svaha.

### ***Blame the Thought, Cling to the Bummer***

717 DUDJOM LINEAGE: Dudjom Rinpoche, contemporary head of

Nyingma “old school” Tibetan teachings founded by Padmasambhava.

717 BEDROCK MORTAR ...: Cottage built by author and friends in California Sierra woods adjoining Kitkitdizze, at site of original Indian inhabitants’ mortar holes. See “Sad Dust Glories” note.

### ***“Don’t Grow Old”***

718 DON’T GROW OLD: See poems on the death of Louis Ginsberg, January 12-July 11, 1976.

### ***December 31, 1978***

724 LINDY HOP: Peculiar quick dance step popular late 1920s.

### ***Brooklyn College Brain***

725 BODHICITTA: Seed of enlightenment stuff, enlightened essence of Buddha mind, or awakening aspect of mind.

### ***Garden State***

727 HARRISBURG HYDROGEN BUBBLE: In Pennsylvania’s Three Mile Island nuclear accident, March 28, 1979, unit #2’s reactor core was badly damaged. A pressure relief valve in the main cooling system had jammed while the reactor was operating at full power. Thousands of gallons of water unexpectedly drained from the core. At this pass, operators mistakenly turned off pumps designed to flood the reactor in such emergency. Consequent overheating resulted in damage to the reactor, and release of radiation.

### ***Las Vegas: Verses Improvised for El Dorado H.S. Newspaper***

728 MOAPA: Original nomadic inhabitants of Nevada.

728 ROBERT MAHEU: (b. 1917) Secretary to Howard Hughes, ex-FBI, introduced Sam Giancana and John Roselli (business acquaintances

of Tampa syndicate boss Santos Trafficante, co-worker with Jack Ruby, and pre-Castro vice/narcotic lord of Havana territory) to CIA official Sheffield Edwards, to arrange assassination of Cuban premier Castro. Personages of Watergate plumbers team were associated with the much-reported yet little-researched anti-Castro Cuban Mafia circle of secret operations. See “Hadda Be Playing on the Jukebox” note.

(Sheffield Edwards was also CIA Chief of Security, which office oversaw early 1950s drug experiment programs, psychedelic and otherwise.)

728 MT. CHARLESTON: Sacred mountain among Moapa tribes in traditional migratory cycle.

728 ENGLEBERT: Mr. Humperdinck, popular cabaret entertainer.

728 PLATONIC YEAR: See “Plutonian Ode” note.

728 UNDER THE ASTRONOMICAL FLAGP OLE: Harold Ickes, interior secretary under FDR, commissioned various solar system designs, including the Great Year pattern of earth’s wobble on its sidereal axis, to be set in bronze on Hoover Dam’s plaza, marking the monumental size of the project, equal in scope to the Egyptian pyramids.

728 BUGSY SIEGEL: Original organized crime/vice chief of Las Vegas, assassinated by shots through window of Beverly Hills living room, 1947.

### ***Ruhr-Gebiet***

734 STAMMHEIM: Isolation prison where “terrorist” Baader-Meinhof gang members (originally armed by police double agents) were subject to continuous interrogation under 24-hour glare lighting.

735 “GUESTS” DO THE WORK: *Gastarbeiter*, “guest workers” of post-WWII West Germany: Turks, Italians, Slavs imported for heavy labor or menial work.

### ***Reflections at Lake Louise***

741 ORYOKI: Traditional style of formal three-bowl mindful silent eating practice in Zendoo (meditation hall).

## ***Ode to Failure***

745 MAYAKOVSKY CRIED, THEN DIE! MY VERSE: “Let glory/disconsolate widow frail/trudge after genius/in funeral anthems/Die, my verse,/die, like the rank and file/as our unknown, unnumbered, fell/in storming heaven.”—Vladimir Mayakovsky, “At the Top of My Voice,” 1930, in *Mayakovsky and His Poetry*, trans. Herbert Marshall (London: Pilot Press, 1943). Frank O’Hara first called author’s attention to this poem.

## ***Birdbrain!***

746 XOCHOPILI: Formerly referred to as “God of Flowers” in tourist guidebooks. Vegetable forms incised on his celebrated statue in Mexico City’s Archaeological Museum have been identified by Harvard Botanical Museum director Richard E. Schultes as peyote, morning glory, amanita mushroom, tobacco, etc. Evidence of Xochopili culture was obliterated during Spanish conquest.

746 RAN GERMANY ON AMPHETAMINES: Among other books, *Inside the Third Reich*, memoirs of Albert Speer (New York: Macmillan, 1970), gives evidence on Hitler’s rug-chewing speed addiction.

## ***“Defending the Faith”***

750 MAGLIC CASTLE: Castle of “mist” or “fog” (*maglic*) at heart of original kingdom of Serbia.

750 IVAR RIVER BANK: (12th-century “Ras”) In Ivar River Valley, “Valley of the Kings.” “Where the valley narrows to form a dramatic gorge ... stand the remains of the Magli’c fortress perched like an eagle’s nest upon a separate spur of the mountains” (Fodor’s *Yugoslavia*, 1972, p. 277).

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\* Notes for “Angkor Wat” from Fulcrum Press edition (London, 1968).

## Epigraphs from Original Editions

‘Unscrew the locks from the doors!  
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!’ (*Howl*)

‘—Die,  
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!’ (*Kaddish*)

‘Scribbled secret notebooks, and wild typewritten pages, for yr own  
joy’ (*Reality Sandwiches*)

‘O go way man I can  
    hypnotize this nation  
I can shake the earth’s foundation  
    with the Maple Leaf Rag.’ (*Planet News*)

‘To find the Western path  
Right thro’ the Gates of Wrath  
I urge my way;  
Sweet Mercy leads me on:  
With soft Repentant moan  
I see the break of day’ (*Gates of Wrath*)

‘Thus is the heaven a vortex pass’d already, and the earth  
A vortex not yet pass’d by the traveller thro’ Eternity’ (*Gates of Wrath*)

‘The yearning infinite recoils,  
For terrible is earth!’ (*Gates of Wrath*)

‘... same electric lightning South  
    follows this train  
        Apocalypse prophesied—

the fall of America  
signalled from Heaven—' (*The Fall of America*)

'Time after time for such a journey none but iron pens  
Can write And adamantine leaves receive nor can the man who goes  
The journey obstinate refuse to write time after time' (*Mind Breaths*)

'Meeting, the two friends laugh aloud;  
In the grove, fallen leaves are many' (*Poems All Over the Place*)

'La science, la nouvelle noblesse! Le progrès. Le monde marche!  
Pourquoi ne tournerait-il pas?' (*Plutonian Ode*)



## Dedications to

Jack Kerouac, new Buddha of American prose, who spit forth intelligence into eleven books written in half the number of years (1951–1956)—*On the Road*, *Visions of Neal*, *Dr Sax*, *Springtime Mary*, *The Subterraneans*, *San Francisco Blues*, *Some of the Dharma*, *Book of Dreams*, *Wake Up*, *Mexico City Blues*, and *Visions of Gerard*—creating a spontaneous bop prosody and original classic literature. Several phrases and the title of *Howl* are taken from him.

William Seward Burroughs, author of *Naked Lunch*, an endless novel which will drive everybody mad.

Neal Cassady, author of *The First Third*, an autobiography (1949) which enlightened Buddha.

All these books are published in Heaven.

### HOWL

Peter Orlovsky  
in  
Paradise  
*'Taste my mouth in your ear'*

### KADDISH

To Herbert E. Huncke  
for his *Confessions*

EMPTY MIRROR

the Pure Imaginary  
POET  
Gregory Corso

REALITY SANDWICHES

Neal Cassady  
again  
Spirit to Spirit  
February 8, 1925-February 4, 1968  
*'the greater driver'*  
*'secret hero of these poems'*

PLANET NEWS

*dear*  
*poet's poet*  
*Philip Whalen*

AIRPLANE DREAMS

Miles  
London's Scholar

ANGKOR WAT

The Soul of  
Leroi Jones

## SCRAP LEAVES

Larry Ferlinghetti

Fellow

Poet

Editor

## POEMS ALL OVER THE PLACE

Walt Whitman

“Intense and loving comradeship, the personal and passionate attachment of man to man—which, hard to define, underlies the lessons and ideals of the profound saviors of every land and age, and which seems to promise, when thoroughly develop’d, cultivated and recognised in manners and literature, the most substantial hope and safety of the future of these States, will then be fully express’d.

“It is to the development, identification, and general prevalence of that fervid comradeship, (the adhesive love, at least rivaling the amative love hitherto possessing imaginative literature, if not going beyond it,) that I look for the counterbalance and offset of our materialistic and vulgar American democracy, and for the spiritualization thereof. Many will say it is a dream, and will not follow my inferences: but I confidently expect a time when there will be seen, running like a half-hid warp through all the myriad audible and visible worldly interests of America, threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and life-long, carried to degrees hitherto unknown—not only giving tone to individual character, and making it unprecedentedly emotional, muscular, heroic, and refined, but having the deepest relations to general politics. I say democracy infers such loving comradeship, as its most inevitable twin or counterpart, without which it will be incomplete, in vain, and incapable of perpetuating itself.”

Democratic Vistas, 1871

## THE FALL OF AMERICA

Vajracarya

Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche

Poet

*“Guru Death your words are true  
Teacher Death I do thank you  
For inspiring me to sing this Blues”*

MIND BREATHS

Lucien Carr  
for friendship  
all these years

PLUTONIAN ODE

## Acknowledgments

Author wishes to imprint thanks to poets & editors who initially published these writings. A wild gamut of literary magazines & papers rose to manifest renaissance of vernacular poetry in postwar II USA, invented by the World War I generation. W. C. Williams & Ezra Pound prophesied an American poetic mode measured to the variety of contemporary body english, speech and mind. Individuation of idiom was followed by individuation of print form. Poetic “Mimeograph Revolution” coincided (mid-1950s) with a “San Francisco Poetry Renaissance” and the names of publications improvised became a poem in itself.

A.G.

Adventures in Poetry, A Hundred Posters, Allen Verbatim (ed. Gordon Ball, McGraw-Hill), Alternative Features Syndicate, Alternative Press, Alternative Press Broadside, American Dialogue, American Poetry Review, Antioch Review, Aquarian, Ark/Moby, Ashok Shahane, A Shout in the Streets, Athanor, Auerhahn/Haselwood Press, A Year of Disobedience

Bad Breath, Bastard Angel, Beatitude, Berkeley Barb, Berkeley Tribe, Bernerzeitung, Between Worlds, Big Sky, Big Table, Birthstone, Black Mountain Review, Bombay Gin, Boulder Express, Boulder Monthly, Boulder Street Poets, Brahma, Brandeis Folio, Brown Paper, Buffalo Stamps, Bugger (Fuck You/a Magazine of the Arts supplement), Burning Bush

'C, Cambridge Review (i.e.), Capella Dublin, Caterpillar, Che Fare, Cherry Valley Editions, Chicago, Chicago Review, City Lights Anthology, City Lights Books, City Lights Journals, Clean Energy Verse, Coach House Press, Cody's Bookshop Calendar, Coevolution Quarterly, College Press Service, Colorado North Review, Columbia *Jester*, Columbia Review, Combustion, Concerning Poetry, Coyote, Coyote's Journal, Cranium Press Broadside, Creative Arts Book Co.

Dakota Broadside, Montreal, Desert Review, Dirty, Do-it

Earth Day Folio, Earth Magazine, East Village Other, El Dorado H.S. Newspaper, Evergreen Review, Expressen, Espresso

Fervent Valley Digest, Fifth Estate, Firefly Press, Fits, Floating Bear, Folger Shakespeare Library Broadside, Folio, Four Seasons, From Here Press, Fruit Cup, Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts, Fulcrum Press, Fuori!

Gay Sunshine Press, Gemini, Georgia Strait, Gnaoua, Gotham Book Mart, Grabhorn Press, Greccourt Review, Greenpeace, Grey Fox Books, Grist, Grove Press,

Hard & Hardly Press, Hard Times, Harvard Crimson, Harvard Magazine, Hasty Papers, High Times, Hika, House of Anansi

Ice & Frice, Il Tarocco, Ins & Outs, Intrepid, Isis, Izvestia

Jabberwock (Sidewalk), Jack Albert's Boston Newspaper, Jargon 31, Jerusalem Post, Jonathan Cape-Golliard Press

Klacto 23, Kuksu, Kulchur

Lama Foundation: Bountiful Lord's Delivery Service, Lampeter Muse, L.A. Staff, League for Sexual Freedom Leaflet series, Lemar Marijuana Review, Liberation, Liberation News Service, Life, Literaturnya Gazeta, Loka, London Times Literary Supplement, Look, Los Angeles Free Press, Los Angeles Times, Lowenfel's Anthology, (lower) Eastside Review

Mag City, Mahenjodaro, Mattachine Review, Metronome, Mikrokosmos, Mojo Navigator, Mutantia, My Own Mag

Nadada, Neurotica, New Age Journal, New American Review, New Departures, New Directions Annuals, New York Free Press, New York Quarterly, New York Times, Nomad, Notes from the Garage Door, Notes from Underground, Now, Nuke Chronicles

Oyez poster

Pacific Nation, Painted Bride Quarterly, Paris Review, Partisan Review, Passaic Review, Peace News, Pearl, Peninsula Skyway, Pequod Press, Piazza, Planeta Fresca, Playboy, Poetry London/Apple, Poetry London-NY, Poetry on the Tracks, Poetry Review London, Poetry Toronto, Poets at Le Metro, Poets-and-Writers, Poet's Press, Portents, Provincetown Review, Pull My Daisy

Quixote

Rain, Ramparts, Read Street, Red Osier Press, Residu, rhinoceros,

River Run, River Styx, Rocky Flats Truth Force, Rocky Ledge, Rolling Stone, Rolling Thunder Review Phantom Newsletter

Salted Feathers, San Francisco Free Press, Saturday Morning, Schism, Scrip Magazine, Seven Days, Sing Out, Soho News, Something, Southwest Review, Spradie im Technisehen Zeitalter, Stone Press Weekly, Stupa: Naropa Student Newsletter, Sun Books Australia, Swank, Synapse

Takeover, Telephone, The American Pen International Quarterly, The American Poetry Review, The Beat Scene, The End Magazine, The Grapevine, The Marijuana Review, The Nation, The Needle, The New Yorker, The Outsider, The Paris Magazine, The Raven, The Seventies, The Stone, The Sunflower (Wichita State), The Unspeakable Visions of the Individual, The Villager, The Workingman's Press, The World, The Yale Literary Magazine, Throat, Title I, Toronto Waves, Totem/-Corinth Books, Transatlantic Review

Underdog, Unmuzzled Ox Encyclopedia, Utigeverij 261

Vajradhatu Sun, Vancouver Express, Vancouver Vajradhatu, Variegation, Venture, Vigencia, Village Voice, Voices

Walker Art Center Broadside, West Hills Review, White Dove, Wholly Communion, Wild Dog, Win, W.I.N. (Workshop in Nonviolence) Magazine, Writer's Forum

Yugen

Zero

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Don Allen consistently offered refined advice. Lucien Carr formulated "The Archetype Poem" and "How Come He Got Canned at the Ribbon Factory" anonymously three decades before this due acknowledgment of his wit and lifelong editorial prescience. Andrew Wylie shepherded this volume to New York.

For preparation of *Collected Poems* the sangha of editors at Harper & Row headed by Aaron Asher working with Carol Chen, Sidney Feinberg, Dan Harvey, Marge Horvitz, Lydia Link, William Monroe, Joe Montebello, and Dolores Simon provided essential sympathetic skills.

Kenneth A. Lohf, Director of Manuscripts and Rare Books, Bernard Crystal, Assistant Director, and Mary Bowling, librarian in charge of manuscripts at Special Collections Division, Butler Library, Columbia University, preserved author's papers since 1968. Librarians at Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin, conserved letters and notebooks useful in assembling manuscript.

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Gordon Ball and Miles editing notebooks, journals and bibliographic papers retrieved texts and aided relatively precise chronology of poems.

Bill Morgan's bibliographic survey of author's work-spaces and Columbia Special Collections made possible ordering and retrieval of many writings in early script and book forms. Raymond Foye edited appropriate images from photo archive.

Bob Rosenthal provided years of logistical support to author and fellow archive workers. Juanita Lieberman contributed many hours.

Parts of *Collected Poems* were written & assembled during periods of National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship, N.Y. State Creative Artists Program Service, Inc., and Rockefeller Foundation grants to author.

### Collaborative Artisans

Calligraphy AH by Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche.

Wheel of Life: Block Print, source unknown.

Tag lines for *Returning to the Country for a Brief Visit: Moments of Rising Mist*, a Collection of Sung Landscape Poetry, Mushinsha/Grossman, 1973.

Steven Taylor: lead sheets; Walter Taylor: lyric calligraphy.



Harry Smith: Illustration to *Journal Night Thoughts* (p. 274), and three fish one head cover insignia designed after incision on stone footprint of Buddha, seen by author at Bodh-Gaya, India, 1963; other version (p. 328).

Robert LaVigne: Illustrations, pp. 123, 143, 363, 766.

Diligent reader will find 22 additional poems rhymed, many with lead sheets, published as *First Blues: Rags, Ballads & Harmonium Songs 1971–1974*, Full Court Press, N.Y., 1975, to correlate with poems of that decade, supplementing the volume of musical inspiration.

Songs from *Collected Poems* and *First Blues* are vocalized solo on *First Blues*, Folkways Records, N.Y., 1981; and with musicians, *First Blues*, Double album, Hammond/C.B.S., N.Y., 1983.

## Introduction by William Carlos Williams to *Empty Mirror*

The lines are superbly all alike. Most people, most critics would call them prose—they have an infinite variety, perfectly regular; they are all alike and yet none is like the other. It is like the monotony of our lives that is made up of the front pages of newspapers and the first (aging) 3 lines of the *Inferno*:

In the middle of the journey of our life I (came to)  
myself in a dark wood (where) the  
straight way was lost.

It is all alike, those fated lines telling of the mind of that poet and the front page of the newspaper. Look at them. You will find them the same.

This young Jewish boy, already not so young any more, has recognized something that has escaped most of the modern age, he has found that man is lost in the world of his own head. And that the rhythms of the past have become like an old field long left unploughed and fallen into disuse. In fact they are excavating there for a new industrial plant.

There the new inferno will soon be under construction.

A new sort of line, omitting memories of trees and watercourses and clouds and pleasant glades—as empty of them as Dante Alighieri's *Inferno* is empty of them—exists today. It is measured by the passage of time without accent, monotonous, useless—unless you are drawn as Dante was to see the truth, undressed, and to sway to a beat that is far removed from the beat of dancing feet but rather finds in the shuffling of human beings in all the stages of their day, the trip to the bathroom, to the stairs of the subway, the steps of the office or factory routine the mystical measure of their passions.

It is indeed a human pilgrimage, like Geoffrey Chaucer's; poets had better be aware of it and speak of it—and speak of it in plain terms, such as men will recognize. In the mystical beat of newspapers that no one recognizes, their life is given back to them in plain terms. Not one recognizes Dante there fully deployed. It is not recondite but plain.

And when the poet in his writing would scream of the crowd, like Jeremiah, that their life is beset, what can he do, in the end, but speak to them in their own language, that of the daily press?

At the same time, out of his love for them—a poet as Dante was a poet—he must use his art, as Dante used his art, to please. He must measure, he must so disguise his lines, that his style appear prosaic (so that it shall not offend) to go in a cloud.

With this, if it be possible, the hidden sweetness of the poem may alone survive and one day rouse the sleeping world.

There cannot be any facile deception about it. The writing cannot be made to be “a kind of prose,” not prose with a dirty wash of a stale poem over it. It must not set out, as poets are taught or have a tendency to do, to deceive, to sneak over a poetic way of laying down phrases. It must be prose but prose among whose words the terror of their truth has been discovered.

Here the terror of the scene has been laid bare in subtle measures, the pages are warm with it. The scene they invoke is terrifying more so than Dante's pages, the poem is not suspect, the craft is flawless.

1952

## Introduction by William Carlos Williams to *Howl*

When he was younger, and I was younger, I used to know Allen Ginsberg, a young poet living in Paterson, New Jersey, where he, son of a well-known poet, had been born and grew up. He was physically slight of build and mentally much disturbed by the life which he had encountered about him during those first years after the first world war as it was exhibited to him in and about New York City. He was always on the point of 'going away', where it didn't seem to matter; he disturbed me, I never thought he'd live to grow up and write a book of poems. His ability to survive, travel, and go on writing astonishes me. That he has gone on developing and perfecting his art is no less amazing to me.

Now he turns up fifteen or twenty years later with an arresting poem. Literally he has, from all the evidence, been through hell. On the way he met a man named Carl Solomon with whom he shared among the teeth and excrement of this life something that cannot be described but in the words he has used to describe it. It is a howl of defeat. Not defeat at all for he has gone through defeat as if it were an ordinary experience, a trivial experience. Everyone in this life is defeated but a man, if he be a man, is not defeated.

It is the poet, Allen Ginsberg, who has gone, in his own body, through the horrifying experiences described from life in these pages. The wonder of the thing is not that he has survived but that he, from the very depths, has found a fellow whom he can love, a love he celebrates without looking aside in these poems. Say what you will, he proves to us, in spite of the most debasing experiences that life can offer a man, the spirit of love survives to ennoble our lives if we have the wit and the courage and the faith—and the art! to persist.

It is the belief in the art of poetry that has gone hand in hand with

this man into his Golgotha, from that charnel house, similar in every way, to that of the Jews in the past war. But this is in our own country, our own fondest purlieus. We are blind and live our blind lives out in blindness. Poets are damned but they are not blind, they see with the eyes of the angels. This poet sees through and all around the horrors he partakes of in the very intimate details of his poem. He avoids nothing but experiences it to the hilt. He contains it. Claims it as his own—and, we believe, laughs at it and has the time and affrontery to love a fellow of his choice and record that love in a well-made poem.

Hold back the edges of your gowns, Ladies, we are going through hell.  
1955

## Author's Cover Writ

### Hindsight for *Gates of Wrath*

*Gates of Wrath's* first sonnets, "Woe to Thee Manhattan," were inspired by first reading ms. of Kerouac's triumphant record of youth family *The Town and the City*. All poems hermetic "The Eye Altering" thru "A Western Ballad" refer to breakthru of visionary consciousness 1948 described elsewhere prosaically: early mind-manifesting flashes catalyzed by lonely despair I felt at sudden termination of erotic spiritual marriage mutually vowed by myself and Neal Cassady The "Earlier Poems," 1947, were love poems to N.C., though love's gender was kept closet. "Sweet Levinsky" (counterimage to Kerouac's tender caricature) thru "Pull My Daisy" were written Jack much in mind ear. "Pull My Daisy"'s form grew out of J.K.'s adaptation of "Smart Went Crazy" refrain: recombining images jazzier as

Pull my daisy,  
Tip my cup,  
All my doors are open—

from my more wooden verse.

Jack brought this verse into York Ave. coldwater flat—I remember his athletic pencil-dash'd handscript, notebooked. I replicated that form and Jack dubbed in more lines—about a third of the poem was his. One line "How's the Hicks?" was tossed to us as we walked into Cassady's midnite NY parkinglot 1949 asking Neal "What's the Hex, Who's the Hoax?"

"Sometime Jailhouse" poems to "Ode 24th Year" reflect early dope-type bust & subsequent hospital rehabilitation solitude-bench dolmen realms so characteristic of mental penology late 40s contemporary. The letter to W.C.W. enclosing poems was answered thus: "In this mode perfection is basic." The poems were imperfect. I responded by sending Williams several speedworthy notations that form the basis of book *Empty Mirror*, texts written roughly same years as these

imperfect lyrics.

*Gates of Wrath* ms. was carried to London by lady friend early fifties, it disappeared, and I had no complete copy till 1968 when old typescript was returned thru poet Bob Dylan—it passed into his hands years earlier. By coincidence, I returned to this rhymed mode with Dylan's encouragement as fitted for musical song. Tuned to lyric guitar, composing on harmonium, chant or improvising on rhythmic chords in electric studio, I began 'perfecting' use of this mode two decades after W.C.W.'s wise objection, dear reader, in same weeks signed below.

December 8, 1971

### Jacket for *Howl*

Allen Ginsberg born June 3, 1926, the son of Naomi Ginsberg, Russian émigré, and Louis Ginsberg, lyric poet and schoolteacher, in Paterson, N.J. High school in Paterson till 17, Columbia College, merchant marine, Texas and Denver, copyboy, Times Square, amigos in jail, dishwashing, book reviews, Mexico City, market research, Satori in Harlem, Yucatan and Chiapas 1954, West Coast 3 years. ... Carl Solomon, to whom *Howl* is addressed, is an intuitive Bronx dadaist and prose-poet.

1960

### Hindsight for *Kaddish*

In the midst of the broken consciousness of mid twentieth century suffering anguish of separation from my own body and its natural infinity of feeling its own self one with all self, I instinctively seeking to reconstitute that blissful union which I experienced so rarely I took it to be supernatural and gave it holy Name thus made hymn laments of longing and litanies of triumphancy of Self over the mind-illusion mechano-universe of un-feeling Time in which I saw my self my own mother and my very nation trapped desolate our worlds of consciousness homeless and at war except for the original trembling of bliss in breast and belly of every body that nakedness rejected in suits of fear that familiar defenseless living hurt self which is myself same as all others abandoned scared to own our unchanging desire for

each other. These poems almost un-conscious to confess the beatific human fact, the language intuitively chosen as in trance & dream, the rhythms rising on breath from belly thru breast, the hymn completed in tears, the movement of the physical poetry demanding and receiving decades of life while chanting Kaddish the names of Death in many mind-worlds the self seeking the Key to life found at last in our self.

August 28, 1963

Back Cover for *Reality Sandwiches*

“Wake-up nightmares in Lower East Side, musings in public library, across the U.S. in dream auto, drunk in old Havana, brooding in Mayan ruins, sex daydreams on the West Coast, airplane vision of Kansas, lonely in a leafy cottage, lunch hour in Berkeley, beery notations on Skid Row, slinking to Mexico, wrote this last nite in Paris, back on Times Square dreaming of Times Square, bombed in NY again, loony tunes in the dentist chair, screaming at old poets in South America, aethereal zigzag Poesy in blue hotel rooms in Peru—a wind-up book of dream notes, psalms, journal enigmas & nude minutes from 1953 to 1960 poems scattered in fugitive magazines here collected now book.”

1960

Back Cover for *Planet News*

*Planet News* collecting seven years' Poesy scribed to 1967 begins with electronic politics disassociation & messianic rhapsody *TV Baby* in New York, continues picaresque around the world globe, élan perceptions notated at Mediterranean, Galilee & Ganges till next breakthrough, comedown Poem heart & soul last days in Asia *The Change* 1963; tenement doldrums & police-state paranoia in Manhattan then half year behind Socialist Curtain climaxed as *Kral Majales* May King Prague 1965, same year's erotic gregariousness writ as *Who Be Kind To* for International Poetry Incarnation Albert Hall London; next trip West Coast U.S. & voyage back thru center America



midwest *Wichita Vortex Sutra* which is mind-collage & keystone section of progressively longer poem on “These States”—here Self sitting in its own meat throne invokes Harekrishna as preserver of human planet & challenges all other Powers usurping State Consciousness to recognize same Identity, thus ‘I here declare the End of the War.’ Back dwelling on East Coast local psyche notes, elegy for O’Hara dead friend poet & worship for all Gods; at last across Atlantic *Wales Visitation* promethian text recollected in emotion revised in tranquillity continuing tradition of ancient Nature Language mediates between psychedelic inspiration and humane ecology & integrates acid classic Unitive Vision with democratic eyeball particulars— book closes on politics to exorcise Pentagon phantoms who cover Earth with dung-colored gas.

May 26, 1968

### After Words for *The Fall of America*

Beginning with “long poem of these States,” *The Fall of America* continues *Planet News* chronicle taperecorded scribed by hand or sung condensed, the flux of car bus airplane dream consciousness Person during Automated Electronic War years, newspaper headline radio brain auto poesy & silent desk musings, headlights flashing on road through these States of consciousness. Texts here dedicated to Whitman Good Grey Poet complement elsewhere published *Wichita Vortex Sutra* and *Iron Horse*. The book enters Northwest border thence down California Coast Xmas 1965 and wanders East to include history epic in Kansas & Bayonne, mantra chanting in Cleveland smoke flats, Great Lake hotel room midnight soliloquies, defeatest prophetics Nebraskan, sociable kissass in Houston, sexist gay rhapsodies, elegy for love friend poet heroes threaded through American silver years, pacifist-voweled changes of self in robot city, wavecrash babbling & prayers airborne, reportage Presidentiad Chicago police-state teargas eye, car crash body consciousness, ecologue inventory over Atlantic seaboard’s iron Megalopolis & west desert’s smog-tinged Vast. Back home, Mannahatta’s garbaged loves survive, farm country without electricity falltime harvest’s the illegal Indochina bomb paranoia guilt. Guru Om meditation breaks through onto empty petrochemical wonderland, & so adieu to empty-lov’d America. Book returns to

Pacific flowered seashore with antibomb call, then across ocean great suffering starvation's visible, bony human *September on Jessoro Road* ends as mantric lamentation rhymed for vocal chant to western chords F minor B flat E flat B flat.

October 7, 1972

### Back Cover for *Mind Breaths*

Australian songsticks measure oldest known poetics, broken-leg meditations march thru Six Worlds singing Crazy Wisdom's hopeless suffering, the First Noble Truth, inspiring quiet Sung sunlit greybeard soliloquies, English moonlit night-gleams, ambitious mid-life fantasies, Ah crossed-legged thoughts sitting straight-spine paying attention to empty breath flowing round the globe; then Dharma elegy & sharp eyed haiku, pederast rhapsody, exorcism of mid-East battlegods, workaday sad dust glories. American ego confession & mugging downfall Lower East Side, hospital sickness moan, hydrogen Jukebox Prophecy, Sex come-all-ye, mountain cabin flashes, Buddhist country western chord changes, Rolling Thunder snow balls, a Jersey shaman dream, Father Death in a graveyard near Newark, Poe bones, two hot hearted love poems: Here chronicled mid-Seventies' half decade inward & outward Mindfulness in many Poetries: Aboriginal rhetoric, mouth-page free verse-forms, Whitmanic-miltonic periods, Chinese-american imagery, scholarly politics apostrophe, dirty blues & racy ballads rocknroll & airy numbers musicked with lead-sheets, 3 line sparks, objective tombstones, & in narrative high style Oratory a Blakean Punk Epic with nirvanic Rune music the *Contest of Bards*.

September 23, 1977

### Back Cover for *Plutonian Ode*

Title poem combines scientific info on 24,000-year cycle of the Great Year compared with equal half-life of Plutonium waste, accounting Homeric formula for appeasing underground millionaire Pluto Lord of Death, jack in the gnostic box of Aeons, and Adamantine Truth of ordinary mind inspiration, unhexing Nuclear ministry of fear.

Following poems chronologize Wyoming grass blues, a punk-rock sonnet, personal grave musing, Manhattan landscape hypertension, lovelorn heart thumps, mantric rhymes, Neruda's tearful Lincoln ode retranslated to U.S. vernacular oratory, Nagasaki Bomb anniversary haikus, Zen Bluegrass raunch, free verse demystification of sacred fame, Reznikoffian filial epiphanies, hot pants Skeltonic doggerel, a Kerouackian New Year's eve ditty, professorial homework, New Jersey quatrains, scarecrow haiku, improvised dice roll for high-school kids, English rock-and-roll sophistications, an old love glimpse, little German movies, old queen conclusions, a tender renaissance song, ode to hero-flop, Peace protest prophecies, Lower East Side snapshots, national flashes in the Buddhafields, Sapphic stanzas in quantitative idiom, look out the bedroom window, feverish birdbrain verses from Eastern Europe for chanting with electric bands, Beethovinean ear strophes drowned in rain, a glance at Cloud Castle, poems 1977–1980 end with International new wave hit lyric Capitol Air.

*September 28, 1981*

## **Index of Proper Names**

The pagination of this electronic edition does not match the edition from which it was created. To locate a specific passage, please use the search feature of your e-book reader.

Abe (Ginsberg), 664  
Abraham, 623  
Abraham, Israel (Irwin Allen), see Ginsberg, Allen  
Acheson, Dean, 492  
Acis, 72  
Adam, 335, 342, 361, 368, 559  
Adam Longhair, see Adam  
Adams, Sherman, 202, see n.  
Adonaeus, 710  
Adonais, 217, 615  
Adonis, 136  
Agnew, Spiro, 594, 614  
Ahab, Captain, 563  
Aiken, George D., 406, see n.  
Alan, see White, J. Alan  
Alexander the Great, 745  
Alexander, Holmes, 406  
Alice in Wonderland, 222  
Allah, 402, 404, 415, 622, 623, 624, 697  
Allen, see Ginsberg, Allen  
Altgeld, John P., 222, see n.  
Amitendranath Tagore, 607  
Amter, Israel, 155, see n.  
Anacreon, 369, 600  
Anderson, Senator, 386  
Andy (Warhol), 654  
Angelico, Beato, 236  
Ann, see Buchanan, Ann  
Anna (Ginsberg), 664

Anne (Murphy), 341  
Ansen, Alan, 106, 186  
Antinoüs, 236  
Antoinette, Marie, 556  
Apollinaire, Guillaume (William), 188, 528  
Apollinaire de Kostrowitsky, Guillaume, see Apollinaire, Guillaume  
Apollo, 34, 190, 602  
Arafat, Yasir, 623  
Ardinarishvara, 602, see n.  
Arhat, 98, see n.  
Artaud, Antonin, 177, 189  
Arthur, Gavin, 443, see n.  
Ashbery, John, 725  
Astapheus, 710  
Avalokitesvara, 316, 321, 324, see n.  
Avrum, Svul (Irwin Allen), see Ginsberg, Allen  
Ayatollah, 753

Babaji, 561  
Bach, Johann Sebastian, 159, 360  
Baez, Joan, 381, 507  
Baghavan Sri Ramana Maharshi, 461  
Baldwin, Hanson, 498, 499, 500  
Balabanoff, Angelica, 288, see n.  
Balzac, Honoré de, 185  
Bara, Theda, 385  
Barbara (Rubin), 537  
Bartleby, 78  
Baruch, Bernard, 285  
Batman, 475, 481  
Baudelaire, Charles, 74, 81, 276  
Baudouin, King, 478  
Beach Boys, The, 476, 527  
Beatles, The, 379, 382, 387, 527, 552  
Beaverbrook, Lord, 179  
Beckett, Samuel, 353  
Beethoven, Ludwig van, 745, 748, 749

Ben-Gurion, David, 623  
Bhaktivedanta Swami, 518, 600, 610, see n.  
Bill, see Burroughs, William S.  
Bimbisara, 306  
Black, Phil, 185  
Blake, William, 14, 146, 172, 196, 212, 246, 305, 309, 355, 362, 415, 434, 474, 550, 561, 600, 603, 610, 631, 685  
Blitzer, Sylvia, 725  
Blok, Alexander, 177  
Bloor, Mother (Ella Reeve), 155, see n.  
Blow, Joe, see Ginsberg, Allen  
Bly, Robert, 532  
Bodhidharma, 475, see n.  
Boehme, Jakob, 550  
Boito, Arrigo, 236  
Bond, Julian, 666  
Borah, Senator, 224  
Bozzo, Joe, 601, see n.  
Bradley, 386  
Brahma, 548, 602  
Brakefield, Private, 546  
Branaman, 396  
Bremont, Famille, 190  
Bremser, Ray, 269, 290, 552, see n.  
Breton, André, 189  
Breughel, Pieter, 276, 356, see n.  
Bronte, Emily, 192  
Browder, Earl, 298  
Brownstein, Michael, 707  
Bryan, William Jennings, 405, see n.  
Buba, see Ginsberg, Rebecca (grandmother)  
Buber, Martin, 297  
Buchanan, Ann, 341, 396  
Budd, Billy, 537  
Budd, Dan, 164  
Budda, see Buddha  
Buddha, 132, 138, 171, 183, 189, 198, 250, 252, 290, 306, 314, 318, 320, 322, 324, 381, 438, 475, 530, 601, 604, 622, 623, 625, 653, 669, 671, 683, 697, 728, 747  
Bunker, Ambassador, 581

Burchfield, Charles, 421, see n.  
Burns, Stony, 637, 639, see n.  
Burroughs, Joan, 132, 157, 185  
Burroughs, William S., 122, 132, 142, 154, 157, 213, 262, 269, 285,  
423, 424, 433, 605

Cal, see Lowell, Robert  
Calloway, Cab, 100, see n.  
Campion, 600  
Cannastra, William, 65, 429, see n.  
Canyon, Steve, 485  
Carl, see Solomon, Carl  
Carlos, 621  
Carolyn (Cassady), 447  
Carpenter, Don, 378, 443  
Carpenter, Edward, 442, 443, 445, 446, see n.  
Carroll, Paul, 281, see n.  
Carter, Jimmy, 753  
Cassady, Neal, 33, 136, 142, 164, 186, 187, 341, 375, 385, 447, 495,  
496, 498, 499, 500, 505, 513, 518, 519, 537, 542, 546, 554, 560, 566,  
597, 607  
Castro, Fidel, 273, 283, 331, 699, 752  
Catullo, see Catullus  
Catullus, 131, 553  
Caty, Major, 425  
Ceasar, 362, 590  
Céline, Louis-Ferdinand, 213  
Cendrars, Blaise, 189  
Cerberus, 296  
Ceres, 371  
Cézanne, Paul, 61, 361  
Chaitanya, 415, see n.  
Chaliapin, 218  
Chaney, 555, see n.  
Chango, 280, 362, 415, 475, see n.  
Chaplin, Charlie, 218, 284, 385  
Charles, Ray, 217, 382, 458  
Charon, 144, 697

Chavez, Cesar E., 665  
Cherry, Don, 577  
Chessman, Caryl, 285, see n.  
Chiang Kai Shek, 385, 411  
Chopin, Frédéric, 358  
Chou En Lai, 385  
Christopher (MacLaine), 341  
Chronos, 357  
Churchill, Winston, 423  
Citaram Onkar Das Thakur, 315, 414, see n.  
Claire (Gaidemack), 193  
Clark, Joseph S., 410, see n.  
Cleaver, Eldridge, 507, 552  
Cocteau, Jean, 189  
Colbert, Claudette, 289  
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 211  
Colorado (pseud.), 189  
Columbus, 101  
Connie, 269  
Connors, Bruce, 396  
Cornifici, see Cornificus  
Cornificus, 131  
Corso, Gregory, 75, 157, 171, 203, 237, 253  
Costello, Frank, 643  
Cousteau, J., see Cousteau, Jacques  
Cousteau, Jacques, 697  
Cowan, Elise, 269, 279, 341  
Coyote, 475, see n.  
Crane, Hart, 175, 176, 177, 425, 433, 437, 441, 444, 460, 484, see n.  
Crapp (pseud.), 224  
Creeley, Robert, 322, 541, 600, 671  
Crevel, René, 354, see n.  
Cronkite, Walter, 535  
Crosby, Bing, 697  
Crown, Henry, 455, see n.  
Cummings, E. E., 444, see n.  
Curtis, Dal, 485



D., see Dostoyevsky, Fyodor  
D—(anon.), 441  
Dalai Lama, 385  
Daley, Mayor Richard, 593  
Dali, Salvador, 429  
Dante, 605, 685  
David, 341  
David (anon.), 232  
Davis, Sammy, 728  
Dayan, Moshe, 623  
Dean, James (Jimmy), 299, 605, 697  
Debs, Eugene, 222, 224, see n.  
De Gaulle, Charles, 492  
Demeter, 710, see n.  
Dehorahava Baba, 414, 561, see n.  
de Kock, Paul, 81  
Denby, Edwin, 466, see n.  
de Sade, 285  
Dickens, Charles, 211  
Dickinson, Emily, 219  
Diem, 319  
Dietrich, Marlene, 62  
Dillinger, John, 455, see n.  
Dimwit, Denny, 277  
Dirksen, Everett, 420  
Disney, Walt, 315, 485, 697  
Donald Duck, 665  
Dostoievski, see Dostoyevsky, Fyodor  
Dostoyevsky, Fyodor, 40  
Dove, 410  
Dracula, Count, 722  
Dressler, Marie, 218  
Drum H., see Hadley, Drummond  
Duchamp, Marcel, 345  
Dudjom, 717, see n.  
Dulles, Allen, 283, 411  
Dulles, John F., 273, 409, 411, 492, see n.  
Duncan, Isadora, 697  
du Peru, Peter, 282  
Durante, Jimmy, 284, 433

Durga-Ma, 415, see n.  
Durgin, Russell, 106  
Dusty, see Dostoyevsky, Fyodor  
Dusty, see Moreland, Dusty  
Dylan, Bob, 377, 380, 398, 417, 507, 550

Earl, 311, 312  
Eberhart, Richard, 667  
Ed (Sanders), 355, see n.  
Eddy, Nelson, 318, 390  
Edie, see Leegant, Edie  
Eichmann, Adolf, 325  
Eisenhower, Dwight D., 188, 194, 203, 285, 286, 319, 320, 406, 409, 462, 697  
Einstein, Albert, 171, 175, 368, 574, 595, 697, 707, 710, 726, 750  
Elanor, Aunt, see Frohman, Elanor  
Eliot, T. S., 213, 276  
Elise, see Cowan, Elise  
Ella Mae, 421  
Ellsberg, Daniel, 707, see n.  
Englebert (Humperdinck), 728  
Enkidu, 280, see n.  
Ephraim, Uncle, 224  
Eros, 602  
Eugene, see Ginsberg, Eugene  
Evans, Walker, 421, see n.  
Eve, 342  
Evers, Medgar, 387

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, 341, 385  
Fields, W. C., 211, 386  
Fitzpatrick, Jim, 498, 499  
Fitzgerald, F Scott, 545  
Flynn, Errol, 562  
Ford, Henry, 155  
Forrestal, James V., 273, see n.

Franco, Francisco, 175, 229  
Frank, see O'Hara, Frank  
Frankenstein, 523, 697, 698  
Frohman, Elanor, 218, 219, 222, 226, 228, 229, 230, 231, 234  
Frohman, Max, 218, 219, 229, 230, 231  
Fugs, The, 434  
Fulbright, James William, 455, 457, 459, see n.  
Fyodor, see Dostoyevsky, Fyodor

Gaidemack, Aunt Rose, 192, 193, 224, 659, 664  
Galatea, 72  
Gallup, Dick, 707  
Gandhi, 301  
Ganga-Ma, 305, see n.  
Ganipatti, 602, 666, see n.  
Ganymede, 357, 611, 723  
Garbo, Greta, 231  
García Lorca, Federico, 144, 175, see n.  
Garden, Mary, 478, 479  
Garuda, 320, see n.  
Garver, Bill, 196  
Gary S., see Snyder, Gary  
Gavin, General, 410  
Gene, see Ginsberg, Eugene  
Genet, Jean, 176, 188, 285  
George, see Harrison, George  
Gerard, 537  
Gide, André, 189  
Ginsberg, Allen, 33, 69, 116, 131, 142, 150, 157, 229, 231, 232, 236, 239, 253, 264, 313, 334, 346, 561, 566, 605, 667, 697, 707, 725  
Ginsberg, Eugene, 219, 223, 224, 225, 228, 229, 230, 232  
Ginsberg, Louis, 218, 221, 222, 223, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 331, 600, 601, 699, 718  
Ginsberg, Naomi, 217, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 236, 321, 429, 601, 697, 699  
Ginsberg, Rebecca (Grandmother), 220, 221, 230, 232  
Glen, 341  
Godunov, Boris, 218

Gold, Theodore, 546, see n.  
Goldfinger (anon.), 173  
Goliath, 475  
Goodman, 555, see n.  
Gordon, 537  
Gorgeous George, 126  
Gould, Joe, 433  
Grady, Madame (Panna), 432, see n.  
Gregory, see Corso, Gregory  
G. S., see Snyder, Gary  
Guevara, Che, 273, 491, 492  
Guillaume, see Apollinaire, Guillaume  
Gyalwa Karmapa, see Karmapa, Gyalwa

Hadley, Drummond, 530, see n.  
Haines, Harry, 601, see n.  
Hal (Chase), 157, 540, see n.  
Hampton, Fred, 546, see n.  
Handel, Georg Fredrich, 384  
Hannah (pseud.), 229  
Hardy, Thomas, 31  
Harris, Dave, 507  
Harrison, George, 373  
Harry (Fainlight), 367, see n.  
Harry, Uncle, see Meltzer, Harry  
Harry T., see Truman, Harry  
Hart, Professor, 151  
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 124, 224  
Hearst, William Randolph, 229, 280, 285, 298  
Heck, Mike, 543  
Helms, Richard, 699, see n.  
Hemingway, Ernest, 76  
Hereford, Lord, 490  
Hermit, Ed, 552  
Hermon, Dr., 534  
Herod, 754  
Hesiod, 553, 560  
Heykal, 623

Hitler, Adolf, 192, 193, 221, 226, 229, 233, 234, 281, 289, 318, 623, 727, 749  
Ho Chi Minh, 385, 406, 451  
Hoffman, Abbie, 613  
Hoffman, John, 269  
Hohnsbean, John, 106  
Holiday, Billie, 467  
Holland, John P., 305, see n.  
Holmes, John Clellon, 541, 542, see n.  
Homer, 385  
Honey (Litzky), Aunt, 192  
Honig, Harry, 269  
Hoover, J. Edgar, 176, 287, 288, 422, 543, 559, 564, 643  
Hope, Bob, 284, 665  
Horace, 106  
Ho-Tei, 484  
Howard, John, 528  
Howard, Leslie, 393  
H. P. (pseud.), 149  
Hubert (Leslie, "Hube the Cube"), 341  
Humphrey, Hubert, 408, 593  
Huncke, Herbert E., 132, 142, 157, 184, 447, see n.  
Huntley, Chet, 392

Iao, 710  
Ialdabaoth, 710  
Ike, see Eisenhower, Dwight D.  
Indra, 602, see n.  
Iris (Brodey), 269  
Iroquois (pseud.), 185  
Isaac, Dr., see Louria, Dr. Leon  
Isaiah, 485

Jack, 558  
Jack, see Kerouac, Jack  
Jack (pseud.), 657

Jackson, George, 605  
Jackson, Jumping Joe, 382  
Jackson, Natalie, 269, 342  
Jacquet, Illinois, 496  
Jacob, Max, 189, 190  
Jaime, 341  
Jaweh, 415, 622, 623, 624  
J.C. (Jesus Christ), 528  
Jean-Paul, Pope, 717  
J. Edgar, see Hoover, J. Edgar  
J. E. Hoover, see Hoover, J. Edgar  
Jehova, see Jehovah  
Jehovah, 139, 710  
Jenny (pseud.), 540  
Jimmy (Gutierrez), 537  
Joan, see Burroughs, Joan  
Job, 475  
Joe, 161  
Joey, see Kerouac  
John, Pope, 324  
Johnson, Lyndon Baines, 385, 391, 406, 408, 422, 451, 452, 459, 471, 492, 498, 637  
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 447  
Jones, Elvin, 577  
Jones, Leroi, 318, 341, 499, 507, see n.  
Jordan (Belson), 341  
Jordan, Louis, 496  
Jose (anon.), 342  
Joseph, Chief, 377, 797  
Joseph K., see Kafka, Franz Joseph  
Jove, 611  
J. P. (anon.), 543  
Jude, 78  
Judy, 341  
Julius, see Orlovsky, Julius  
Jupiter, 602, 611  
Justin, 341

Kabir, 361, 528, 561, see n.  
Kafka, Franz Joseph, 361  
Kali, 298, 475, 527  
Kali Ma, 303, 354, see n.  
Kali Pada Guha Roy, 414, see n.  
Kalki, 357, see n.  
Kandinsky, Professor, 183  
Kangaroo, Captain, 411  
Karloff, Boris, 697  
Karmapa, Gyalwa, 478, 602, 631, see n.  
Keaton, Buster, 352, 353, 437  
Keats, John, 211, 261  
Keck, William, 106  
Kenji Myazawa, 627, see n.  
Kennedy, John F., 341, 347, 479, 492, 605, 643, 722, 728, 752  
Kennedy, Robert, 416, 451, see n.  
Kenney, 132, 423, see n.  
Kenyatta, Jomo, 326  
Kerouac, Jack, 13, 32, 33, 131, 132, 142, 146, 147, 157, 164, 182, 199, 251, 269, 275, 285, 305, 318, 322, 343, 353, 360, 433, 458, 459, 497, 499, 518, 539, 540, 541, 542, 545, 548, 553, 560, 573, 607, 625, 697, 699  
Kesey, Ken, 382, 420, 496  
Khaki Baba, 414, see n.  
Khrushchev, Nikita, 277, 299, 385, 754  
Kierkegaard, Soren, 402  
King, Bill, 157, 186  
King, Martin Luther, 436, 546, 605, 722  
King, M. L., see King, Martin Luther  
Kingsland, 106  
Kinks, The, 390  
Kissinger, Henry, 623, 638, 639, 644, 699, 736  
Kline, Franz, 465, see n.  
Koch, Edward, 665  
Koch, Kenneth, 739  
Kosygin, Alexi, 385, 492  
Krishna, 320, 362, 415, 475, 521, 522, 528, 536, 559, 600, 602  
Krishnamurti, 605  
Kuan Yin, 475, see n.  
Ky, General Nyugen, 451

Lafcadio, see Orlovsky, Lafcadio  
Lama Anikgarika Govinda, 600  
Lamantia, Philip, 324  
Lance, 341  
Lansky, Meyer, 623, see n.  
Lao-Tze, 176, 475  
Larry, see Ferlinghetti, Lawrence  
LaSalle, Governor Melvin, 498  
Laurel and Hardy, 385  
LaVigne, Robert, 342  
Leary, Timothy, 275, 319, 507, 552, 553, 558, 559, 560, 562, 600, 613, 633, see n.  
Leegant, Edie, 228, 229, 230  
Lennon, John, 373, 422, 754  
Leroi, see Jones, Leroi  
Leroi (pseud.), 185  
Levinsky, 27, see n.  
Levy, D. A., 437  
Lewis, Fulton, 286  
Lewis, Sam, 447, see n.  
Lewis and Clark, 377  
Liang Kai, 10  
Liliuo Kalani, Queen, 697  
Lilly, Eli, 420  
Lincoln, Abraham, 192, 195, 704  
Lindbergh, Charles, 697  
Lindsay, Vachel, 176, 177, 191, 405  
Lippmann, Walter, 447, see n.  
Little, Frank H., 158, see n.  
Lizzie (anon.), 186  
Lodge, Henry Cabot, 387  
Lombardo, Guy, 722  
Lorca, see García Lorca  
Lou, see Ginsberg, Louis  
Louis, see Ginsberg, Louis  
Louria, Dr. Leon, 226, 447, see n.  
Lowell, Robert, 275, 280  
Loy, Myrna, 280, 385



Lubovitcher Rebbe, 385, 622  
Luciano, Lucky, 643, 747, see n.  
Lucien (Carr), 142  
Lucille, 341  
Lumumba, Patrice, 299

MacArthur, Douglas, 697  
MacDonald, Jeanette, 280, 318, 445  
MacNamara, Robert S., 385, 406, see n.  
Maheu, Robert, 728, see n.  
Mahler, Dr., 669  
Maitreya, 357, 600, see n.  
Mansfield, Jayne, 605  
Mansfield, Mike, 384, 476  
Manson, Charles, 563  
Mao-Mao, see Mao Tze Tung  
Mao Tze Tung, 324, 385, 475, 484, 486, 528, 550  
Maretta (Greer), 537  
Marko, 341  
Marpa, 602, see n.  
Martinelli, Sheri, 458  
Marx, Chico, 152  
Marx, Groucho, 697  
Marx, Harpo, 211, 385  
Marx, Karl, 154  
Mary, 297, 475, 539, 697  
Mary (pseud.), 69  
Max, see Frohman, Max  
Max (Levy), Uncle, 154, 228, 390  
Mayakovsky, Vladimir, 175, 176, 180, 190, 472, 745, see n.  
McCarthy, Eugene, 594  
McCarthy, Joe, 269  
McCartney, Paul, 373, 422  
McClure, Michael, 396, 414, see n.  
McFate, Judge Yale, 273, see n.  
McGovern, George, 590, 594  
McGuire, Barry, 398  
McLuhan, Marshall, 526

McNeil, Don, 499  
Meany, George, 593  
Meeropol, Michael and Robert, 665  
Meir, Golda, 623  
Melville, Herman, 402  
Meltzer, Harry, 193, 664  
Meyer, Cord, 597, see n.  
Michaelson, Dr., 399  
Mickey Mouse, 199, 697  
Mila, see Mila-Repa  
Mila-Repa, 378, 602, see n.  
Miller, Henry, 285, 353  
Miller, Pat, 543  
Milton, John, 172, 610  
Minerva, 194, 475  
Mira Bai, 528  
Mohammed, 171, 623  
Moloch, 139, 140, 610, see n.  
Monet, Claude, 642, 745  
Monk, Thelonius, 298  
Mooney, Tom, 155, see n.  
Moore, Brian, 617  
Moore, Henry, 500  
Moreland, Dusty, 106, 429  
Morgan, J. P., 354  
Morgan, M.D., Rex, 485  
Morphy (pseud.), 157, 184, 423, see n.  
Morse, Wayne, 410, see n.  
Mosca, 224  
Moses, 622, 697  
Mossadegh, 753  
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus, 280  
Murchison, Clint, 273, 397, see n.  
Mussolini, 223, 229, 698  
Myron, 605

Naomi, see Ginsberg, Naomi  
Napoleon, 697, 748, 749

Nasser, 623  
Natalie, see Jackson, Natalie  
Nation, Carry, 418, see n.  
Nazimova, Alla, 697  
N.C., see Cassady, Neal  
Neal, see Cassady, Neal  
Nearing, Scott, 155, see n.  
Nemmie (Frost), 341  
Neruda, Pablo, 704  
Nick, 564  
Nirmanakaya, 600  
Nityananda, 561, see n.  
Nixon, Richard M., 527, 537, 549, 550, 558, 559, 590, 594, 599, 614, 623, 637, 644  
Norman, Dorothy, 276  
Norris, Frank, 493

O'Hara, Frank, 209, 465  
Olson, Charles, 323, 560  
Orlovsky, Lafcadio, 278, 280, 356, see n.  
Orlovsky, Julius, 345, 394, 458, 478, see n.  
Orlovsky, Peter, 142, 153, 188, 232, 253, 260, 282, 301, 305, 312, 342, 380, 383, 386, 399, 448, 457, 461, 464, 465, 466, 480, 495, 496, 518, 535, 537, 541, 559, 600, 611, 614, 665, 699, 718  
Orwell, George, 605  
Oswald, Lee Harvey, 347, 479, 637  
Ouroboros, 475

Padmasambhava, 600, 602, 605, 717, see n.  
Paley, William S., 723  
Pantonucci, Mr., 665  
Parcae, 65, 222, see n.  
Parker, Helen, 106  
Parvati, 475  
Patterson, Roy, 666  
Paul, 537

Paul, see McCartney, Paul  
Paul R—, 330  
Péret, Benjamin, 354, see n.  
Persephone, 710  
Peter, see Orlovsky, Peter  
Peter O., see Orlovsky, Peter  
Peter, St., 297  
Phaëthon, 46  
Piaf, Edith, 160  
Picasso, Pablo, 189, 190  
Plotinus, 135  
Plato, 183, 353  
Plymell, Charlie, 396, 421, see n.  
Poe, Edgar Allan, 135, 176, 222, 228, 276, 298, 474, 522, 523, 672  
Pound, Ezra, 177, 325, 408, 494, 601, 632  
Presley, Elvis, 697  
Prospero, 745  
Purvis, Melvin, 455  
Pushkin, 309

R—, 222  
Ra, 378  
Radha, 602, see n.  
Radiguet, Raymond, 189  
Rainey, Ma, 235  
Ram, 303, 362, 602  
Ramana Maharshi, 463  
Ramakrishna, 301, 475  
Raquel (Jodorofsky), 262  
Ranger, Lone, 237  
Rasputin, 423  
Read, Herbert, 466  
Reagan, Ronald, 446, 746, 753  
Rebecca, see Ginsberg, Rebecca  
Redford, Robert, 666  
Rembrandt, 224, 479  
Rexroth, Kenneth, 160  
Reznikoff, 740

Rigaut, Jacques, 189  
Rilke, Rainer Maria, 309  
Rimbaud, Jean Arthur, 211, 423, 509, 518, 540, 625  
Ringo, see Starr, Ringo  
Rivers, Larry, 744  
Robbins, Jonathan, 673  
Robert, see LaVigne, Robert  
Robertson (pseud.), 657  
Robespierre, 556  
Rochester, John Wilmot, 285, see n.  
Rockefeller, David, 393, 491, 698, 700  
Rockefeller, Nelson, 347, 613, 637, 638, 644, 698, 699, 700  
Rogers, Buck, 194, 697  
Rolling Stones, 382, 604  
Romero, Bishop, 753  
Romney, George, 499  
Roosevelt, Franklin D., 221, 226, 298, 562, 728, 746  
Roosevelt, Kermit, 753  
Roosevelt, Theodore, 177  
Rosario, 705  
Rose, Aunt, see Gaidemack, Aunt Rose  
Rose, Billy, 433  
Rose in Thrall, Irving (Irving Rosenthal), 281, see n.  
Rose (Savage), 226  
Rosebud (Filieu), 537  
Roselle, see Cowan, Elise  
Rosenberg, Julius and Ethel, 286, 299, 605, 665  
Rousseau, Henri, 189, 509  
Rubin, Jerry, 507  
Ruby, Jack, 347, 478, 479  
Rusk, Dean, 385, 407, 492  
Russell, Bertrand, 175  
Ruth, 232

Sabaot, 710  
Sacco, Nicola, 155, 176, 222, 605, see n.  
Sadat, Anwar, 623  
St. Germain, 190

St. John of the Cross, 135  
St. John Perse, 289  
Sainte-Marie, Buffy, 398  
Sakajawea, 526  
Sakyamuni, 98, 600, see n.  
Sam, 161  
Sam, Uncle, 192, 225, 287, 299  
Samedi, Dr., 600, see n.  
Sampas, Sebastian, 360, see n.  
Sandburg, Carl, 222  
Santa Claus, 198  
Saraswati, 602  
Satan, 198  
Satyananda, 414, see n.  
Schacter, Zalmon, 622  
Scholem, Gershom, 297  
Schwerner, 555, see n.  
Scottsboro boys, 155, see n.  
Seaborg, Doctor, 710  
Seale, Bobby, 563  
sGam.po.pa, 602, see n.  
Shah, 753  
Shakespeare, William, 76, 309, 395, 605, 625, 697  
Shambu Bharti Baba, 414, see n.  
Shankar, 304, see n.  
Shapiro, David, 725  
Sheila, 269  
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 172, 211, 369, 523, 625  
Shields, Karena, 105  
Siegel, Bugsy, 728, see n.  
Shiva, 316, 380, 475, 602, 618  
Shivaye, see Shiva  
Sigmund III, 358  
Sihanouk, Norodom, 319  
Silverman, Hersh, 285  
Sinatra, Frank, 203, 379, 476, 728  
Sinatra, Nancy, 476  
Sinclair, John, 552, 559, see n.  
Sirhan, Sirhan, 527, 528  
Smith, Al, 433

Smith, Harry, 275, 565, see n.  
Smith, Mr., 68  
Snowflower, Princess, 485  
Snow White, 389  
Snyder, Gary, 158, 197, 199, 306, 322, 377, 530, 545, 617, 628, 742,  
see n.  
Socrates, 605  
Solomon, 297  
Solomon, Carl, 76, 134, 138, 140, 142  
Sophia, 601, 710  
Sophocles, 697  
Spade, 161  
Spellman, Cardinal, 284  
Spengler, Oswald, 605  
Spinoza, 171  
Sri Chinmoi, 666  
Sri Ganesahaya, see Ganapatti  
Srimata Krishnaji, 415, see n.  
Sri Ramakrishna, 415  
Staggerflup, C. O., 485  
Stalin, Josef, 623, 752  
Starr, Ringo, 373  
Stein, Gertrude, 298, 355, 474  
Steinbeck, John, 451, 452  
Stennis, John C, 392, 406, 410, see n.  
Steven, 537  
Stevens, Wallace, 194  
Stevenson, Adlai, 299  
Stravinsky, Igor, 385  
Sukarno, 392  
Superman, 475  
Surabaya Johnnie, 325  
Surya, 602, see n.  
Su Tung-p'o, 607  
Swami Bhaktivedanta, see Bhaktivedanta Swami  
Swami Shivananda, 353, 414, see n.  
Symington, 410, see n.

Tamburlane, 192  
Tara, 601, 611, see n.  
Tathagata, 415, see n.  
Taylor, Cecil, 631  
Taylor, Maxwell, 397, 407, 410  
Temple, Shirley, 385  
Tennessee (Williams), 654  
Thakur, Das, see Citaram Onkar Das Thakur  
Thakur, Dr., 666  
Thant, U, 476  
Thatcher, Margaret, 729  
Thespis, 371  
Thomas, Norman, 222, 727  
Thoreau, Henry David, 394, 448  
Tom (Pickard), 368  
Trafficante, Santos, 728  
Trotsky, Leon, 224, 234  
Trotskyites, 154  
Truman, Harry, 421, 492  
Trungpa, Chögyam, 591, 600, 602, 699, see n.  
Trungpaye, see Trungpa, Chögyam  
Tulku Tarthang, 530  
Turner, George E., 450  
Tzara, Tristan, 189

Vaché, Jacques, 189  
Van Gogh, Vincent, 175, 177, 189, 229  
Vanzetti, Bartolomeo, 155, 176, 222, 605, see n.  
Veitch, Tom, 601, see n.  
Veronica, 485  
Versilov, 72, see n.  
Vico, Giambattista, 605  
Vinal, Harold, 444, see n.  
Virgil, 553, 685  
Vishnu, 324  
Voznesensky, Andrei, 588, 589



Wagner, 276, 281  
Waldman, Anne, 658  
Walker, Jimmy, 433  
Wallace, George, 594  
Walt, see Whitman, Walt  
Walter, see Whitman  
Walter (Curanosy), 262  
Washington, George, 194, 298, 421  
Watts, Alan, 620  
Wayne, John, 543  
W. C. Williams, see Williams, William Carlos  
Weizmann, 623  
West, Nathanael, 390  
Westmoreland, 491  
Whalen, Philip, 232, 257, 553, 600, see n.  
White, Ambassador, 753  
White, J. Alan, 341, 396  
Whitman, Walt, 118, 123, 144, 164, 172, 175, 189, 211, 402, 443, 460, 638, 710, 713, 740, 745  
William, see Burroughs, William S.  
Williams, Godfather, 601  
Williams, Hank, 527  
Williams, William Carlos, 213, 237, 305, 640  
Winslow, Don, 553  
Wisdom, Ignaz (pseud.), 182  
Woodford, Jack, 81  
Woodpecker, Woody, 198  
W. S. B., see Burroughs, William S.

X, Malcolm, 590, 605  
Xerxes, 697  
Xochopili, 746, see n.

Yamantaka, 335  
Yeats, William Butler, 351

Yevtushenko, Yevgeny, 451, see n.

Zarathustra, 475

Zeus, 389, 475, 602, 611

Zhdanov, Andrei Aleksandrovich, 224, see n.

Zwingli, 605

## WHITE SHROUD POEMS 1980–1985



*“Old lovers yet may have  
All that Time denied—  
Grave is heaped on grave,  
That they be satisfied—”*

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To  
Edith Ginsberg

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## Porch Scribbles

Balmy, hotter outside than in the living room—  
    Wind rustles the rattlesnake reeds.  
Didja see the Perseus star shower last night?

\* \* \*

Bright on Flatirons, sunshine gleams  
    on clouds, on brown shake shingles,  
        tree limbs rock,  
So bright on the car roof, I gotta sleep—

\* \* \*

I want that brick house on Mapleton,  
it's for sale "Moore Real Estate"—  
    But price too high,  
I'm too drowsy to go to the telephone.

\* \* \*

Clouds float up from the end of the world—  
    Have we enough room for population explosion?  
Call up Gary, let's find out what he thinks.

*July 11, 1980*

That tree stands higher than a house  
    like a dog with hair drooping over its mouth—  
green long beanpods hang from its branches

\* \* \*

It's a whale that big gray-bottom cloud floating

over the Flatirons, it's a mushroom, a shipcastle, a  
mountain with sunshine and Coasts—  
It's a pile of mist.

\* \* \*

Look up, clouds in the sky,  
suddenly their shadows fall where Mrs. Hurst  
on Mapleton Street sprays her front lawn.

\* \* \*

Midsummer, green leaves thick on maples  
The front yard, white flowers—  
Cause it's just so beautiful now!  
How sad, to be alive watching the season at its height—

\* \* \*

Spray the lawn, it's too hot—  
Street children call, car radios play muted disco  
Gray clouds umbrella brilliant sun  
I used to be young once, bewildered  
like that barechested little  
girl across the street.

\* \* \*

Where I sit, leg over my knee  
listening to the whippoorwill call of a distant ambulance,  
the thin tree's little leaves startle and jump,  
raindrops fall thicker & the smell of ozone  
wafts across the porch.

\* \* \*

Everyone loves the rain, except those caught in their  
business suits,  
birds whistle, tree leaves shake excited, electric smells  
rise across the City to the watchers on the balcony—



August 2, 1980

Did the Ecologist chop his girl with an ax in Philadelphia  
& hide her corpse a year in the trunk?  
What does that red-haired boy half-naked on the sidewalk  
with his Frisbee think of that?

Boulder, August 3, 1980

## Industrial Waves

Tune: *Capitol Air*

The New Right's a creepy pre-Fascist fad  
Salute the flag & call on Mom & Dad  
Shit on the niggers it's their fault they were slaves  
In a free market you can get rich filling graves.

Freedom for the rich to suck off the Work of the Poor  
Freedom for Monopoly to corner the market in horse manure  
Freedom for the secret police and guys with guns  
Freedom for bully buys! Death to the Radical Nuns!

Freedom to buy Judges! Freedom for organized crime!  
Freedom for the Military! "I got mine."  
Hundred millions free to starve, isn't that great?  
Freedom for the Neutron bomb to radiate!

Freedom for War! Fight for Peace! Whoopee!  
"Government off our backs"—except the Military!  
Freedom for Narcs to put junkies in jail!  
Freedom to punish sick addicts, all hail!

Freedom to bust you for grass if you please  
Freedom to beat you up when you're down on your knees  
Freedom for Capital Punishment, without fail!  
Freedom to wiretap your phone & open up your mail.

Freedom for Cosa Nostra's pornography  
Freedom to ban your verse in the high school library  
Freedom to stop deaf widows' food stamps  
Freedom to draft-register everyone wearing pants.

Free computerized National Police!  
Everybody got identity cards? At Ease!  
Freedom for Big Business to eat up the sea  
Freedom for Exxon to examine your pee!

Freedom of the air for William Buckley  
Freedom for Mobil to buy up TV  
Freedom to influence Network News  
Freedom for money to make you wear shoes.

Freedom to fink out Nicaraguan liberty  
Freedom to shove them into Soviet economy!  
Freedom for Costa Rica to eat our military scenes  
Freedom in Honduras for Contras & Marines!

Freedom for Indonesia to murder half million  
Freedom for South Africa to stabilize the Bullion  
Freedom for South Africa to slave her Blacks  
Freedom for Korea's corrupt party hacks.

Freedom for America to kick plenty Ass  
Allende Lumumba yass yass yass!  
Freedom for Martin Luther King it's a gas  
Freedom to forget our bloody Indochinese past!

Freedom to be Macho to be Number One  
Freedom to boast the heaviest nuclear gun!  
Freedom to kill for KKK  
If you got a White Jury you might get away.

Freedom to work if you don't Unionize  
Freedom to listen to Presidential lies  
Freedom to have your name in Secret Service file  
Freedom to run with the Mob for a while.

Freedom from government regulation!  
Freedom to not be allowed an abortion!  
Freedom for old folks to enjoy inflation  
Freedom to destabilize the Chilean Nation!

Freedom to abandon Latin Human Rights  
To deport John Lennon for his Political delights  
Freedom to ban Genius entering the Land  
& slap Nobel Prize novelists on the hand.

Freedom for overt Covert War sleaze  
Freedom for Death Squads to chop off your knees  
Freedom to put pederasts in Prison  
Freedom to stop Fairies from eating Gyzym.

Freedom to assemble & get gassed or shot  
Freedom to not be allowed to smoke pot  
Freedom to drink till you got the DT's  
Freedom to never take LSD.

Freedom to smoke & have your Utah Cancer  
Freedom to shake down a bottomless Dancer  
Freedom to be forbidden Peyote Vision  
Freedom to censor *Howl on* Television.

Freedom to farm if you're a big bank  
Freedom to go bankrupt or land in the tank  
If you're a small farmer who grows a little grass  
Freedom to be arrested & kicked in the ass.

Freedom to cut down world's oldest trees  
Freedom to make Indians get down on their knees  
And pray to your God and obey your FBI  
And freedom to protest if you're not too scared to die.

Freedom to persecute the Underground Press  
& Murder Malcolm X if that's what you think's best  
Freedom to Assassinate, & never go to jail  
If the CIA Protects you, and they hardly ever fail.

Freedom to squirt Mace in a little boy's face  
If you're on the TAC Squad & you don't like his race  
Freedom to shoot him if he makes you nervous  
And he's 12 years old and you've just joined the service.

Freedom to bribe Japan if you're Lockheed  
You won't go to jail unless you're smoking weed  
Freedom to buy Iran if you want  
At least we used to, right now we can't.

Freedom to foment a Strike in Chile  
And lie to Congress if you're Pres. of ITT  
Freedom to kill an elected President  
If you're a CIA stringer, that's how it went.

Freedom to commit a little perjury—  
If your name is Richard Helms, you pay a little fee  
Then get yourself appointed Ambassador to Iran  
They keep calling you Ambassador as long as they can.

Freedom to sell dope if you're CIA  
Or a Narc on the Street you can do it anyway  
Or the sister of the Shah or informer for the law—  
If your name is Abbie Hoffman you might take a fall.

Freedom to announce what you want to the Press  
They print what they hear, it's anybody's guess  
The public is free not to hear what you meant  
But there's freedom for full-page advertisement

If you're Mobil, if you're Dow, or a millionaire Jerk  
Buy a column on the Op Ed page for your work  
If you're rich as Rockefeller you can die without your pants  
Sniffing poppers and the papers won't give yr corpse another glance.

If you're AT&T you have plenty Liberty  
To wave your flag all over the land of the free  
You can take the back page of The News in Review  
To say what's good for America's nothing else but you.

If you got a million from a Texas millionaire  
You can buy television time, get yrself on the air  
Freedom to shut up if you're Powerful Poor  
Freedom to wait outside the Police Station door.

You're free to denounce any Pinko that you please!  
You can ask for Moral Money, give your God's heart ease!  
Free to attack the producers in a rage  
Free to land in Jail, get beat up on the back page.

Freedom to be one of the few that count  
Freedom to be "Serious," that freedom'll amount  
To the fact that you're free to agree to more Cold War—  
Flakes & Losers are free to go 'way sore.

*March 1981*

## **Those Two**

That tree said  
I don't like that white car under me,  
it smells gasoline

That other tree next to it said  
O you're always complaining  
you're a neurotic  
you can see by the way you're bent over.

*July 6, 1981, 8 P.M.*

### **Homage Vajracarya**

Now that Samurai bow & arrow, Sumi brush, teacup  
& Emperor's fan are balanced in the hand  
—What about a glass of water?  
Holding my cock to pee, the Atlantic gushes out.  
Sitting to eat, the Sun & the Moon fill my plate.

*July 8, 1981*

### **Why I Meditate**

I sit because the Dadaists screamed on Mirror Street  
I sit because the Surrealists ate angry pillows  
I sit because the Imagists breathed calmly in Rutherford and  
Manhattan  
I sit because 2400 years  
I sit in America because Buddha saw a Corpse in Lumbini  
I sit because the Yippies whooped up Chicago's teargas skies once  
I sit because No because  
I sit because I was unable to trace the Unborn back to the womb  
I sit because it's easy  
I sit because I get angry if I don't  
I sit because they told me to  
I sit because I read about it in the Funny Papers  
I sit because I had a vision also dropped LSD  
I sit because I don't know what else to do like Peter Orlovsky  
I sit because after Lunacharsky got fired & Stalin gave Zhdanov a  
special tennis court I became a rootless cosmopolitan  
I sit inside the shell of the old Me  
I sit for world revolution

*July 19, 1981*

## **Love Comes**

I lay down to rest  
weary at best  
of party life  
& dancing nights  
Alone, Prepared  
all I dared  
bed & oil  
bath, small toil  
to clean my feet  
place my slippers neat.

Alone, despair—  
lighthearted, bare-  
bottom trudged about,  
listening the shout  
of students down below  
rock rolling fast and slow  
shaking ash for show,  
or love, or joy  
hairless girl and boy  
goldenhaired goy

The door creaked loud  
far from the crowd  
Upstairs he trod  
Eros or some god  
come to visit,  
Washed in the bath  
calm as death  
patient took a shit  
approached me clean  
naked serene

I sat on his thighs

looked in his eyes  
I touched his hair  
Bare body there  
head to foot  
big man root  
I kissed his chest  
Came down from above  
I took in his rod  
he pushed and shoved  
That felt best

My behind in his groin  
his big boyish loin  
stuck all the way in  
That's how we began  
Both knees on the bed  
his head to my head  
he shoved in again  
I loved him then

I pushed back deep  
Soon he wanted to sleep  
He wanted to rest  
my back to his chest  
My rear went down  
I rolled it around  
He pushed to the bottom  
Now I've got 'em  
He took control  
made the bed roll

I relaxed my inside  
loosed the ring in my hide  
Surrendered in time  
whole body and mind  
and heart at the sheet  
He continued to beat  
his meat in my meat,



held me around  
my chest love-bound  
sighed without sound

My breast relaxed  
my belly a sack  
my sphincter loosed  
to his hard deep thrust  
I clenched my gut tight  
in full moon light  
thru curtained window  
for an hour or so  
thin clouds in the sky  
I watched pass by  
sigh after sigh

He fucked me in the East  
he fucked me in the West  
he fucked me South  
my cock in his mouth  
he fucked me North  
No sperm shot forth

He continued to love  
I spread my knees  
pushed apart by his  
so that he could move  
in and out at ease,  
Knelt on the bed  
pillow against my head  
I wanted release

Tho' it hurt not much  
a punishment such  
as I asked to feel  
back arched for the real  
solid prick of control

a youth 19 years old  
gave with deep grace,  
body fair, curly gold  
hair, angelic face

I'd waited a week  
the promise he'd keep  
if I trusted the truth  
of his love in his youth  
and I do love him—  
tall body, pale skin  
Hot heart within  
open blue eyes—  
a hard cock never lies.

*July 4-October 11, 1981*

### **Old Love Story**

Some think the love of boys is wicked in the world, forlorn,  
Character corrupting, worthy mankind's scorn  
Or eyes that weep and breasts that ache for lovely youth  
Have no mouth to speak for mankind's general truth  
Nor hands to work manhood's fullest delight  
Nor hearts to make old women smile day and night  
Nor arms to warm young girls to dream of love  
Nor thighs to satisfy thighs, nor breath men can approve—  
Yet think back to the time our epic world was new  
When Gilgamesh followed the shade of his friend Enkidu  
Into Limbo's dust to talk love man to man  
So younger David enamored of young Jonathan  
Wrote songs that women and men still chant for calm  
Century after century under evergreen or palm  
A love writ so sacred on our Bible leaf  
That heart-fire warms cold millennial grief.  
Same time Akilleos won the war at Troy  
Grieving Patroklos' body, his dead warrior boy  
(One nation won the world by reading Greek for this  
And fell when Wilde was gaoled for his Bellboy's kiss)  
Marvelous Zeus himself took lightning eagle shape

Down-cheeked Ganymede enjoyed God's thick-winged rape  
And lived a youth forever, forever as can be,  
Serving his nectar to the bearded deity  
The whole world knew the story, the world laughed in awe  
That such Love could be the Thunder of immortal Law.  
When Socrates climbed his ladder of love's degrees  
He put his foot in silence on rough Alcibiades  
Wise men still read Plato, whoever they are,  
Plato whose love-lad Aster was his morning star  
Plato whose love-lad was in death his star of Night  
Which Shelley once witnessed as Eternal Light.  
Catullus and tough Horace were slaves to glad young men  
Loved them cursed them, always fell in love again  
Caesar conquered the world, top Emperor Power  
Lay soft on the breast of his soldier of the hour  
Even Jesus Christ loved his young John most  
Later he showed him the whole Heavenly Host  
Old Rome approved a beautiful bodied youth  
Antinöus Hadrian worshipped with Imperial Truth  
Told in the calm gaze of his hundred stone  
Statues standing figleafed in the Vatican.  
Michelangelo lifted his young hand to smooth  
The belly of his Bacchus a sixteen-year youth  
Whose prick stands up he's drunk, his eyes gaze side-  
Ways to his right hand held up shoulder high  
Waving a cup of grape, smart kid, his nose is sharp,  
His lips are new, slightly opened as if part-  
Ed to take a sip of purple nakedness,  
Taste Michelangelo's mortal-bearded kiss,  
Or if a hair-hooved horny Satyr happens to pass  
Fall to the ground on his strong little marble ass.  
Michelangelo loved him! What young stud  
Stood without trousers or shirt, maybe even did  
What the creator wanted him to in bed  
Lay still with the sculptor's hand cupped on his head  
Feeling up his muscles, feeling down his bones  
Palm down his back and thighs, touching his soft stones—  
What kind of men were the Slaves he tied to his bed?  
And who stood still for David naked foot to head?  
But men love the muscles of David's abdomen

And come with their women to see him again and again.

Enough, I've stayed up all night with these boys  
And all my life enjoyed their handsome joys  
I came with many companions to this Dawn  
Now I'm tired and must set my pen down  
Reader, Hearer, this time Understand  
How kind it is for man to love a man,  
Old love and Present, future love the same  
Hear and Read what love is without shame.

I want people to understand! They can! They can! They can!  
So open your ears and hear the voice of the classical Band.

*October 26, 1981*

### **AIRPLANE BLUES**

SLOW BLUES

I drove out to the airport on a blue sunny day Smog  
brown over Denver Ho-ri-zon dung gray Look down on Missouri vast  
river bend south Da-kota sky brilliant Cigarette in my mouth  
I've had many lovers over half century I have a new boyfriend  
Nineteen years, he loves me But I can't get it up too timid and shy Growing  
old in my heaven Singing blues in the sky Nothing  
-noi hates Peking where the God Mao has died I'm a  
lone in the sky where there's nothing to lose The Sun's not eternal That's  
why there's the blues Ma-jestical jail-house our Joys in the Cage  
Hearts full of hatred will out-last my old age Turn

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## Airplane Blues

I drove out to the airport  
on a blue sunny day  
Smog brown over Denver  
Horizon dung gray  
Look down on Missouri  
vast river bend south  
Dakota sky brilliant  
Cigarette in my mouth

I've had many lovers

over half century  
I have a new boyfriend  
Nineteen years, he loves me  
But I can't get it up  
too timid and shy  
Growing old in my heaven  
Singing blues in the sky

Nothing here to complain of  
White clouds in the sun  
Peace in my heart  
Empty sky Everyone  
But earth I look down on  
Turns round misery  
Green dollars fat  
with the war industry

Mankind's great delusions  
Scrape sky with red rage  
Build bombs out of Atoms  
to blast out the words on this page  
Majestical jailhouse  
our Joy's in the Cage  
Hearts full of hatred  
will outlast my old age

\* \* \*

My mother has perished  
my father's long dead  
I have a sweet brother  
healed the pain in his head  
I'm going to the Apple  
to eat with my friends  
While the radio chatters  
what the President intends

Down there Mississippi  
                    Minneapolis near  
Farms and green comforts  
                    of the Northern Hemisphere  
While Earth's hundred millions  
                    Chew miserable clay  
Old African kingdoms  
                    Starve this century

I'll read in the papers  
                    more deaths in Iran  
Jahweh rules Israel  
                    Tanks in Afghanistan  
Martial Law rules Gdansk  
                    and the old Viet-Nam War  
Murders Indians in Guatemala  
                    and burns down El Salvador

London and Belfast  
                    Los Angeles and Prague  
Tel Aviv & Moscow  
                    sit in their smog  
Phnom Penh's red ruin  
                    was Washington's pride  
Hanoi hates Peking  
                    where the God Mao has died

I'm alone in the sky  
                    where there's nothing to lose  
The Sun's not eternal  
                    That's why there's the blues  
Majestical jailhouse  
                    our Joy's in the Cage  
Hearts full of hatred  
                    will outlast my old age

\* \* \*

Turn round in the sunset  
                    over Manhattan isle  
Newark was my birthplace  
                    under the wing for a while  
Green gastanks of Kearny  
                    Smog brown in the sky  
Seven million black men and white  
                    live here and die

Come down over Harlem  
                    red buildings stand still  
Dusk light gleams their windows  
                    wheels bound on the landfill  
Sky streaked with jet streams  
                    black clouds in the west  
In the Lower East Side  
                    I'll go take my rest.

*October 30, 1981*

**DO THE MEDITATION ROCK**



MODERATE SHUFFLE

If you want to learn how to me-di-tate I'll tell you now 'cause it's  
never too late I'll tell you how 'cause I can't wait it's  
just that great that it's never too late If you are an old  
fraud like me or a lama who lives in E-ter-ni-ty The  
first thing you do when you me-di-tate is keep your spine your  
back-bone straight Sit yourself down on a pillow on the ground or  
sit in a chair if the ground isn't there if the ground isn't there if the  
ground isn't there sit where you are if the ground isn't there  
Do the medita-tion Do the medita-tion  
Learn a little Patience and Gene-ro-si-ty

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## Do the Meditation Rock\*

Tune: *I fought the Dharma, and the Dharma won*

If you want to learn	how to meditate
I'll tell you now	'cause it's never too late
I'll tell you how	'cause I can't wait
it's just that great	that it's never too late
If you are an old	fraud like me
or a lama who lives	in Eternity

The first thing you do when you meditate  
is keep your spine your backbone straight  
Sit yourself down on a pillow on the ground  
or sit in a chair if the ground isn't there  
*Do the meditation Do the meditation*  
*Learn a little Patience and Generosity*

Follow your breath out open your eyes  
and sit there steady & sit there wise  
Follow your breath right outta your nose  
follow it out as far as it goes  
Follow your breath but don't hang on  
to the thought of yr death in old Saigon  
Follow your breath when thought forms rise  
whatever you think it's a big surprise  
*Do the meditation Do the meditation*  
*Learn a little Patience and Generosity*  
*Generosity Generosity Generosity & Generosity*

All you got to do is to imitate  
you're sitting meditating and you're never too late  
when thoughts catch up but your breath goes on  
forget what you thought about Uncle Don  
Laurel Hardy Uncle Don Charlie Chaplin Uncle Don  
you don't have to drop your nuclear bomb  
If you see a vision come say Hello Goodbye  
play it dumb with an empty eye  
if you want a holocaust you can recall your mind  
it just went past with the Western wind

*Do the meditation  
Learn a little Patience*

*Do the meditation  
& Generosity*

If you see Apocalypse      in a long red car  
or a flying saucer      sit where you are  
If you feel a little bliss      don't worry about that  
give your wife a kiss      when your tire goes flat  
If you can't think straight & you don't know who to call  
it's never too late      to do nothing at all  
Do the meditation      follow your breath  
so your body & mind      get together for a rest

*Do the meditation  
Learn a little Patience*

*Do the meditation  
and Generosity*

If you sit for an hour      or a minute every day  
you can tell the Superpower      to sit the same way  
you can tell the Superpower      to watch and wait  
& to stop & meditate      'cause it's never too late

*Do the meditation      Do the meditation  
Get yourself together      lots of Energy  
& Generosity Generosity Generosity & Generosity!*

*St. Mark's Place, Xmas 1981*

---

\*Buddhist Samatha-Vipassana Sitting Practice of Meditation

**THE LITTLE FISH DEVOURS THE BIG FISH**

SLOW REGGAE

When the troops get their poop at Fort Bragg how to frag Sandin-  
 is-tas Leftist Nicas or go bomb Guatemalan <sup>indians</sup> Make a  
 tomb for men & boys ending joys of villages and  
 pillage or burn down to the ground little huts where pigs rut This costs  
 much tax money as such for an error of red terror Hypocrisy  
 is the key to self de-feating prophecy Hypocrisy  
 is the key to self de-feating prophecy Yevtu —

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## The Little Fish Devours the Big Fish

When the troops  
 get their poop  
 at Fort Bragg  
 how to frag  
 Sandinistas  
 Leftist Nicas  
 or go bomb  
 Guatemalan  
 Indians

This costs much  
 tax money as such  
 for an error  
 of red terror

Make a tomb  
 for men & boys  
 ending joys  
 of villages  
 and pillage  
 or burn down  
 to the ground  
 little huts  
 where pigs rut

You can bet  
 Marxist threat  
 starts with that  
 self fulfilling

*Hypocrisy*  
*is the key*  
*to self defeating*  
*prophecy*

Genia Yevtushenko  
Ernesto Cardenal  
Allen Ginsberg  
Rocknroll  
sentimental  
& reliable  
& poetical  
& prophetic  
Therefore urge  
Washington  
& Havana men  
to relax  
& reflect  
that the ax  
on the neck  
of Nicaragua's  
a big error  
of war fever

Double bind  
makes us blind  
to self fulfilling  
prophecy—  
If you're willing,

prophecy  
if you're willing  
to admit  
that the threat  
of invasion  
of a nation  
might cause them  
great alarm,  
Make them arm  
to resist,  
mobilize  
to insist  
they will fight  
back all right—  
Then to condemn  
their armed men  
and not molli  
fy their fears  
is sheer folly  
O my dears!

*Hypocrisy*  
*is the key*  
*to self fulfilling*  
*prophecy*

United States  
you're the greatest  
Superdick

lose your eye  
& your ear  
mad with fear

*Hypocrisy  
is the key  
to self fulfilling  
prophecy*

think you're queer  
Big gun boats  
that you float,  
big rumors  
that you dote  
on will be quoted  
in Managua  
Santiago  
Buenos Aires  
& Havana  
as more dread  
threat of war  
and Central  
America will  
Mobilize  
militarize  
and devise  
a defense,

your big stick  
& big mouth  
North & South  
causes fear—  
Armies near  
and armies far  
or army talk  
wherever you are  
makes folks here

it's common sense.  
Then to complain  
that their plan  
to fight back  
is a pain in the neck  
of the Pentagon—  
Washington  
is crazy, Man.

*Hypocrisy  
is the key  
to self fulfilling  
prophecy—  
If you're willing—  
costs an eye  
and an ear  
mad with fear.*

*Intercontinental Hotel Bar, Managua  
January 25, 1982, 11 P.M.*

## Happening Now?

Happening now? End of Earth? Apocalypse days?  
President says “Armageddon!” \$254 Billion Military Budget!  
The 5 A.M. subway train leaves Times Square  
Crowded with murderers & corpses sitting in dress suits,  
Earphones listening to mechanical disco, infinite  
Deaf universe of Walkman Happening now  
While I drink Perrier at parties in Bel Air  
Neutron bomb Nerve Bacteria gas, fruit fly recombinant  
Germ plasm, Stratospheric X-ray laser  
Anti-rocket beams, MX Cruise Stealth & Pershing missiles  
In dream ten years ago I stood on a South Texas crossroad  
Walked out alone from what City I couldn’t remember  
Half the sky was covered with ink-black cloud  
Tanks and bombers moved toward the distant horizon

*February 7, 1982*

## A Public Poetry

The fact is, the Russians are sissies  
And Chinese big yellow sissies too  
Americans by their nature sissies  
Ran away to the New World & beat up Indians,  
Now we’re gonna let Peabody Coal take their Four Corners away!  
So sissy we exploded Atom Bombs on Japs!

I myself a famous sissy, it takes one to know one  
and know State Secretary XYZ a prissy sissy  
Gave his nickels to Indian killer Juntas in Guatemala  
Too freaked out to look El Salvador Deathsquads in the eye  
Yelling tiny Nicaragua’s a big threat to undernourished Mexico!  
President ABC’s the biggest sissy  
Hollywood sissy  
Bechtel Corporation sissy  
Such a sissy he gave 200 Billion Dollars to Pentagon Bullies  
frightened they’ll beat him up if he don’t let the Generals grab all his money

And the American public's sissy too  
Scared if they don't give everything in their pockets to Defense Department  
the muscle men at the Pentagon and tough guys at CIA'll  
beat up Congress and Supreme Court  
and take over the whole Western Block.

*April 6, 1982, 2:00 P.M.*

## **“What You Up To?”**

“Oh just hanging around  
picking my nose ...”  
I replied, embarrassed  
in Naropa's corridor,  
the Sanskrit professor'd saluted me  
as Americans are wont to do—  
What must he think my genius,  
a large red blob on my  
index finger tip—  
But I suffer from Bell's palsy  
my lower eyelid slightly paralyzed  
no longer conducts tears thru  
my nostril  
thus my nose corridors dry up  
& crack, for five years  
whenever I lift the handkerchief  
from my face  
a spot of red stains the pure  
cotton & shames me.  
When I walk with bent spine & cane  
will my nose be caked with  
blood black & ulcerous? tears  
running down my cheeks  
a bony pinkie picking at the  
scarlet scab that got thick  
overnight, I forgot to grease my  
wrinkled snout the nite  
of my eightieth birthday

and dreamed all the red



mountain of mucus accumulated  
round me  
Himalaya of suffering gelatinous  
slop my lifetime since 1976  
when the right side my face  
drooped dead muscles  
'cause an O.D. on Doctor's Antibiotic  
inflamed my seventh cranial nerve inside  
its cheekbone  
& left me dry-nosed with crooked  
smile & sneaky finger  
Probing the irritation in the  
middle of my face  
walking daydreaming in the school hall—  
That White boy in a two-piece suit  
Hotel Astor bar on Times Square  
I took home one night in 1946  
he fucked me naked in the ass  
till I smelled brown excrement  
staining his cock  
& tried to get up from bed to go to the  
toilet a minute  
but he held me down & kept pumping  
at me, serious & said  
“No I don't want to stop I like it dirty  
like this.”

*April 30, 1982*

## **Maturity**

Young I drank beer & vomited green bile  
Older drank wine vomited blood red  
Now I vomit air

*July 1982*

## **“Throw Out the Yellow Journalists of Bad Grammar & Terrible Manner”**

*for Anne Waldman*

who report Ten Commandments & Golden Rule forgetting *Thou shalt not bear false witness Do*

*unto others as you'd have them do unto you*

and say the Man got crucified for insulting the Sanhedrin at a Victory Dance in the bombed out madhouse in Beirut

Out! Out! The Mad Correspondent who headlined "Madman or Messiah? He Died of Bad Pork" the night of Tathagata's Parinirvana

or the snide reporter with yellow teeth who asked the Big Question, "Kerouac couldn't write, so what'd he do it for, money?"

or the *Time* stringer who asks "You could say it was a nostalgia Trip, wouldn't you?"

as you fly off to the moon on your translucent sexual wings forever

and the wire-service fellow ex-Harvard, "This business about Secret Police, why would you care, successful Abstract Expressionist painter, got a grudge to work out on your parents?"

Out! Out! into the Buddhafields, among stars to wander forever, weightless without a headline, without thought, without newspapers to read by the light of the Galaxies.

*August 10, 1982*

#### **GOING TO THE WORLD OF THE DEAD**

*SLOW RUBATO*

Going to the World of the Dead Stalin & Hitler in Bed  
 Gone inside of your head Anybody got any bread?  
 FBI papers to shred? Eisenhower's ghost on a sled  
 Going to the world of the dead Everybody gives you good head Million-  
 aires of Detroit Millionaires of Chicago Million-  
 aires of New York Millionaires of Hollywood Let  
 go of your money Ho Ho Ho Let go your Big Bet try let go Let go Let  
 go of your cars Ho Ho Ho Let go your Cocaine Ho Ho Ho  
 Let go your meat Let go Let go Let go Movie Picture Ho Ho Ho  
 Let go your Diamonds Ho Ho Ho Let go your Dollars Let go your Gold Let  
 go your Ho-ly land Let go Let go Palestine P . L . O .

*QUICK MARCH*

*TRUMPET*

*2*

*2.S.*

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Jews Let Go Let Go Let Go Let Go Israel Ho Ho Ho Let  
 Go A-pocalypse Let Go Let Go Let go Yr Bomb Ho Ho Ho Your

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## Going to the World of the Dead

Going to the World of the Dead

Stalin & Hitler in Bed

Gone inside of your head

Anybody got any bread?

FBI papers to shred?

Eisenhower's ghost on a sled  
Going to the world of the dead  
Everybody gives you good head

Millionaires of Detroit  
Millionaires of Chicago  
Millionaires of New York  
Millionaires of Hollywood  
Let go of your money Ho Ho Ho  
Let go your Big Poetry Let go Let go

Let go of your cars Ho Ho Ho  
Let go your Cocaine Ho Ho Ho  
Let go your meat Let go Let go  
Let go Movie Picture Ho Ho Ho  
Let go your Diamonds Ho Ho Ho  
Let go your Dollars Let go yr Gold

Let go your Houses Your Bodies Let go  
Let go your Souls Ho Ho Ho  
Let go God Buddha Let go  
Let go Allah Let go Let go  
Let go your Armies Ho Ho Ho  
Let go your war Ho Ho Ho

Let go your Holy Land Let go  
Let go Palestine P.L.O.  
Jews Let go Let go Let go  
Let go Israel Ho Ho Ho  
Let go Apocalypse Let go Let go  
Let go Yr Bomb Ho Ho Ho

Your Nuclear Bomb Ho Ho Ho  
Let go your Disaster your Death Let go  
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho  
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho  
Millionaires of Mexico Ho Ho Ho  
Millionaires of Nicaragua Let go Let go

August 22, 1982, 6:30 P.M.

*Guasave-Las Mochis bus past soya & cotton fields where red flags flew over plastic huts squatting  
by highway side*

## Irritable Vegetable

Don't send me letters Don't send me poems  
Too busy sick to write poetry Sky's covered with gray clouds  
Perfect for photography  
I have brain metal fatigue Knee jerk aesthetic tears  
So you got a junk habit  
So you need a recommendation to Purgatory U.  
So you're working with Fort Collins' Nuclear Freeze Campaign  
So you got hi blood pressure Your big toe hurts  
Someday you'll die  
So you sing Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare  
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare  
So you work on the top floor of the Empire State Building  
You're a jerk  
You're a hypocrite who eats hot dogs.

October 28, 1982

## Thoughts Sitting Breathing II

When I sat in my bedroom for devotions, meditations & prayers  
my Gomden on a sheepskin rug beside the mirrored closet,  
white curtains morning sunlit, Friday *Rocky Mountain News* "Market Retreats in Busiest Day"  
lying on the table by Nuclear Nightmare issue of *Newsweek*,  
Katherine Mansfield's thick bio & Addington Symonds' *The Greek Poets*  
lifting a white lamp above my headboard pillow illuminating *Living Country Blues*' small print  
1 A.M. last night,  
with B complex bottled, green mint massage oil, High Blood Pressure nightly Clonidine  
Hydrochloric pills,  
athlete's foot Tolnaftate cream, newsclip scissors and a rusty shoe-last bookweight standing  
on xeroxed Flying Saucer papers,  
new ballpoint pens, watch, wallet, loose coins keys Swiss army knife  
toothpicks, pencil sharpener & filefolder of Buddhist Analytic Psyche papers  
scattered random across this bedstead desk—

As I breathed between white walls, Front Range cliffs resting in the sky outside south windows

I remembered last night's television suitcoat tie debate, the neat Jewish right wing student outwitted a nervous Dartmouth pimply liberal editor

knowing that boy who swears to "get the Government off our backs" would give my tax money to Army brass bands FBI rather than St. Mark's Poetry Project—

He can't read verse with any sense of humor sharp eyed

but then some poets can't either, did Ed Dorn find me fatuous, can I breathe in hot black anger & breathe out white cool bliss?

Doomed guilty layman all my life! these pills causing impotency?

Could I move bookcases & clothes out of my bedroom, 8 foot desk file cabinets & typewriter to the small apartment next door N.Y., would that end my hideous Public Karma,

Telephones tingling down my spine, pederast paranoid hypnotic burnt out teenage fruitcake poets

banging the door for protection from Brain Damaged Electric Guitar Police in New Wave Blue Vibration Uniforms?

Be that as it may as blue empty Buddha floats through blue bodied sky,

should I settle down & practice meditation, care for my nervous Self, do nothing,

arrange paper manuscripts, die in Lower East Side peace instead of heart attack in Ethiopia,

What way out of this Ego? let it appear disappear, mental images

Nothing but thoughts, how solve World Problems by worrying in my bedroom?—

Still one clear word-mighty poem might reveal what Duncan named Grief in America

that one hundred million folk malnourish the globe while Civic Powers inflate \$200 billion War Machines this year—

and who gets rich on that, don't all of us get poor heart?—but what do I know of Military Worlds?

Airfields and Aircraft Carriers, bugle Corps, ice cream concessions,

million dollar Computer rockets—yes I glimpse CIAs spooky dope deal vanity—but nothing of Camp Pendleton's brainy Thoughts

Norfolk officers' vast housing tracts, messes and helicopters, food resource

logistics Pentagon committees've amassed—NORAD's Rapture Mountain

Maybe get rid of Cold War, give Russian Empire warm weather access,

inaugurate trillion dollar Solar Power factories on every Continent—

Yes access to sunny blue ocean, not Cold Murmansk & Vladivostok Ports they need a vast hot harbor

International Agreement big warships forbidden, no battleships from Russia or America in the  
azure Greek pond—

What about pirates, storms at sea or kamikaze Hell's Angel North Africans shooting Jews?

Well a few small Police boats, no Cruisers or Nuclear Subs—

Yes a warm weather port for Russian access South I thought

sitting on my bedroom floor cushion 10:30 A.M. getting hungry breathing thru shades &  
curtains on transparent windows, morning sun shining on white painted walls and gray rug

—

So remembering the old story of Russia's claim to a warm weather harbor I came back to  
myself, blue clouded Colorado sky adrift above the Bluff Street Boulder house.

*November 8, 1982*

## **What the Sea Throws Up at Vlissingen**

*for Simon Vinkenoog*

Plastic & cellophane, milk cartons & yogurt containers, blue & orange shopping bag nets

Clementine peels, paper sacks, feathers & kelp, bricks & sticks,

succulent green leaves & pine tips, waterbottles, plywood and tobacco pouches

Coffee jartops, milkbottle caps, rice bags, blue rope, an old brown shoe, an onion skin

Concrete chunks white pebbled, sea biscuits, detergent squeezers, bark and boards, a whisk-  
brush, a box top

Formula A Dismantling Spray-can, a whole small brown onion, a yellow cup

A boy with two canes walking the shore, a dead gull, a blue running shoe,

a shopping bag handle, lemon half, celery bunch, a cloth net—

Cork bottletop, grapefruit, rubber glove, wet firework tubes,

masses of iron-brown-tinted seaweed along the high water mark near the sea wall,

a plastic car fender, green helmet broken in half, giant hemp rope knot, tree trunk stripped of  
bark,

a wooden stake, a bucket, myriad plastic bottles, pasta Zara pack,

a long gray plastic oil drum, bandage roll, glass bottle, tin can, Christmas pine tree

a rusty iron pipe, me and my peepee.

*January 3, 1983*

## **I Am Not**

I'm not a lesbian screaming in the basement strapped to a leather spiderweb

I'm not a Rockefeller heart attacked in the paramour bed with pants off  
I'm not a radical Stalinist intellectual fairy  
not an antisemitic Rabbi with black hat white beard & dirty fingernails  
not the San Francisco jail cell poet beaten by minions of yellow police New Year's eve  
not Gregory Corso Orpheus Maudit of these States  
nor yet a schoolteacher with marvelous salary  
I'm not anyone I know  
in fact I'm only here for 80 years

*St. Clement's Church, March 7, 1983*

## **I'm a Prisoner of Allen Ginsberg**

Who is this Slave Master makes  
    me answer letters in his name  
Write poetry year after year, keep up  
    appearances  
This egotist whose file cabinets  
    leave no room for more  
    pictures of Me?  
How escape his clutches, his public sound,  
    bank accounts, Master Charge  
    interest  
Who's this politician hypnotized my life  
    with his favors  
Petty friends & covert Nemesis, dead heroes and  
    living ghosts hanging around  
waiting Genius handout?  
Why's this guy oblige me to sit  
    meditating,  
shine rocknroll Moon on Midwest Collegetown  
    stages blind in overhead  
    spotlights  
bawling out of tune into giant microphones  
makes me go down suck teenage boys  
I declare a new life, how can I pay all  
    his debts  
next month's rent on his body,  
    bald & panicky, with Pyronie's disease  
Cartilage stuff grown an inch inside



his cock root,  
non-malignant.

*Karme-Choling, April 4, 1983, 12:15 A.M.*

## **221 Syllables at Rocky Mountain Dharma Center**

Headless husk legs wrapped round a grass spear, an old bee trembles in sunlight.

Since yesterday noon two Brown-eyed Susans stand before the outhouse door.

Tail turned to red sunset high on a spruce crown one lone chickadee tweets.

Moonless thunder—yellow dandelions flash in fields of rainy grass.

Mad at Oryoki in the shrine-room—Thistles blossomed late afternoon.

Put on my shirt and took it off in the sun walking the path to lunch.

A dandelion seed floats above the marsh grass with the mosquitos.

Empty clouds drift above me, birds chirp, a plane roar falls down through blue sky.

Electric noon—pine bough cicadas buzz outside the machinshop door.

At 4 A.M. the two middleaged men sleeping together hold hands.

In the half-light of dawn a few birds warble under the Pleiades.

Sky reddens behind fir trees as larks twitter and sparrows cheep cheep cheep.

*July 1983*

Caught shoplifting ran out the department store at sunrise and woke up.

*August 1983*

## **Fighting Phantoms Fighting Phantoms**

Fighting phantoms we have car wrecks on Hollywood Freeway

Fighting phantoms th'Egyptians mummified Pharaohs & rich businessmen

Fighting phantoms a young Scotsman wore tennis shoes on the battleship deck

Fighting phantoms William S. Burroughs wrote umpteen novels

Fighting giant phantoms David picked up his sling

Fighting phantoms Chögyam Trungpa Vidyadara founded Shambhala Kingdom  
Fighting phantoms pay federal taxes few write tax refusal forms  
Fighting phantoms a Son of God ascended his wooden cross  
Fighting summer phantoms muscular young musicians jumped up screaming in the twilit  
movie theater  
Fighting phantoms Siddhartha meditated under a Bo tree  
Fighting phantoms mysticism entered into the Catholic Church of Hollywood  
Fighting phantoms a hundred thousand kids ordered purple Mohawks  
Fighting phantoms various fairies chased adolescent athletes through steam bath locker  
rooms  
Fighting phantoms the ruling class blew up the military budget, 244 Billion dollars 1985—of  
the tax pie 63% if past military debt interest & pensions're added in  
Fighting phantoms Ronald Reagan sent cocaine armadas to Central America  
Fighting phantoms poets who smoked cigarettes denounced cigarettes—  
Fighting phantoms New York Times printed thousands of editorial pages  
Fighting phantoms Adolf Hitler shot more Methamphetamine & chewed the Bunker rug  
Fighting phantoms thousands of poets become rather good at acid satire  
Fighting phantoms Jimmy Dean stepped on the gas, Orson Welles ordered another cheesecake  
Fighting phantoms Ernest Hemingway shotgunned his brain  
Fighting phantoms Ezra Pound hated some Jews some hated Pound  
Fighting phantoms Truman dropped two Atom Bombs  
Fighting phantoms Einstein invented the theory of relativity

*Mid-August 1983*

## Arguments

I'm sick of arguments  
“You threw the butter in the pan”  
“I did not you let it melt on the stove”  
“You invaded Turkey and killed all the Armenians!”  
“I did not! You invaded China got them addicted to Opium!”  
“You built a bigger H Bomb than I did”  
“You used poison gas in Indochina”  
“Your agent orange defoliated ¼ the landmass It isn't fair”  
“You sprayed Paraquat”  
“You smoke pot”  
“You're under arrest”

“I declare war!”

Why don't we turn off the loudspeakers?

*September 5, 1983*

## **Sunday Prayer**

An itch in the auditory canal scratches for years, use unguent,  
Back pain a little, turn my head neck hurts  
Balding long ago, gray whiskery hair inside ears  
Eyes closed lying in bed, smart on my tongue, delicate  
raw gums sore round some tooth roots—  
From nineteenth year College chronic active Hepatitis  
affects my kidney stones & high-blood pressure  
Right cheek paralyzed slightly, eye squints tired,  
lethargy dumps, no one's abdomen to kiss,  
cock skewed and lumpy erection aches—  
Why show myself these sicknesses? Show anyone?  
Wisdom & senescence, sickness and Death come  
legended from Buddha to Kerouac—Myself  
suddenly older—I made a mistake long ago.

*September 25, 1983*

## **Brown Rice Quatrains**

Those high lunches needn't matter  
If you're of businessman's age  
Anyway he enjoyed creating food  
drifting across the Fragrant Nation

Who was it that began mouth talk  
Gave the citizens thoughtful Saliva  
Nature boy came close to Government  
but secret police maintained ham & eggs

What tragedy for multiple Chickens  
Think how pigs dream butcher night!  
Sheep squawked nightmare, goat  
fish sent regrets from meadow and sea

If he only could've made new Congress  
We wouldn't breathe so much sulfur smog  
Sugar dances at the movies, coffee tells you on TV  
and Sodium Nitrate & Nicotine Cholesterol

have nothing to do with Foreign policy.  
Nature boy drifts into Central American oblivion  
with Seminole Patchwork and Albert Einstein,  
nobody thought heat rays would end the world.

*September 25, 1983*

## **They're All Phantoms of My Imagining**

I needed a young musician take off his pants sit down on the bed and sing me the blues  
I needed a teacher could nail me to the Unborn  
needed a stepmother'd accomplish my natural mother's tears  
a scared friend of fame wearing locks and T'fillin by the Wall of Tears  
I needed a brother was gentle, suffered to protect me from anger  
needed a nephew lost, left his rice in the refrigerator with a cold spoon  
Comrade farmer cook with me & study Banjo Dharma  
Needed Presidents mad so I could write the Nation sane  
I needed a father a poet would die  
Needed the great companion dark eyes wearied brow tender heart in the grave  
needed an intelligent junkie rebuke my shallow thought with dirty wit  
an old girlfriend take my picture, give me a bed—  
A college to be kicked out Columbia  
scandal jail the clang of Iron madhouse to wake my 22'd year  
Invented all these companions, wept & prayed them into flesh  
needed these Creatures to be Allen Ginsberg this my self  
crying the world awake mid oceans of suffering blood  
needed to be the liar of Existence in America  
Manslaughter showed me the True Falsehood of Law  
Needed a Buddha enlightened I be enlightened  
a bed to sleep in, a grave to cover my ashes.

*October 1, 1983*

## White Shroud

I am summoned from my bed  
To the Great City of the Dead  
Where I have no house or home  
But in dreams may sometime roam  
Looking for my ancient room  
A feeling in my heart of doom,  
Where Grandmother aged lies  
In her couch of later days  
And my mother saner than I  
Laughs and cries She's still alive.

I found myself again in the Great Eastern Metropolis,  
wandering under Elevated Transport's iron struts—  
many-windowed apartments walled the crowded Bronx road-way  
under old theater roofs, masses of poor women shopping  
in black shawls past candy store news stands, children skipped beside  
grandfathers bent tottering on their canes. I'd descended  
to this same street from blackened subways Sundays long ago,  
tea and lox with my aunt and dentist cousin when I was ten.  
The living pacifist David Dellinger walked at my right side,  
he'd driven from Vermont to visit Catholic Worker  
Tivoli Farm, we rode up North Manhattan in his car,  
relieved the U.S. wars were over in the newspaper,  
Television's frenzied dance of dots & shadows calmed—Now  
older than our shouts and banners, we explored brick avenues  
we lived in to find new residences, rent loft offices  
or roomy apartments, retire our eyes & ears & thoughts.  
Surprised, I passed the open Chamber where my Russian Jewish  
Grandmother lay in her bed and sighed eating a little Chicken  
soup or borscht, potato latkes, crumbs on her blankets, talking  
Yiddish, complaining solitude abandoned in Old Folks House.  
I realized I could find a place to sleep in the neighborhood, what  
relief, the family together again, first time in decades!—  
Now vigorous Middle aged I climbed hillside streets in West Bronx

looking for my own hot-water furnished flat to settle in,  
close to visit my grandmother, read Sunday newspapers  
in vast glassy Cafeterias, smoke over pencils & paper,  
poetry desk, happy with books father'd left in the attic,  
peaceful encyclopedia and a radio in the kitchen.

An old black janitor swept the gutter, street dogs sniffed red hydrants,  
nurses pushed baby carriages past silent house fronts.

Anxious I be settled with money in my own place before  
nightfall, I wandered tenement embankments overlooking  
the pillared subway trestles by the bridge crossing Bronx River.

How like Paris or Budapest suburbs, far from Centrum

Left Bank junky doorstep tragedy intellectual fights  
in restaurant bars, where a spry old lady carried her

Century Universal View camera to record Works

Progress Administration newspaper metropolis

double-decker buses in September sun near Broadway El,  
skyscraper roofs upreared ten thousand office windows shining  
electric-lit above tiny taxis street lamp'd in Mid-town  
avenues' late-afternoon darkness the day before Christmas,

Herald Square crowds thronged past traffic lights July noon to lunch

Shop under Macy's department store awnings for dry goods

pause with satchels at Frankfurter counters wearing stylish straw  
hats of the decade, mankind thriving in their solitudes in shoes.

But I'd strayed too long amused in the picture cavalcade,

Where was I living? I remembered looking for a house

& eating in apartment kitchens, bookshelf decades ago, Aunt

Rose's illness, an appendix operation, teeth braces,

one afternoon fitting eyeglasses first time, combing wet hair  
back on my skull, young awkward looking in the high school mirror  
photograph. The Dead look for a home, but here I was still alive.

I walked past a niche between buildings with tin canopy  
shelter from cold rain warmed by hot exhaust from subway gratings,  
beneath which engines throbbed with pleasant quiet drone.

A shopping-bag lady lived in the side alley on a mattress,

her wooden bed above the pavement, many blankets and sheets,  
Pots, pans, and plates beside her, fan, electric stove by the wall.  
She looked desolate, white haired, but strong enough to cook and stare.  
Passersby ignored her buildingside hovel many years,  
a few businessmen stopped to speak, or give her bread or yogurt.  
Sometimes she disappeared into state hospital back wards,  
but now'd returned to her homely alleyway, sharp eyed, old  
Cranky hair, half paralyzed, complaining angry as I passed.  
I was horrified a little, who'd take care of such a woman,  
familiar, half-neglected on her street except she'd weathered  
many snows stubborn alone in her moth-eaten rabbit-fur hat.  
She had tooth troubles, teeth too old, ground down like horse molars—  
she opened her mouth to display her gorge—how can she live  
with that, how eat I thought, mushroom-like gray-white horseshoe of  
incisors she chomped with, hard flat flowers ranged around her gums.  
Then I recognized she was my mother, Naomi, habiting  
this old city-edge corner, older than I knew her before  
her life disappeared. What are you doing here? I asked, amazed  
she recognized me still, astounded to see her sitting up  
on her own, chin raised to greet me mocking "I'm living alone,  
you all abandoned me, I'm a great woman, I came here  
by myself, I wanted to live, now I'm too old to take care  
of myself, I don't care, what are you doing here?" I  
was looking for a house, I thought, she has one, in poor  
Bronx, needs someone to help her shop and cook, needs her children now,  
I'm her younger son, walked past her alleyway by accident,  
but here she is survived, sleeping at night awake on that  
wooden platform. Has she an extra room? I noticed her cave  
adjoined an apartment door, unpainted basement storeroom  
facing her shelter in the building side. I could live here,  
worst comes to worst, best place I'll find, near my mother in  
our mortal life. My years of haunting continental city streets,  
apartment dreams, old rooms I used to live in, still paid rent for,  
key didn't work, locks changed, immigrant families occupied

my familiar hallway lodgings—I'd wandered downhill homeless  
avenues, money lost, or'd come back to the flat—But couldn't  
recognize my house in London, Paris, Bronx, by Columbia  
library, downtown 8th Avenue near Chelsea Subway—  
Those years unsettled—were over now, here I could live  
forever, here have a home, with Naomi, at long last,  
at long long last, my search was ended in this pleasant way,  
time to care for her before death, long way to go yet,  
lots of trouble her cantankerous habits, shameful blankets  
near the street, tooth pots, dirty pans, half paralyzed irritable,  
she needed my middle aged strength and worldly money knowledge,  
housekeeping art. I can cook and write books for a living,  
she'll not have to beg her medicine food, a new set of teeth  
for company, won't yell at the world, I can afford a telephone,  
after twenty-five years we could call up Aunt Edie in California,  
I'll have a place to stay. "Best of all," I told Naomi  
"Now don't get mad, you realize your old enemy Grandma's  
still alive! She lives a couple blocks down hill, I just saw her,  
like you!" My breast rejoiced, all my troubles over, she was  
content, too old to care or yell her grudge, only complaining  
her bad teeth. What long-sought peace!

Then glad of life I woke  
in Boulder before dawn, my second story bedroom windows  
Bluff Street facing East over town rooftops, I returned  
from the Land of the Dead to living Poesy, and wrote  
this tale of long lost joy, to have seen my mother again!  
And when the ink ran out of my pen, and rosy violet  
illuminated city treetop skies above the Flatiron Front Range,  
I went downstairs to the shady living room, where Peter Orlovsky  
sat with long hair lit by television glow to watch  
the sunrise weather news, I kissed him & filled my pen and wept.

*October 5, 1983, 6:35 A.M.*

**Empire Air**



*Flying to Rochester Institute of Technology*

Rising above the used car lots & colored dumps of Long Island  
stubby white smokestreams drift North above th' Egyptian Factory roof'd monolith  
into gray clouds, Conquer the world!  
World Health restored with organic orange juice & Tibetan mule-dung-smelling Pills—  
Conquer the World Conquer the World  
Conquer the World of Ego, Conquer World Anger  
Conquer brick Worlds, Mortal Factories!  
Conquer the Dewdrop? Conquer white clouded Sky we pass through?—  
O ever-rising intelligent Sun conquer the night of Mind  
Conquer War O Technologic Warrior  
I ride above the Sun  
I look down into the Sun  
I'm equal to Sun, Sun & I on the level  
I've no appendicitis, I hang a Brooks Brothers tie  
My clothes are Salvation Army! Conquer America! Conquer Greed! Conquer warmonger  
Hands!  
Conquer yourself! Conquer your gluttony Ginsberg! Conquer lust for Conquest!  
Conquer Conquest at last! All right Jack Number One! Creon wrecks Imperial City!  
Conquer by Calm! Conquer by not getting laid, growing younger & older same time!  
Conquer by having a hard on! Conquer all space by giving it away! Conquer the Universe by  
inhabiting it!  
Conquer by Dying! By eating decently! Wash yr behind after you move your bowels!  
Pronounce your mother American language marvelously, mouth every syllable, savor every  
vowel, appreciate each consonant!  
above the clouds! Conquer Karma, the chain of Cause and Effect  
Conquer Cause & Effect, see it work the Cold War!  
See it work in your heart!  
Insult your girlfriend you'll feel hurt!  
Insult Nicaragua you feel lousy  
Insult the President you insult yourself  
Conquer the President by not insulting him!  
Don't insult yourself! stop insulting the Russians! stop insulting the enemy!  
It costs \$220800000000 a year to insult the enemy!

Conquer Underdeveloped Nation Hunger Debt! Conquer World Grief Bank default! Go  
Conquer mortal Nuclear Waste!  
Then go back Conquer your own heart!

*January 30, 1984*

## **Surprise Mind**

How lucky we are to have windows!  
Glass is transparent!  
I saw that boy in red bathingsuit  
walk down the street.

*July 7, 1984, 8:30 A.M.*

## **Student Love**

The boy's fresh faced, 18, big smile  
underwear hangs below his shorts, he's a kid  
still growing  
legs strong, he hugs me, steps away—  
In twenty years thick bellied,  
bright eyes dulled with office work,  
his children'll pout in the  
bathroom—  
Better get in bed with him on top of me now  
laughing at my pot belly  
before decades pass, bring our bony skulls whispering  
to the hospital bedside.

*July 31, 1984*

## **The Question**

When that dress-gray, gray haired and gray-faced  
goblin took charge of me then inside the gate,  
which closed behind me for a couple years,  
I was still cheerful exceedingly  
cheerful nodding out (hadn't slept for days),  
cheerful because taking part in real life  
action again, two serious gentlemen  
at my shoulders in a night-colored car which  
special for me rolled across December's bridge,

cheerful because I'd yelled out in the street  
that this one and that one should be notified,  
cheerful because I thought the adventure  
a minor excursion, but cheerful also,  
because such a gray such a small Uncle  
I'd never seen yet, he however  
wasn't cheerful, was reassuringly  
bored bananas, boringly signed for  
my delivery and boringly  
turned my seven pockets inside out,  
then with a wooden face confiscated  
handkerchief, pocketknife, bunch of keys,  
next indifferently requested my belt  
and examined personally whether  
my underpants operated with string,  
yawned apathetic patting me down,  
last nearly napping asked for the laces  
that wagged lighthearted from my shoetops—  
“I can't walk like this”—he shrugged a shoulder.  
Left hand holding my pants up, spellbound by  
this unprecedented situation, yet  
still cavalier I bowed deep presenting  
him with the shoelaces in my right hand.  
“What's the point anyhow? I really don't  
intend to hang myself”—I assured him  
lighthearted. “You don't?” he questioned. ... “Why not?”  
On his sallow face neither mockery nor hate.  
That was when the fear caught up with me.

István Eörsi

*Translated with author by A. G. September 5, 1984*

## **In My Kitchen in New York**

*for Bataan Faigao*

Bend knees, shift weight—  
Picasso's blue deathhead self portrait  
tacked on refrigerator door—  
This is the only space in the apartment  
big enough to do T'ai chi—

Straighten right foot & rise—I wonder  
if I should have set aside that garbage  
pail—  
Raise up my hands & bring them back to  
shoulders—The towels and pajama  
laundry's hanging on a rope in the hall—  
Push down & grasp the sparrow's tail—  
Those paper boxes of grocery bags are  
blocking the closed door—  
Turn north—I should hang up all  
those pots on the stovetop—  
Am I holding the world right?—That  
Hopi picture on the wall shows  
rain & lightning bolt—  
Turn right again—thru the door, God  
my office space, a mess of  
pictures & unanswered letters—  
Left on my hips—Thank God Arthur Rimbaud's  
watching me from over the sink—  
Single whip—piano's in the room, well  
Steven & Maria finally'll move to their  
own apartment next week! His pants're  
still here & Julius in his bed—  
This gesture's the opposite of St. Francis  
in Ecstasy by Bellini—hands  
down for me—  
I better concentrate on what I'm doing—  
weight in belly, move from hips—  
No, that was the single whip—that apron's  
hanging on the North wall a year  
I haven't used it once  
Except to wipe my hands—the Crane  
spreads its wings—have I paid  
the electric bill?  
Playing the guitar—do I have enough \$  
to leave the rent paid while I'm  
in China?  
Brush knee—that was good  
halvah, pounded sesame seed,  
in the icebox a week—

Withdraw & push—I should  
get a loft or giant living room—  
The land speculators bought up all  
the square feet in Manhattan,  
beginning with the Indians—  
Cross hands—I should write  
a letter to the *Times* saying  
it's unethical.

Come to rest hands down knees  
straight—I wonder how  
my liver's doing. O.K. I guess  
tonite, I quit smoking last  
week. I wonder if they'll blow  
up an H Bomb? Probably not.

*Manhattan Midnight, September 5, 1984*

## **It's All So Brief**

I've got to give up  
Books, checks, letters  
File cabinets, apartment  
pillows, bodies and skin  
even the ache in my teeth.

*September 14, 1984*

## **I Love Old Whitman So**

Youthful, caressing, boisterous, tender  
Middle aged thoughtful, ten thousand noticings of shore ship or street,  
workbench, forest, household or office, opera—  
that conning his paper book again to read aloud to those few Chinese boys & girls  
who know enough American tongue to ear his hand—  
loath to select one leaf from another, loath to reject a sympathetic page  
—the tavern boy's look, a stone prisoner's mustache-sweat, prostitute in the sun, garrulous  
old man waving goodbye on the stoop—  
I skim *Leaves* beginning to end, this year in the Middle Kingdom  
marvel his swimmers huffing naked on the wave

and touched by his desperado farewell, “Who touches this book touches a man”  
tip the hat on my skull  
to the old soldier, old sailor, old writer, old homosexual, old Christ poet journeyman,  
inspired in middle age to chaunt Eternity in Manhattan,  
and see the speckled snake & swelling orb earth vanish  
after green seasons Civil War and years of snow  
white hair.

*Baoding, China, November 20, 1984*

## **Written in My Dream by W. C. Williams**

“As Is  
you’re bearing

a common  
Truth

Commonly known  
as desire

No need  
to dress

it up  
as beauty

No need  
to distort

what’s not  
standard

to be  
understandable.

Pick your  
nose

eyes ears  
tongue

sex and  
brain

to show  
the populace

Take your  
chances

on  
your accuracy

Listen to  
yourself

talk to  
yourself

and others  
will also

gladly  
relieved

of the burden—  
their own

thought  
and grief.

What began  
as desire

will end

wiser.”

*Baoding, November 23, 1984*

## **One Morning I Took a Walk in China**

Students danced with wooden silvered swords, twirling on hard packed muddy earth  
as I walked out Hebei University’s concrete North Gate,  
across the road a blue capped man sold fried sweet dough-sticks, brown as new boiled  
doughnuts  
in the gray light of sky, past poplar tree trunks, white washed cylinders topped  
with red band the height of a boy—Children with school satchels sang & walked past me  
Donkeys in the road, one big one dwarf pulling ahead of his brother, hauled a cart of white  
stones  
another donkey dragged a load of bricks, other baskets of dirt—  
Under trees at the crossing, vendors set out carts and tables of cigarettes,  
mandarin Tangerines, yellow round pears taste crunchy lemony strange,  
apples yellow red-pinked, short bananas half black’d green,  
few bunches of red grapes—and trays of peanuts, glazed thumbsized crab-apples 6 on a stick,  
soft wrinkled yellow persimmons sat dozens spread on a cloth in wet mud by the curb—  
cookpots on charcoal near cornerside tables, noodle broth vegetables sprinkled on top  
A white headed barber shook out his ragged towel, mirror hung on red nail in the brick wall  
where a student sat, black hair clipped at ears straight across the back of his neck  
Soft-formed gritty coal pellets lay drying on the sidewalk and down the factory alley, more  
black mats spread,  
Long green cabbages heaped by the buildingside waiting for home pot, or stacked on hand-  
tractor carts the market verandah a few yards away—  
Leeks in a pile, bright orange carrots thick & rare, green unripe tomatoes, parsley, thin celery  
stalks awful cheap, potatoes & fish—  
little & big heads chopped or alive in a tub, tiny fresh babies or aged carp in baskets—  
a half pig on a slab, two trotters stick out, a white burlap shroud covered his body cleaved in  
half—  
meat of the ox going thru a grinder, white fat red muscle & sinew together squeezed into  
human spaghetti—  
Bicycles lined up along the concrete walk, trucks pull in & move out delivering cows dead  
and fresh green-stalked salad—  
Downstreet, the dry-goods door—soap, pencils, notebooks, tea, fur coats lying on a counter—



Strawberry jam in rusty-iron topped jars, milk powder, dry cookies with sweetmeats  
inside dissolve on the tongue to wash down fragrant black tea—  
Ah, the machine shop gateway, brick walled latrine inside the truck yard —enter, squat on a  
brick & discharge your earth  
or stand & pee in the big hole filled with pale brown squishy droppings an hour before—  
Out, down the alleyway across the street a factory's giant smokestack, black cloud-fumes  
boiling into sky  
gray white with mist I couldn't see that chimney a block away, coming home  
past women on bicycles heading downtown their noses & mouths covered with white cotton  
masks.

*Baoding, November 23, 1984, 9:30 P.M.*

## Reading Bai Juyi

I

I'm a traveler in a strange country  
China and I've been to many cities  
Now I'm back in Shanghai, days  
under warm covers in a room with electric heat—  
a rare commodity in this country—  
hundreds of millions shiver in the north  
students rise at dawn and run around the soccerfield  
Workmen sing songs in the dark to keep themselves warm  
while I sleep late, smoke too much cough,  
turn over in bed on my right side  
pull the heavy quilt over my nose and go back  
to visit the dead my father, mother and immortal  
friends in dreams. Supper's served me,  
I can go out and banquet, but prefer  
this week to stay in my room, recovering  
a cough. I don't have to sell persimmons on the streetcurb  
in Baoding like the lady with white bandanna'd head  
Don't have to push my boat oars around a rocky corner  
in the Yangtze gorges, or pole my way downstream  
from Yichang through yellow industrial scum, or carry water

buckets on a bamboo pole over my shoulder  
to a cabbage field near Wuxi—I'm famous,  
my poems have done some men good  
and a few women ill, perhaps the good  
outweighs the bad, I'll never know.  
Still I feel guilty I haven't done more;  
True I praised the dharma from nation to nation  
But my own practice has been amateur, seedy  
—even I dream how bad a student I am—  
My teacher's tried to help me, but I seem  
to be lazy and have taken advantage of money  
and clothes my work's brought me, today  
I'll stay in bed again & read old Chinese poets—  
I don't believe in an afterworld of god or even  
another life separate from this incarnation  
Still I worry I'll be punished for my carelessness  
after I'm dead—my poems scattered and my name  
forgotten and my self reborn a foolish workman  
freezing and breaking rocks on a roadside in Hebei.

*Shanghai, December 5, 1984, 10 A.M.*

## II

“Ignorant and contentious” I spent lunch  
arguing about boys making love with a student.  
Still coughing, reclusive, I went back to bed  
with a headache, despite afternoon sun  
streaming through the French windows  
weakly, to write down these thoughts.  
Why've I wanted to appear heroic, why  
strain to accomplish what no mortal could—  
Heaven on earth, self perfection, household  
security, & the accomplishment of changing the World.  
A noble ambition, but that of a pathetic dreamer.

Tomorrow if I recover from bronchitis  
I'll put on a serious face and go down to the Market.

*2:30 P.M.*

### III

Lying head on pillow aching  
still reading poems of Tang roads  
Something Bai said made me press my finger  
to my eyes and weep—maybe his love  
for an old poet friend, for I also  
have gray on my cheek and bald head  
and the Agricultural poet's in the madhouse this week  
a telegram told me, more historical  
jackanapes maybe tragic maybe comic  
I'll know when I come home around the world.  
Still with heavy heart and aching head I read on  
till suddenly a cry from the garden reminded me  
of a chicken, head chopped off running circles spurting blood  
from its neck on farm yard dirt, I was eleven years old,  
or the raptured scream of a rabbit—I put down my book  
and listened carefully to the cry almost drowned  
by the metal sound of cars and horns—It was a bird  
repeating its ascending whistle, pipe notes burst  
into a burble of joyful tones ending wildly  
with variable trills in swift succession high and low  
and high again. At least it wasn't me, not my song,  
a sound outside my mind, nothing to do with my aching brow.

*3:30 P.M.*

### IV

I lay my cheek on the pillow to nap  
and my thoughts floated against the stream  
up to Zhong Xian west of the Three Gorges

where Bai Juyi was Governor.

“Two streams float together and meet further on  
and mingle their water. Two birds fly upward  
beneath the ninth month’s cold white cloud.

Two trees stand together bare branched  
rooted in the same soil secretly touching.

Two apples hung from the same bough last  
month and disappeared into the Market.”

So flowed my mind like the river, like the wind.

“Two thoughts have risen together in dream therefore  
Two worlds will be one if I wake and write.”

So I lifted my head from my pillow and Woke  
to find I was a sick guest in a vast poor kingdom

A famous visitor honored with a heated room,  
medicines, special foods and learned visitors  
inquiring when I’d be well enough to lecture my hosts  
on the musics and poetics of the wealthy

Nation I had come from half way round the world

8:15 P.M.

#### V *China Bronchitis*

I sat up in bed and pondered what I’d learned  
while I lay sick almost a month:

That monks who could convert Waste to Treasure  
were no longer to be found among the millions  
in the province of Hebei. That *The Secret of the Golden Lotus*  
has been replaced by the Literature of the Scar, nor’s hardly  
anybody heard of the *Meditation Cushion of the Flesh*

That smoking Chinese or American cigarettes makes me cough;  
Old men had got white haired and bald before  
my beard showed the signs of its fifty-eight snows.

That of Three Gorges on the Yangtze the last one downstream  
is a hairpin turn between thousand-foot-high rock mountain gates.

I learned that the Great Leap Forward caused millions  
of families to starve, that the Anti-Rightist Campaign  
against bourgeois “Stinkers” sent revolutionary poets  
to shovel shit in Xinjiang Province a decade before  
the Cultural Revolution drove countless millions of readers  
to cold huts and starvation in the countryside Northwest.  
That sensitive poetry girls in Shanghai dream  
of aged stars from Los Angeles movies. That down the alley  
from the stone bridge at Suzhou were Jiang Ji spent  
a sleepless night wakened by the bell of Cold Mountain Temple,  
water lapping against his boat a thousand years ago,  
a teahouse stands with two-stringed violin and flutes  
and wooden stage. That the gold in the Sun setting  
at West Lake Hangzhou is manufactured from black Soft Coal.  
That roast red-skinned juicy entire dogs with eyes  
bulging from their foreheads hang in the market at Canton  
That So-Chan meditation’s frowned on and martial health  
Qi-Gong’s approved by Marxist theoreticians. That men in  
deep-blue suits might be kind enough to file a report  
to your Unit on gossip they’ve heard about your secret loves.  
That “Hang yu hang yu!” song is heard when workmen labor  
yodeling on bamboo scaffolds over the street outside all night.  
That most people have thought “We’re just little men,  
what can we count” since the time of Qin Shi Huang.

## VI

Tho the body’s heavy meat’s sustained  
on our impalpable breath, materialists  
argue that Means of Production cause History:  
once in power, materialists argue what  
the right material is, quarrel with each other,  
jail each other and exile tens of millions  
of people with 10,000 thoughts apiece.

They're worse than Daoists who quibbled about immortality.  
Their saving grace this year's that all the peasants are fed.

#### VII Transformation of Bai's "*A Night in Xingyang*"

I grew up in Paterson New Jersey and was  
just a virginal kid when I left  
forty years ago. Now I'm around the world,  
but I did go back recently to visit my stepmother.  
Then I was 16 years old, now I'm fifty eight—  
All the fears I had in those days—I can still see myself  
daydreaming reading N.Y. Times on the Chinese rug on the living room  
floor on Graham avenue. My childhood houses are torn down,  
none of my old family lives here any more,  
mother under the ground in Long Island, father underground  
near the border of Newark where he was born.  
A highway cuts thru the Fair Street lot where I remember our earliest  
apartment, & a little girl's first kiss. New buildings rise on that street,  
all the old stores along Broadway have disappeared.  
Only the Great Falls and the Passaic river flow  
noisy with mist then quietly along brick factory sides  
as they did before.

10:15 P.M.

After Rewi Alley's *Bai Juyi, 200 Selected Poems* (Beijing: New World Press, 1983), p. 303.

### **Black Shroud**

Kunming Hotel, I vomited greasy chicken sandwiched  
in moldy bread, on my knees before the white toilet  
retching, a wave of nausea, bowels and bladder loose  
black on the bathroom floor like my mother groaning  
in Paterson 1937. I went back to bed  
on the twelfth floor, city lights twinkling north,  
Orion in his belt bright in the sky, I slept again.

She had come into the bathroom her face hidden  
in her breast, hair overhanging her figure bent in front  
of me, stiff in hypertension, rigor mortis  
convulsed her living body while she screamed  
at the doctor and apartment house we inhabited.  
Some electric current flowing up her spine tortured her,  
foot to scalp unbearable, some professional advice  
required quick action, I took her wrists, and held her  
bound to the sink, beheading her silently with swift  
dispatch, one gesture, a stroke of the knife-like ax  
that cut thru her neck like soft thick gum, dead quick.

What had I done, and why? Certainly her visage  
showed the reason, strain and fright lasting thru death.  
But couldn't leave her body hidden in the toilet, someone  
finding her bent over might wait, then push, then  
horrified find her headless, skull fallen to the floor.  
I picked her up by the shoulders, afraid to look at  
the Medusa head

which I lifted by long hair & set  
on the sink before the mirror, but beheld no mad  
drawn-cheek wild-eyed or blood-splotched wrinkled forehead—  
Calm, beautiful face, tranquil in life's last moments  
as if in prayer, eyes clear and modest, face content  
with neither smile or frown but even-browed, eyebrows  
in repose, cheeks colored healthy still as when alive.  
"I made a mistake" I thought, in following the doctors' rules,  
or where'd I get th' idea she was screaming and banging  
her head on the wall in neural agony? Was that just my thought  
or hadn't others told me so? Why'd I do it so abrupt  
without consulting the World or the rest of the family—  
Her look at last so tranquil and true made me wonder  
why I'd covered her so early with black shroud.  
Had I been insane myself and hasty? I left the room.

At Joel the doctor's wedding party the family'd gathered  
whoever was left alive. Yes of course they found her corpse,  
they knew she was crazy, but didn't announce a murder,  
just whispered among themselves she was dead in the bathroom  
causes unknown, tho headless, hard for her to suicide herself,  
a further investigation would clarify this big mistake.  
In fact my cousin my publisher with troubled frown  
put the matter to rest, saying he'd call on the police  
after the wedding guests go home. I said—  
“I might be able to clear up the mystery. You saw  
her head?” He looked at me surprised, how did I know  
she was dead with her head cut off? I realized  
I'd given myself away, but risked it, why lie more,  
build up Karma nightmare another year & then get caught?  
Police find my fingerprints on Naomi's dead neck? or my blade  
be found under my bed, in the dust behind the refrigerator  
on East 12th Street Lower East Side, I be arrested  
in newspaper scandal? “You saw the head?” I asked  
again, giving my knowledge away. “But are you sure?”  
he asked. Dressed in his Harvard suit and silken tie  
striped red and gold, “We have our legal staff, perhaps you should  
consult with them, no fee, fortunate contract,  
our clients we value, you for your Collected Works we do  
protect without question.” Helpful, alas, too late for me  
to undo the murder of my mother, I must confess, I had  
confessed, too late to undo confession and truth, I woke.

*December 21, 1984, 5:12 A.M.*

## **World Karma**

China be China, B.C. Clay armies underground the First Han Emperor's improvement  
on burying his armies alive  
Later Ming tombs buried excavator architects  
& Mao officially buried 20,000,000 in Shit Freeze & Exile, much Suicide  
especially bilingual sophisticates in the molecular structure of surfaces, machine-tool



engineers

and Poetic intelligentsia questioned his Imperial vision of Pure Land future communist  
afterworld

Russia had Czars & Stalin, all Yiddish Poets shot August 12, 1952 in Lubyanka basement,  
everybody got drunk afterward,  
everyone still whispers on streetcorners

America forever democratic, lawless sheriffs shot Indians, bad men, good men, chinks kikes  
niggers and each other

Spain always killed bulls & loved blood, matadors & crucifixion, reds & fascists assassinated  
anarchists—

The Jews always complained, kvetching about false gods, and erected the biggest false God,  
Jehovah, in middle of western civilization—

For creating the Judge the Jews are judged that's their world Karma continuing, the Atom  
bomb

British always had sense of superiority, class, stiff upperlip, the Queen and fuck you ducky up  
your bloody 'ole

The French, advanced sense of superiority, stiff back, Algérie is always indissolubly a part of  
La France,

We will not regret the necessity to kill you or anyone who disagrees

They appreciate everything wine women song modern art

O la la they're so smart, introduced opium cultivation

Indochina will always be an indissoluble addiction to France, the Bourse

Germans had Kaisers Hitlers, orderly meticulous and rational a bunch of beasts

now want Nuclear arms They're also intelligent Pride themselves on Science

romantic Poetry, their Black Forest mysterious full of Solitude acid rain

hi tech civilization First the ovens of Auschwitz now goodbye ancient trees

we have to keep up with the vulgar Americans

Italy the trains never ran on time, they got good shoes & Pope & Mafia

also good tomatoes and Angelico Beato, who'd want to complain in Naples or Uffizi?

In 200 years America'll have a billion people like neon China

Computerized students'll sleep six abed and hawk their mucus on the morning floor  
before fighting to get into the shower—much less a piece of soap  
and half stick of bacon with their petrochemical Wheaties & eggs— That's because  
we had to Get Back to America, let's Stand Up Tall  
so we can insult the rest of the world.

More!—The Moslems expansionist monotheists will go Jihad whenever able  
Always their god best god only god only name Allah and  
die like a dog if you don't believe me! From Morocco to Java  
heathen dogs and cats go barking and meow after terrific Nobodaddy  
in Paradise the Western lands Heaven Pure Land Garden of Sky,  
other side of Eternal Dreamtime I vote for Australian Aborigines!  
Let them run the world after Hi Tech's annihilated all other species & genetic strains  
from whale to donkey sperm.

Kunming, *December 24, 1984, Midnight-12:49*

## Prophecy

As I'm no longer young in life  
and there seem to me not  
so many pleasures to look forward to  
How fortunate to be free  
to write of cars and wars, truths of eras,  
throw away old useless  
ties and pants that don't fit.

*January 9, 1985*

## Memory Cousins

After Long Absence, I returned from the land of the dead  
to visit my stepmother in her suburban apartment.  
I looked from a distance, was it a mental hospital  
standing on a grass plain far from Manhattan's skyscrapers  
after crossing Washington Bridge, or Jersey's tract houses  
risen gigantic during my exile in China? I'd  
been gone so long my relatives'd grown old at their doors—  
a neighbor widow come out to empty the black plastic

garbagebag, I'd known her middle age, now with white hair  
she gazed at me nodding absently, I'd not been gone long  
while her husband'd died, children married with children now—  
How dear to see me, where'd I been? I looked down the long hall,  
door after door of Aunts and Uncles retired alive  
white haired, television bound seeing the doctor, eating  
delicatessen salad Sundays, reading best seller  
books, dusting furniture, cleaning kitchen floors, happily  
visiting Doctors for minor blood pressure, depression  
or hernias. Years ahead, they should live so long, they'd die,  
I'd never see them again, best settle down while childhood  
memory cousins and brothers were old, but still alive,  
enjoy each other's tables and coffee, business gossip.  
Where else go off to, unhappy Russia warring Israel?  
Here in America, peace, a place to live together.  
They were bombing Nicaragua, factories exploding  
in India, Cities crowded with Animal muggers  
newspapers said, TV had pictures of them every nite—  
Peter in fact just came back from Nuclear Buddhaland,  
His belly exposed to Radiation a soft yellow  
spot near his navel, he smiled rueful pulling his shirt  
above his belt to show his mortal sore, what could cure him?  
If go away now I'll be gone forever, Peter,  
Stepmother Edith, Aunt Honey & Leo, Aunt Clara  
and Uncle Abe, my brother Gene & Connie & the kids,  
I may never see them again. Here are their living eyes,  
here's the end of the Immortal Dream.

*March 2, 1985, 7:56 A.M.*

## **Moral Majority**

Something evil about you Mr. Viguerie Mr. Falwell Robertson Swaggert.  
Not evil but ignorance of the delights of the Boy  
The 1920s have passed, corsets chastity belts whips  
the stake, Lesbian cities aflame in your fiery eyes

—Some old Demon the Satan in possession of your body  
a thousand years old, two thousand that burned the parchments of Black Sappho  
I've seen God as much as any, he doesn't look like you alone  
He looks like me too, all the homosexuals on earth,  
in Congo, Cities of North America, Rio Barrios—  
He looks like a lavender fairy, Paris salons 1890 the birds & bees,  
Like an ambidextrous worm, male dogs coupling in the Alabama parking-lot.  
Nothing wrong with Family, Mother Father & Buba.  
Nothing wrong with the Babe.  
Nothing wrong with Mr. Falwell except a little mean streak  
that isn't god, just a jerk, talks too big for his britches,  
inexperienced Bible Salesman  
interprets words & letters, not Holy Spirit  
ambitious politically, at the expense of the poor,  
the thwarted, & happy ruddy kids—  
Find out Buddha, enter the great silence  
& pass thru the needle's eye,  
then come back happy, laughing, generous  
big mouth full of good cheer, not money,  
honey.

*March 19, 1985*

## **The Guest**

I've a pain in my back  
Fifth lumbar & sacrum  
Kidneystones alas alack  
can't drink milk calcium  
High blood pressure about  
salt I can't eat  
at my age no red meat  
sometimes I get gout

My age fifty eight  
My friend Peter's away  
I should lose ten pounds weight

Prostrate every day  
to my guru who's Crazy  
Prepare for grim death  
Exercise for good health  
All my life I've been lazy

Little gold, lots of fame  
Small flat in Manhattan  
tho I bank on my name  
my wallet won't fatten  
But the thing I want most  
to embody my joy  
is the belly of a boy  
and there I get lost

I met David he undressed  
Came naked on my bed  
He climbed on my chest  
"I love you Allen" he said  
He touched and caressed  
my stomach, heart and thigh  
appreciated my sigh  
I slept chaste & blessed.

He visited New York  
to sleep a week in my room  
watch me at work,  
enlighten my gloom—  
Body young & strong  
shapely from Basketball  
Skin muscular stomach small  
"I can't be your lover long."

Mind tender, he loves girls  
Sees me as poetry master  
His pubic hair's soft curls  
press my breast to rapture  
His smooth cock grows thick  
my heart beats at his loin

He presses with his groin  
His hands caress my neck

I touch around his buttocks  
smooth, firm and warm.  
“I’ve never been fucked”  
he encourages, as my arm  
reaches up his spine  
passes down his back  
presses into his open crack  
He turns on his belly to try.

I enter slow, he’s soft  
no pain, he raises his behind  
no hard on, hips aloft  
I push, he doesn’t mind.  
My trouble is, I’m old  
and tho this young kind boy  
gives me a chance for joy  
I’m not hard enough to be bold.

Yet I’m in, “How does it feel now?”  
“It’s O.K., it’s kind of different.”  
Ruddy face, eyes open on the pillow,  
he lies before me prone, no effort—  
I’m afraid to move, what’ll he say?  
But he humps his rear up more  
to take what’s in store,  
I stick it in all the way.

Something is missing my hard on  
But it’s what I have, it works  
I pump him slowly, then start on  
moving faster while he jerks  
his buttocks up to help me come,  
I ask permission, he says “yes,”  
I pull his hips up, hold his breast,  
spurt my loves deep in his bum

Next night we hugged and slept  
Chaste again and affectionate  
I answered the phone all day but kept  
winding him in my mental net—  
He wasn't excited by my body  
I couldn't expect his sexual love  
After this week would I approve  
his visiting, if I had to sleep lonely?

March 24, 1985

## After Antipater

I've climbed the Great Wall's stone steep out of breath  
sat on gray columns broken at Acropolis' marble sill  
brushed past morbid scented insect eating plants in Petén Rainforest  
Eaten roastbeef with my mother's cousins atop a World Trade Tower overhanging Hudson  
River  
Slept under the dome echoing lament for Mumtaz Mahal's white skull  
Stood in Red Square snow across from the Kremlin wall-tomb of th'- assassin of millions  
Climbed Seville's gypsy balconies, Sagrada Familia's crannied spires, gazed through my  
father's eyes from San Marco's high porch  
tarried on Brooklyn bridge facing Manhattan dusk's sparkling Towers, walked Golden Gate's  
Pacific promenade  
But when you lay on my bed, white sheet covering your loins, your eyes on mine  
I forgot these marvels, my heart breathed open, I saw life's glory look back at me naked.

March 26, 1985

*Greek Anthology III*, Book IX, Epigram 58, Loeb, p. 31.

## Jumping the Gun on the Sun

*Sincerity  
is the key  
to living  
in Eternity*

If you love  
Heav'n above  
Hold your ground,

Look around  
Hear the sound  
of television,  
No derision,  
Smell your blood  
taste your good  
bagels & lox  
Wash your sox  
& touch wood,  
It's understood  
This is it  
wild wit  
Make your love  
on earth above,  
home of the brave,  
Save yr grave  
for future days  
Present here  
nothing to fear  
No need to sigh  
no need to die  
before your time  
mentally whine  
stupidly dine  
on your own meat  
That's what's neat  
Mortally great  
Immortally sweet  
Incredibly deep  
makes you weep  
Just this once  
Don't be a dunce  
Take your cap  
off Hear my rap

*Sincerity  
is the key  
to living in  
Eternity*



Makes you wise  
in your own eyes  
makes the body  
not seem shoddy  
Makes your soul  
completely whole  
empty, final  
indefinable  
Mobile, totally  
undeniable  
Affirmative action  
for no faction  
for all men  
women too,  
mother brother,  
even for you  
Dead soul'd, sick  
but really quick  
with breath & thick  
with blood in yr prick  
Walking alive  
on Riverside Drive  
up on Broadway  
shining gay  
in New York  
waving you dork  
waving your mind  
or living behind  
your meaty masque  
magnificent task  
all you could ask  
as if pure space  
gave you a place  
in Eternity—  
To see the City  
Stand all day  
Shine all night  
Bright starlight  
streaming the height  
Watery lawn

misty at dawn  
warmed by the sun  
Bathed in the moon  
green grasses of June  
80 times only  
Don't be lonely  
Roses are live  
Cockroaches thrive  
in plastic garbage  
maggots salvage  
your dead meat  
Horses eat  
golden Hay  
in golden day  
Young kids jump  
in the City dump  
Take the lump  
in your throat  
and sing out  
yr holy note  
of heart's delight  
in living light  
Day & Night

*Sincerity*  
*is the key*  
*to Bliss in this*  
*Eternity*

*April 5, 1985*

## **Cadillac Squawk**

Sitting on the twelfth floor Gomden I heard a wild siren in the garment district  
Heard dog scream at dog on park avenue  
my head rumbled the Bronx 242'd street Lexington Avenue Express  
lonesome sparrows chirped weathered coppergreen cornice 1860  
Footstep crash, pocket change jangled the shrine room's polished floor  
traffic waves rushed the shore 1985  
Adolf Hitler's voice in the taxi horn

squeak soprano steely cheep Chevrolet brakeshafts  
subway breath rising to Empire State Observation Roof  
iron doors slam refrigerators shut  
bones creak in my knees' antechambers  
Heard the long Cadillac horn squawk up sidestreet brick buildingsides  
elevators ascended and descended a thousand skyscrapers  
wheels within wheels rubber and steel revolve on asphalt corridors  
Exhaust puffs out monoxide Broadway Manhattan  
Heard the sky shut up  
Heard conversation in the trees in leafy Bronx  
Heard Africa sigh  
Asia turned over in its sleepy bunk  
blood ran down rocks in South America  
Heard Central America squeeze its ribs through iron gates  
the Middle East rumbled plates & spoons in wartime bomb rubble  
Polynesians danced with bacteria  
Heard Japonesia eat with chopsticks chewing rice & peapods  
Heard Australia rattle song sticks singing in Simpson Desert at the end of the world

*New York Dharmadatu, June 16, 1985, 3:33 P.M.*

## **Things I Don't Know**

Dawn, a mastiff howls on the porch across the street behind the For Sale signed tree  
Chatter Chirp Chirp Chatter Chirp Chir Chir Chic Chir chance birdie twitters in a maple tree  
branch, Twirp!  
I wake, what bird's that, what kind of dog moans so?  
Is that a maple or an oak, on Mapleton Street? What flowers weeds & ferns, those in the  
backyard? What car goes by awhoosh? A Pontiac, swash up the street,  
A Chevy, Ford, a Pinto, a Grammarian, a 4 wheel drive GM?  
What star I saw last night when clouds lifted & Orion's belt  
Glittered gold on blue? or was that amber on azure? As my eye  
followed his arrow past the North Star thru the void, was that a tiny galaxy shimmering?  
Where's Sagittarius, which way is the black hole at center of the Spiral Nebula?  
Where's Sahel where a million children starve? Where's Libya where Wilson of the CIA  
trained terrorists?

How many times this century'd the Marines land on Nicaragua's dirty flag?  
Who killed Roque Dalton? What's the size of U.S. national Debt?  
& how much interest we pay each year till the Eighties end?  
Now the bird's quiet & the dog bark's down, what's differential calculus? How do you fix  
electric socket wires?  
I used to know the names of all the minerals. I do remember Pectolite gave you like asbestos  
splinters.  
How do people overcome panic driving cars? Are bird bones hollow? didn't I once know the  
look of grackle & scarlet tanager?  
Cirrus or cumulus, what cloud produces thunder, lightning, rain?  
What makes electricity in a battery? How does my wind charger friction become electric?  
When water pours into hydraulic ram, what makes it squirt uphill when the valve closes in  
the Pressure Chamber? Is that it? Something like that?  
What're the 12 pix in Conditioned Co-existent Emergence's Chain?  
Blind man, potter, monkey tree, boat world, house with seven windows, what comes next  
before the man with arrow in his eye?  
What about banks? What's common stock & preferred? What's a futures?  
How do you hang a door, frame a window? Hold a light chainsaw?  
How fix a broken leg? Ease a heart attack, deliver a baby? Breathe in the mouth of a man  
dying at oceanside?  
What kind of government ever worked? Who wrote English Choriambics?  
This isn't Trivia (how play that?) this is my life, I can't remember  
the name of the lawyer my fellow student, friends with me in college 40 years ago—  
How make a living, if I couldn't write poetry?  
Would I know how to plant peas, tie up tomato stalks?

*July 21, 1985*

## Notes

The following notes to the poems in *White Shroud* originally appeared in *Selected Poems 1947–1995*. (HarperCollins Publishers, 1996). More extensive notes to this section can be found online at [www.allenginsberg.org](http://www.allenginsberg.org).

### *Homage Vajracarya*

850 Ven. Chögyam Trungpa, Vajracarya's Shambhala Arts included mind training with Archery (Kyudo), Calligraphy, Tea Ceremony, etc.

### *Why I Meditate*

851 MIRROR STREET: Dadaist original Cabaret Voltaire was on Zürich's Spiegelgasse Strasse.

851 RUTHERFORD: William Carlos Williams. Manhattan: Charles Reznikoff.

851 CHICAGO'S TEARGAS SKIES: 1968 Democratic convention police riot.

851 UNBORN: Buddhist metaphor, universe & consciousness are "unborn," i.e. not traceable back to any ultimate birthplace, source, cause.

851 ROOTLESS COSMOPOLITAN: Aesopean Stalinist word for Jew.

### *Do the Meditation Rock*

863 Buddhist Samatha-Vipassana Sitting Practice of Meditation instructions according to the Ven. Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche. See his *Meditation in Action* (Boston: Shambhala Press, 1991).

863 UNCLE DON: 1930s U.S. radio father-figure tale-teller.

## ***Arguments***

885 PARAQUAT: Agricultural poison dust sprayed by U.S. on Sonora, Mexico, cannabis fields.

## ***White Shroud***

889 TIVOLI FARM: Catholic Worker. Contemplative rural commune founded 1930s by Dorothy Day, celebrated saint-like bohemian Catholic Pacifist.

890 SPRY OLD LADY: Here several of Berenice Abbott *Changing New York* Depression era photographs are described, from “buses” to “shoes.”

## ***Reading Bai Juyi***

908 After Rewi Alley’s *Bai Juyi: 200 Selected Poems* (Beijing: New World Press, 1983), p. 303.

909 *The Secret of the Golden Lotus* and *Meditation Cushion of the Flesh*, Chinese classic erotic handbooks.

909 JIANG JI: See latter’s text & Gary Snyder’s reply poem 1984.

909 QIN SHI HUANG: Emperor 2nd century BC, burned all Buddhist & Classic books.

## COSMOPOLITAN GREETINGS POEMS 1986–1992



*“I’m going to try speaking some reckless  
words,  
and I want you to try to listen recklessly.”*

Thanks to the hospitable editors, variants of these writings were printed first in: *After the Storm*; *Allen in Vision*; *Alpha Beat Soup*; *The Alternative Press*; *American Poetry Review*; *Be Released in Los Angeles*; *Big Scream*; *Big Sky*; *Black Box*; *Bombay Gin*; *Boulevard*; *Break the Mirror*; *Broadway 2*; [Brooklyn College] *English Majors Newsletter*; *Brooklyn Review*; *Casse Le Mirroir*; *City Lights Review*; *Collateral Damage*; *Collected Poems*; *Core*; *Cottonwood Commemorative*; *River City Portfolio 1987*; *Cover*; *Culturas*; *Entretien*; *Ergo*; *Esquire*; *Exit Zero*; *Exquisite Corps*; *Fall of America*; *Fear, Power, God* (recording); *First Blues*; *First Line*; *Flower Thief*; *Gandhabba*; *A Garden of Earthly Delight*; *Gathering of Poets*; *The Ginsberg Gallimaufry* (John Hammond Records); *Gown Literary Supplement*; *Grand Rapids College Review*; *Harper's*; *Holunderground*; *Howling Mantra*; *Hum Bom!* (broadside); *Hydrogen Jukebox* (libretto); *Inquiring Mind*; *Journal of the Gulf War*; *Karel Appel*; *Recent Work*; *Long Shot*; *Lovely Jobly*; *Man Alive!*; *Mill Street Forward*; *Moment*; *Moorish Science Monitor*; *Napalm Health Spa*; *Naropa Institute Summer Writing Program (1991)*; *Nation*; *National Poetry Magazine of the Lower East Side*; *New Age Journal*; *New Censorship*; *A New Geography of Poets*; *New Letters*; *New Observations*; *New York Newsday*; *New York Planet*; *New York Times*; *Nigen Kazoku*; *Nightmares of Reason*; *Nola Express*; *La Nouvelle Chute de l'Amerique*; *Off the Wall*; *Organica*; *Paria*; *Pearl*; *Peckerwood*; *Personals Ad* (broadside); *Poem in the Form of a Snake* (broadside); *Poets for Life*; *Portable Lower East Side*; *Qualità di Tempo*; *Reality Sandwich*; *Riverrun*; *RuhRoh!*; *Sekai*; *Semio-text[e]*; *Shambhala Sun*; *Sixpack*; *Steaua*; *Struga*; *Sugar, Alcohol & Meat* (recording); *Sulfur*; *Supplication for the Rebirth of the Vidyadhara Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche* (broadside); *Talus*; *Thinker Review* (broadside); *This Is Important*; *Threepenny Review*; *Tikkun*; *Underground Forest*; *Vagabond*; *Vajradhatu Sun*; *Venue*; *The Verdict Is In*; *Village Voice*; *Vinduet*; *Visiting Father & Friends* (pamphlet); *Vylizanej Mozek!*; *Washington Square News*; *Wiersze*; *World*; *WPF 89.3 FM Poetry Anthology*.



To  
Steven Taylor

*If music be the food of love, play on.*

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## PREFACE

### Improvisation in Beijing

I write poetry because the English word Inspiration comes from Latin *Spiritus*, breath, I want to breathe freely.

I write poetry because Walt Whitman gave world permission to speak with candor.

I write poetry because Walt Whitman opened up poetry's verse-line for unobstructed breath.

I write poetry because Ezra Pound saw an ivory tower, bet on one wrong horse, gave poets permission to write spoken vernacular idiom.

I write poetry because Pound pointed young Western poets to look at Chinese writing word pictures.

I write poetry because W. C. Williams living in Rutherford wrote New Jerseyesque "I kick yuh eye," asking, how measure that in iambic pentameter?

I write poetry because my father was poet my mother from Russia spoke Communist, died in a mad house.

I write poetry because young friend Gary Snyder sat to look at his thoughts as part of external phenomenal world just like a 1984 conference table.

I write poetry because I suffer, born to die, kidneystones and high blood pressure, everybody suffers.

I write poetry because I suffer confusion not knowing what other people think.

I write because poetry can reveal my thoughts, cure my paranoia also other people's paranoia.

I write poetry because my mind wanders subject to sex politics Buddhadharma meditation.

I write poetry to make accurate picture my own mind.

- I write poetry because I took Bodhisattva's Four Vows: Sentient creatures to liberate are numberless in the universe, my own greed anger ignorance to cut thru's infinite, situations I find myself in are countless as the sky okay, while awakened mind path's endless.
- I write poetry because this morning I woke trembling with fear what could I say in China?
- I write poetry because Russian poets Mayakovsky and Yesenin committed suicide, somebody else has to talk.
- I write poetry because my father reciting Shelley English poet & Vachel Lindsay American poet out loud gave example—big wind inspiration breath.
- I write poetry because writing sexual matters was censored in United States.
- I write poetry because millionaires East and West ride Rolls-Royce limousines, poor people don't have enough money to fix their teeth.
- I write poetry because my genes and chromosomes fall in love with young men not young women.
- I write poetry because I have no dogmatic responsibility one day to the next.
- I write poetry because I want to be alone and want to talk to people.
- I write poetry to talk back to Whitman, young people in ten years, talk to old aunts and uncles still living near Newark, New Jersey.
- I write poetry because I listened to black Blues on 1939 radio, Leadbelly and Ma Rainey
- I write poetry inspired by youthful cheerful Beatles' songs grown old.
- I write poetry because Chuang-tzu couldn't tell whether he was butterfly or man, Lao-tzu said water flows downhill, Confucius said honor elders, I wanted to honor Whitman.
- I write poetry because overgrazing sheep and cattle Mongolia to U.S. Wild West destroys new grass & erosion creates deserts.
- I write poetry wearing animal shoes.
- I write poetry "First thought, best thought" always.
- I write poetry because no ideas are comprehensible except as manifested in minute particulars: "No ideas but in things."
- I write poetry because the Tibetan Lama guru says, "Things are

symbols of themselves.”

I write poetry because newspapers headline a black hole at our galaxy-center, we're free to notice it.

I write poetry because World War I, World War II, nuclear bomb, and World War III if we want it, I don't need it.

I write poetry because first poem *Howl* not meant to be published was prosecuted by the police.

I write poetry because my second long poem *Kaddish* honored my mother's parinirvana in a mental hospital.

I write poetry because Hitler killed six million Jews, I'm Jewish.

I write poetry because Moscow said Stalin exiled 20 million Jews and intellectuals to Siberia, 15 million never came back to the Stray Dog Café, St. Petersburg.

I write poetry because I sing when I'm lonesome.

I write poetry because Walt Whitman said, “Do I contradict myself? Very well then I contradict myself (I am large, I contain multitudes.)”

I write poetry because my mind contradicts itself, one minute in New York, next minute the Dinaric Alps.

I write poetry because my head contains 10,000 thoughts.

I write poetry because no reason no because.

I write poetry because it's the best way to say everything in mind within 6 minutes or a lifetime.

*October 21, 1984*

## PROLOGUE

### Visiting Father & Friends

I climbed the hillside to the lady's house.  
There was Gregory, dressed as a velvet ape,  
japing and laughing, elegant-handed, tumbling  
somersaults and consulting with the hostess,  
girls and wives familiar, feeding him like a baby.  
He looked healthy, remarkable energy, up all night  
talking jewelry, winding his watches, hair over his eyes,  
jumping from one apartment to another.

Neal Cassady rosy-faced indifferent and affectionate  
entertaining himself in company far from China  
back in the USA old 1950s–1980s still kicking  
his way thru the city, up Riverside Drive without a car.  
He hugged me & turned attention to the night ladies  
appearing disappearing in the bar, in apartments  
and the street, his continued jackanapes wasting his time  
& everyone else's but mysterious, maybe up to something  
good—keep us all from committing more crimes,  
political wars, or peace protests angrier than wars'  
cannonball noises. He needed a place to sleep.

Then my father appeared, lone forlorn & healthy  
still living by himself in an apartment a block up  
the hill from Peter's ancient habitual pad, I hadn't  
noticed where Louis lived these days, somehow obliterated  
his home condition from my mind, took it for granted  
tho never'd been curious enough to visit—but as I'd no place  
to go tonight, & wonder'd why I'd not visited him recently,  
I asked could I spend the night & bed down

there with him, his place had bedroom and bath  
a giant Jewish residence apartment on Riverside Drive  
refugees inhabited, driven away from Europe by Hitler,  
where now my father lived—I entered, he showed me his couch  
& told me get comfortable, I slept the night, but woke  
when he shifted his sleeping pad closer to mine I got up  
—he'd slept badly on a green inch-thick dusty  
foam rubber plastic mattress I'd thrown out years ago,  
poor cold mat upon the concrete cellar warehouse floor—  
so that was it! He'd given his bed for my comfort!

No no I said, take back your bed, sleep comfortable  
weary you deserve it, amazing you still get around,  
I'm sorry I hadn't visited before, just didn't know  
where you lived, here you are a block upstreet  
from Peter, hospitable to me Neal & Gregory &  
girlfriends of the night, old sweet Bohemian heart  
don't sleep in the floor like that I'll take your place  
on the mat & pass the night ok.

I went upstairs, happy to see  
he had a place to lay his head for good, and woke in China.  
Peter alive, though drinking a problem, Neal was dead  
more years than my father Louis no longer  
smiling alive, no wonder I'd not visited this place  
he'd retired to a decade ago, How good to see him home, and take  
his fatherly hospitality for granted among the living  
and dead. Now wash my face, dress in my suit  
on time for teaching classroom poetry at 8am Beijing,  
far round the world away from Louis' grave in Jersey.

*November 16, 1984, 6:52 A.M.  
Baoding, P.R.C.*



## You Don't Know It

In Russia the tyrant cockroach mustache ate 20 million souls  
and you don't know it, you don't know it  
In Czechoslovakia the police ate the feet of a generation that can't  
walk  
and you don't know it, you don't know it  
In Poland police state double agent cancer grew large as Catholic  
Church Frankenstein the state itself a Gulag Ship  
and you don't know it, you don't know it  
In Hungary tanks rolled over words of Politician Poets  
and you don't know it  
In Yugoslavia underground partisans of the Great Patriotic War  
fought off the Great Patriotic Army of USSR  
and you don't know it,  
you know Tito but you don't know it  
you say you don't know it these exiles from East Europe complaining  
about someday Nicaragua Gulag  
'cause you don't know it was the Writers Union intellectuals of  
Moscow Vilnius Minsk Leningrad and Tbilisi  
saying "Invade Immediately" their Curse on your Revolution  
No you don't know it's not N.Y. Review of Books it's bohemian  
Krakow Prague Budapest Belgrade E. Berlin  
saying you don't know it you don't know it  
Bella Akhmadulina in candlelight: "American poet you can never  
know the tragedy of Russia"



Nor you General Borge Father Cardenal Vice President Rodríguez you  
say you don't know it  
Can't know it too busy with Yankee war Worse than memory of Stalin  
That you know, yes you do know it

But you don't know it but you will know it  
yes you will know it Lenin said  
the first time History's Tragedy Second repeat it's Comedy  
or was it Trotsky? Marx?

Non pasaran whispers from the Elbe, intellectual teeth chattering on  
Danube & Vistula

Village churchbells drowned in Volga waters dammed by Commissar  
engineers, riverwater evaporating faster than it reaches the sea  
the Taiga woodsman weeping over "boring pamphlets" his forests  
provided

Kulaks rattling skulls & bones to seed a new millennial agriculture by  
1980 '90 2000

with Lysenko's ectoplasm providing ammonia to grow Kasha

You don't know it intellectual Castro fat ass Power Chair a quarter  
century

biting fairies' nuts off, sneaking into Manolo's desk to read my love  
letters

making Heberto Padilla eat your speeches You don't know it's a  
froufrou among French intellectual magazines you glance at as vice  
president of Nicaragua between wars from North Yanquis and  
banquets with Pork & Rum after TV evening news—

You don't know it

Madame Mandelstam's thick book's gossip, Mrs. Evgenia Ginzburg's  
grey prisoners shitting on each other in the hull of the boat  
on frozen sea out of Vladivostok going with the million  
Card-carrying Party members old Bolshevik friends of Lenin  
to the frozen puddles and hungry banks of Kolyma  
where skeletons hit each other to keep alive you don't know it

And they don't know it, Aksionov Škvorecky Romain Rolland  
Ehrenburg Fedorenko Markov Yevtushenko—  
don't know midnight Death Squad clubs on cobblestone no  
the ears cut off, heads chopped open in Salvador don't know the  
million  
Guatemala Indians in Model Villages—  
Don't know 40,000 bellies ripped open by the d'Aubuisson hit-men for  
Born Again neoconservative Texans,  
don't know Yanquis taking tea & 1916 money from the Douane,  
exchange for Chinese opium  
trading bananas to Europe for Tax Control in Managua & Shanghai—  
don't know the holocaust in Salvador 25 years ago 30,000 shot one  
week for thinking Left-Pink-triangle yellow-red headband high on  
peyote  
& you don't know Imagination that leaps like a frog in Communist  
Monastery Ponds—  
Don't know you confess like a worm turning in a matchbox full of salt  
Don't know Solitary, Lesbian Capo ordering Movie Star Princess to  
expose her ——  
and her delicate pink —— and her firm round —— to the false  
dogs of Ideology Fart Yowp with big pricks Whip Blip Blip Blip—  
Bugger it up in Dynamite Don't know the Marines in your mother's  
toilet  
No you don't know it we don't know it only stupid American minstrels  
know intolerant gasbags ascending  
with millions of Readers' Digest copies  
and photo enlargements of a thumbnail translation of the Moravian  
Bible  
Put in my shirt-pocket in a sweat eyes closing as the enemy  
approaches  
to fall asleep & snore Don't I know it

*January 25, 1986, 2:00–2:12 A.M.*

*Managua*

**On the Conduct of the World Seeking Beauty Against Government**

Is that the only way we can become like Indians, like Rhinoceri,  
like Quartz Crystals, like organic farmers, live what we imagine  
Adam & Eve to've been, caressing each other with trembling limbs  
before the Snake of Revolutionary Sex wrapped itself round  
the Tree of Knowledge? What would Roque Dalton joke about lately  
teeth chattering like a machine gun as he debated mass tactics  
with his Compañeros? Necessary to kill the Yanquis with big bomb  
Yes but don't do it by yourself, better consult your mother  
to get the Correct Line of Thought, if not consult Rimbaud once he got  
his leg cut off  
or Lenin after his second stroke sending a message thru Mrs.  
Krupskaya to the rude Georgian, & just before his deathly fit when  
the Cheka aides outside  
his door looked in coldly assuring him his affairs were in good hands  
no need to move—What sickness at the pit of his stomach moved up  
to his brain?  
What thought Khlebnikov on the hungry train exposing his stomach to  
the sun?  
Or Mayakovsky before the bullet hit his brain, what sharp propaganda  
for action  
on the Bureaucratic Battlefield in the Ministry of Collective  
Agriculture in Ukraine?  
What Slogan for Futurist architects or epic hymn for masses of  
Communist Party Card holders in Futurity  
on the conduct of the world seeking beauty against Government?

*January 27, 1986*

## **Hard Labor**

After midnite, Second Avenue horseradish Beef  
at Kiev's wood tables—  
The Kasha Mushrooms tastes good  
as Byelorussia usta when my momma  
ran away from Cossacks 1905  
Did the 5 year plan work? How bad Stalin?  
Am I a Stalinist? A Capitalist? A

Bourgeois Stinker? A rotten Red?  
No I'm a fairy with purple wings and white halo  
translucent as an onion ring in  
the transsexual fluorescent light of Kiev  
Restaurant after a hard day's work

*February 17, 1986, 12:35 A.M.*

## **Velocity of Money**

*For Lee Berton*

I'm delighted by the velocity of money as it whistles through windows  
of Lower East Side  
Delighted skyscrapers rise grungy apartments fall on 84th Street's  
pavement  
Delighted this year inflation drives me out on the street  
with double digit interest rates in Capitalist worlds  
I always was a communist, now we'll win  
as usury makes walls thinner, books thicker & dumber  
Usury makes my poetry more valuable  
Manuscripts worth their weight in useless gold—  
The velocity's what counts as the National Debt gets trillions higher  
Everybody running after the rising dollar  
Crowds of joggers down Broadway past City Hall on the way to the  
Fed  
Nobody reads Dostoyevsky books anymore so they'll have to give  
passing ear  
to my fragmented ravings in between President's speeches  
Nothing's happening but the collapse of the Economy  
so I can go back to sleep till the landlord wins his eviction suit in  
court

*February 18, 1986, 10:00 A.M.*

## **Sphincter**

I hope my good old asshole holds out  
60 years it's been mostly OK

Tho in Bolivia a fissure operation  
survived the *altiplano* hospital—  
a little blood, no polyps, occasionally  
a small hemorrhoid  
active, eager, receptive to phallus  
coke bottle, candle, carrot  
banana & fingers—  
Now AIDS makes it shy, but still  
eager to serve—  
out with the dumps, in with the condom'd  
orgasmic friend—  
still rubbery muscular,  
unashamed wide open for joy  
But another 20 years who knows,  
old folks got troubles everywhere—  
necks, prostates, stomachs, joints—  
Hope the old hole stays young  
till death, relax

March 15, 1986, 1:00 P.M.

## Spot Anger

“Drive all blames into one”

Allen when you get angry you got two choices—  
Konk your head on the floor with words  
Bang the kitchen table, slap taxicab doors,  
insult hotel toilets  
Snarl into National microphones, sneer at the  
speedfreak closet girl syringiste—  
Why not more subtle, grab your anger by the wings  
and bag it in the garbage pail  
Look around by the venetian blind  
It's only you in the universe's kitchen—  
A subtler wave of the hand, patience—  
Say, I don't want this Saturn trip, no thanks,  
*Domo arigato* how nice but I'll not entertain  
Dr. Frankenstein till Monday  
These pants don't fit, may I borrow your library card—  
Breathe your typhoonic tantrum in, exhale a gentle

breath of Ginsberg out the kitchen window  
wafting a Springtime Fairy feather-slight  
raising a big iron pipe  
to konk Mr. Temper Tantrum on his green bull noodle & fly off  
over Manhattan weaving silver laughter  
round skyscraper spires.

*April 24, 1986, 6:00 A.M.*

### **London Dream Doors**

On London's Tavern's wooden table, been reading Kit Smart—  
God sent him to sea for pearls—till eyes heavy must sleep—  
So went upstairs to my boardinghouse room yet the tall dark  
boy that lived across the hall'd just got under covers  
in a high Captain's bed, but left his door wide open,  
his room furnished mahogany, oak crowded to the closets—  
I gazed alas he was handsome, older than my choice of flesh  
smooth boyhood, the lad had dark eyes, long limbs  
a little hair on legs and chest, a little beard and smile—  
I dozed, woke and returned from the bog, again passing  
his room at stairtop— He lay in bed eyes open, I paused—  
then turned aside thru his door, an embrace before going  
to sleep in my own solid room I'd rented, first night  
in this odd town, I'd come to teach a few strangers Love  
& Poetry— So cast myself on his chest for a hug goodnight,  
a second's surprise like father-son sweet dreams—  
He clasped arms around me, held tight, I stopped a second—  
More than I'd hoped for! Refreshing friendliness!—  
lay there a minute, his warmth remained, spontaneous—  
Grateful hugged his chest & quickly kissed his neck  
& face, haste before I must rise— Yet no need to go  
so with right leg I pushed the door in, closed,  
we were alone. He pulled me on top of him, held each other,  
I passed my hand along his side down to his thigh

he shivered, hands on my back, we began to sweat under covers, his skin like slippery meat, the heat of our embrace familiar, companionable surprise, I was to be loved by his strong form, how soon hug his middle? touch his flaccid glans? My own already thick with pleasure—chest to his chest, legs intertwined, hard hair felt uncomfortable under my hand—moved my palm across his slimy stomach, sweat not unpleasant, close heat amazed us both, secret freedom in his antique room, invitation to explore night's pleasure, fresh conscience, muscled thoughts, hearts glowing astounded happiness a brief 8 hours in the dark— What to do? I kissed his solar plexus & belly above loins, he sighed and breathed on my neck in back, affectionate clasped to his breast, arm round my waist— eyes closed I lay still, head under white muslin in dim light, quilt set aside for the heat—

The door opened suddenly!

“You’ll have to pay for the night’s furniture” announced the landlord. “You’ll have to pay for the sink water and extra covers! We rent or sell!” He fell silent. Hadn’t he noticed my bulk under thin sheet-cloth? But next instant he was gone downstairs to write up the bill, door left ajar.

“Into my closet!” my new friend whispered urgent, “the first door!”—

The knob on his mirrored armoire stuck, wouldn’t open, same horrific closet of old play-movie nightmare blackouts—I saw my own room entrance across the hall—“I’ll go in there, seconds to hide,” fast before the old fellow returns! Naked trailing sheet & blanket I crossed the hall stealthy, closed my bedroom door behind, just time enough? Alas bed sheets blocked the door jamb, clogged the landing, pull them through, I strained, dragged awkward blankets inside in a trice and woke under springtime sheets and linen cover alone, East Twelfth Street,

last night with Bengali Marathi Urdu poets, Museum of Modern Art.

*May 6, 1986, 3:10 A.M.*

## **Cosmopolitan Greetings**

*To Struga Festival Golden Wreath Laureates  
& International Bards 1986*

Stand up against governments, against God.

Stay irresponsible.

Say only what we know & imagine.

Absolutes are coercion.

Change is absolute.

Ordinary mind includes eternal perceptions.

Observe what's vivid.

Notice what you notice.

Catch yourself thinking.

Vividness is self-selecting.

If we don't show anyone, we're free to write anything.

Remember the future.

Advise only yourself.

Don't drink yourself to death.

Two molecules clanking against each other require an observer to  
become scientific data.



The measuring instrument determines the appearance of the phenomenal world after Einstein.

The universe is subjective.

Walt Whitman celebrated Person.

We are observer, measuring instrument, eye, subject, Person.

Universe is Person.

Inside skull vast as outside skull.

Mind is outer space.

“Each on his bed spoke to himself alone, making no sound.”

“First thought, best thought.”

Mind is shapely, Art is shapely.

Maximum information, minimum number of syllables.

Syntax condensed, sound is solid.

Intense fragments of spoken idiom, best.

Consonants around vowels make sense.

Savor vowels, appreciate consonants.

Subject is known by what she sees.

Others can measure their vision by what we see.

Candor ends paranoia.

*Kral Majales  
June 25, 1986*

## FIFTH INTERNATIONALE

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Fifth Internationale'. It is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staff, and the music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. Chord symbols (G, C, Am, D, E) are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic structure. The lyrics are: 'A- rise Ye Prisoners of your mind-Set A- rise Neu-ro-tics of the Earth For In-sight thunders Li-ber- a- tion A Sac-red world's in Birth. No more At-tach-ment's chains bind us Minds Ag- -res-sion no more rules The Earth shall rise on New Joun- -da- tions We have been jerks we shall be Fools 'Tis the Path of Ac-cu- mu- la- tion Let each sit on his place The In- ter- national Crazy Wis- dom School Could save the Hu- man Race.'

### Fifth Internationale

*To Billy MacKeever*

Arise ye prisoners of your mind-set  
Arise Neurotics of the Earth  
For Insight thunders Liberation  
A sacred world's in birth

No more Attachment's chains shall bind us  
Mind's Aggression no more rules

The Earth shall rise on new foundations  
We have been jerks we shall be Fools

'Tis the Path of Accumulation  
Let each sit on his place  
The International Crazy Wisdom School  
Could save the Human Race

July 1986  
Naropa

### EUROPE, WHO KNOWS?

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is marked 'C' (Crescendo). The lyrics are written below the staff. The score includes a 'LAST STANZA' marking. The lyrics are: 'All o-ver Eu-robe people are saying "Who knows?" "Who knows?" As-pho-del's fine but next year what comes with the rose? Cab-bage smells good but de- pends which way the wind blows All o-ver Europe people are saying "Who knows?" "Who knows?" If we didn't eat poison wed starve Brother, evry one knows.'

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### Europe, Who Knows?

All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"  
Asphodel's fine but next year what comes with the rose?  
Cabbage smells good but depends which way the wind blows  
All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

Wormwood skies'll poison the sea: *Revelation*  
Oslo to Athens black clouds've enlightened the nations  
Cesium mushrooms & milk may mutate the Creation  
All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

Crossing the park in Munich Max Planck Institute  
On my forearm and brow a film of invisible soot  
Fell on my skin out of heaven, a new set of clothes  
All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

Woke up in Poland, maple leaves just wilted down  
Not a cloud in the sky inexplicably cold on the ground  
Kids in the yard were playing without any clothes  
All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

Phoned up the doctor, official reply: "Never mind"  
Same afternoon suggested we take iodine  
Three days later Chernobyl's error disclosed  
All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

Slaughtered the reindeer in Lapland, Lapps on the dole  
Camembert radioactive, in Zurich, the gold  
In the Cotswolds of England all the sheep markets were closed  
All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

If a liter of water's one x-ray in Washington State  
So in milk bars of Minsk what does it cost a milkshake?  
Big apples this year, we still have to eat up what grows  
If we didn't eat poison we'd starve, Brother, everyone knows.

*September 12, 1986 (with Steven Taylor)  
Warsaw Airport*

## **Graphic Winces**

In highschool when you crack your front tooth bending down too fast  
over the porcelain water fountain  
or raise the tuna sandwich to your open mouth and a cockroach  
tickles your knuckle  
or step off the kitchen cabinet ladder on the ball of your foot hear the  
piercing meow of a soft kitten  
or sit on a rattling subway next the woman scratching sores on her

legs, thick pus on her fingers  
or put your tongue to a winter-frozen porch door, a layer of  
frightening white flesh sticks to the wooden frame—  
or pinch your little baby boy's fat neck skin in the last teeth of his  
snowsuit zipper  
or when you cross Route 85 the double yellow line's painted over a  
dead possum  
or tip your stale party Budweiser on the windowsill to your lips, taste  
Marlboro butts floating top of the can—  
or fighting on the second flight of the tenement push your younger  
sister down the marble stairs she bites her tongue in half, they have  
to sew it back in the hospital—  
or at icebox grabbing the half-eaten Nestlé's Crunch a sliver of foil  
sparks on your back molar's silver filling  
or playing dare in High School you fall legs split on opposite sides of a  
high iron spiked fence  
or kicked in the Karate Dojo hear the sound like a cracked twig then  
feel a slow dull throb in your left forearm,  
or tripping fall on the sidewalk & rip last week's scab off your left  
knee  
You might grimace, a sharp breath from the solar plexus, chill  
spreading from shoulderblades and down the arms,  
or you may wince, tingling twixt sphincter and scrotum a subtle  
electric discharge.

*December 8, 1986*

### **Imitation of K.S.**

The young kid, horror buff, monster Commissar, ghoul connoisseur, attic bedroom postered with violet skulls, cigarette butts on the floor, thinks he'd strangle girls after orgasm—pumping iron 13 years old, 175-pound muscleman, his father shot at him, missed, hit the door, he saw his mother's tiny apron, father clutched his throat, six foot four drunk, today's in Alcohol Anonymous. Even eyes, symmetric face, aged twenty, acid-free-plastic packages of *Ghoul Ghosts*, *Monsters Nowhere*, *Evil Demons of the Dead*, *Frenzy Reanimator*, *Psycho Nightmare on Elm Street* stacked by his mattress; he followed me around, carried

my harmonium box, protected me from the drunk Tibetan, came to my bed; head on his shoulder, I felt his naked heart, “my Cock’s half dead,” he thinks he’ll cut it off, can’t stand to be touched, never touches himself, iron legs, “skinny dynamite,” thick biceps, a six-day black fuzz on his even jaw, shining eyes, “I love you too.”

*March 22, 1987*

## **I Went to the Movie of Life**

In the mud, in the night, in Mississippi Delta roads  
outside Clarksdale I slogged along Lights flashed  
under trees, my black companion motioned “Here they are,  
your company.”—Like giant rhinoceri with painted faces  
splashed all over side and snout, headlights glaring in rain,  
one after another buses rolled past us toward Book Hotel  
Boarding House, up the hill, town ahead.

Accompanying me, two girls  
pitched in the dark slush garbaged road, slipping in deep ruts  
wheels’d left behind sucking at their high heels, staining granny  
dresses sequined magic marked with astral signs, Head groupies  
who knew the way to this Grateful Dead half-century heroes’  
caravan pit stop for the night. I climbed mid-road, a toad  
hopped before my foot, I shrank aside, unthinking’d kicked it off  
with leather shoe, animal feet scurried back at my sight—  
a little monster on his back bled red, nearby this prey a lizard  
with large eyes retreated, and a rat curled tail and slithered  
in mud wet to the dirt gutter, repelled. A long climb ahead, the girls’d  
make it or not, I moved on, eager to rejoin old company.  
Merry Pranksters with aged pride in peacock-feathered beds,  
shining mylar mirror-paper walls, acid mothers with strobe-lit radios,  
long-haired men, gaunt 60s’ Diggers emerged from the night  
to rest, bathe, cook spaghetti, nurse their kids,  
smoke pipes and squat with Indian sages round charcoal  
braziers in their cars; profound American dreamers,

I was in their company again after long years, byways  
alone looking for lovers in bar street country towns  
and sunlit cities, rain & shine, snow & spring-bud backyard  
brick walls, ominous adventures behind the Iron Curtain.  
Were we all grown old? I looked for my late boyfriends,  
dancing to Electric Blues with their guns and smoke round jukebox  
walls  
the smell of hash and country ham, old newspaper media stars  
wandering room after room: Pentagon refugee Ellsberg, old dove  
Dellinger bathing in an iron tub with a patch in his stomach wall  
Abbie Hoffman explaining the natural strategy of city political saint  
works, Quicksilver Messenger musicians, Berkeley orators  
with half-grown children in their sox & dirty faces, alcohol  
uncles who played chess & strummed banjos frayed by broken  
fingernails.

Where's Ken Kesey, away tonite in another megalopolis hosting  
hypnosis parties for Hell's Angels, maybe nail them down on stage  
or radio, Neal must be tending his daughters in Los Gatos,  
pacifying his wife, coming down amphetamines in his bedroom,  
or downers to sleep this night away & wake for work  
in the great Bay Carnival tented among smokestacks, railroad  
tracks and freeways under box-house urban hills.

Young movie stars with grizzled beards passed thru bus corridors  
looking for Dylan in the movie office, re-swaggering old roles,  
recorded words now sung in Leningrad and Shanghai, their wives  
in tortoise shell glasses & paisley shawls & towels tending  
cauldrons bubbling with spaghetti sauce & racks of venison,  
squirrel or lamb; ovens open with hot rhubarb pies—  
Who should I love? Here one with leather hat, blond hair  
strong body middle age, face frowned in awful thought,  
beer in hand by the bathroom wall? That Digger boy I knew  
with giant phallos, bald head studying medicine walked by,

preoccupied with anatomy homework, rolling a joint, his  
thick fingers at his chest, eyes downcast on paper & tobacco.  
One by one I checked out love companions, none whose beauty  
stayed my heart, this place was tired of my adoration,  
they knew my eyes too well. No one I could find to give me  
bed tonite and wake me grinning naked, with eggs scrambled  
for breakfast ready, oatmeal, grits, or hot spicy sausages  
at noon assembly when I opened my eyelids out of dream. I  
wandered, walking room to room thru psychedelic buses  
wanting to meet someone new, younger than this crowd of wily  
wrinkled wanderers with their booze and families, Electronic  
Arts & Crafts, woe lined brows of chemical genius music  
producers, adventurous politicians, singing ladies & earthy paramours  
playing rare parts in the final movie of a generation.

The cameras

rolled and followed me, was I the central figure in this film?  
I'd known most faces and guided the inevitable cameras room to  
room,  
pausing at candle lit bus windows to view this ghostly caravan of  
gypsy  
intellects passing thru USA, aged rock stars whispering by coal stoves,  
public headline artists known from Rolling Stone & N.Y. Times,  
actors & actresses from Living Theater, gaunt-faced and eloquent  
with lifted hands & bony fingers greeting me on my way  
to the bus driver's wheel, tattered dirty gloves on Neal's seat  
waiting his return from working the National Railroad, young kids  
I'd taught saluting me wearily from worn couches as I passed  
bus to bus, cameras moving behind me. What was my role?  
I hardly knew these faded heroes, friendly strangers  
so long on the road, I'd been out teaching in Boulder, Manhattan,  
Budapest, London, Brooklyn so long, why follow me thru  
these amazing Further bus party reunion corridors tonite?



or is this movie, or real, if I turn to face the camera I'd break  
the scene, dissolve the plot illusion, or is't illusion  
art, or just my life? Were cameras ever there, the picture  
flowed so evenly before my eyes, how could a crew follow  
me invisible still and smoothly noiseless bus to bus  
from room to room along the caravan's painted labyrinth?  
This wasn't cinema, and I no hero spokesman documenting friendship  
scenes, only myself alone lost in bus cabins with familiar  
strangers still looking for some sexual angel for mortal delights  
no different from haunting St. Mark's Boys Bar again solitary  
in tie jacket and grey beard, wallet in my pocket full of  
cash and cards, useless.

A glimmer of lights  
in the curtained doorway before me! my heart leapt  
forward to the Orgy Room, all youths! Lithe and  
hairless, smooth skinned, white buttocks ankles, young men's  
nippled chests lit behind the curtain, thighs entwined  
in the male area, place I was looking for behind  
my closed eyelids all this night—I pushed my hand  
into the room, moving aside the curtain that shimmered  
within bright with naked knees and shoulders pale  
in candlelight—entered the pleasure chamber's empty door  
glimmering silver shadows reflected on the silver curtained veil,  
eyelids still dazzling as their adolescent limbs  
intangible dissolved where I put my hand into a vacant room,  
lay down on its dark floor to watch the lights of phantom arms  
pulsing across closed eyelids conscious as I woke in bed  
returned at dawn New York wood-slatted venetian blinds over  
the windows on E. 12th St. in my white painted room

*April 30, 1987, 4:30–6:25 A.M.*

**When the Light Appears**

*Lento*

You'll bare your bones you'll grow you'll pray you'll only know  
When the light appears, boy, when the light appears  
You'll sing & you'll love you'll praise blue heavens above  
When the light appears, boy, when the light appears  
You'll whimper & you'll cry you'll get yourself sick and sigh  
You'll sleep & you'll dream you'll only know what you mean  
When the light appears, boy, when the light appears  
You'll come & you'll go, you'll wander to and fro  
You'll go home in despair you'll wonder why'd you care  
You'll stammer & you'll lie you'll ask everybody why  
You'll cough and you'll pout you'll kick your toe with gout  
You'll jump you'll shout you'll knock your friends about  
You'll bawl and you'll deny & announce your eyes are dry  
You'll roll and you'll rock you'll show your big hard cock  
You'll love & you'll grieve & one day you'll come believe  
As you whistle & you smile the lord made you worthwhile  
You'll preach and you'll glide on the pulpit in your pride  
Sneak & slide across the stage like a river in high tide  
You'll come fast or come on slow just the same you'll never know  
When the light appears, boy, when the light appears

*May 3, 1987, 2:30 A.M.*

### **On Cremation of Chögyam Trungpa, Vidyadhara**

I noticed the grass, I noticed the hills, I noticed the highways,  
I noticed the dirt road, I noticed car rows in the parking lot  
I noticed ticket takers, I noticed the cash and checks & credit cards,  
I noticed buses, noticed mourners, I noticed their children in red  
dresses,  
I noticed the entrance sign, noticed retreat houses, noticed blue &  
yellow Flags—  
noticed the devotees, their trucks & buses, guards in Khaki uniforms  
I noticed crowds, noticed misty skies, noticed the all-pervading smiles  
& empty eyes—  
I noticed pillows, colored red & yellow, square pillows and round—  
I noticed the Tori Gate, passers-through bowing, a parade of men &

women in formal dress—  
noticed the procession, noticed the bagpipe, drum, horns, noticed  
high silk head crowns & saffron robes, noticed the three piece suits,  
I noticed the palanquin, an umbrella, the stupa painted with jewels  
the colors of the four directions—  
amber for generosity, green for karmic works, noticed the white for  
Buddha, red for the heart—  
thirteen worlds on the stupa hat, noticed the bell handle and  
umbrella, the empty head of the white clay bell—  
noticed the corpse to be set in the head of the bell—  
noticed the monks chanting, horn plaint in our ears, smoke rising  
from atop the firebrick empty bell—  
noticed the crowds quiet, noticed the Chilean poet, noticed a  
Rainbow,  
I noticed the Guru was dead, I noticed his teacher bare breasted  
watching the corpse burn in the stupa,  
noticed mourning students sat crosslegged before their books,  
chanting devotional mantras,  
gesturing mysterious fingers, bells & brass thunderbolts in their hands  
I noticed flame rising above flags & wires & umbrellas & painted  
orange poles  
I noticed the sky, noticed the sun, a rainbow round the sun, light  
misty clouds drifting over the Sun—  
I noticed my own heart beating, breath passing thru my nostrils  
my feet walking, eyes seeing, noticing smoke above the corpse-fir'd  
monument  
I noticed the path downhill, noticed the crowd moving toward buses  
I noticed food, lettuce salad, I noticed the Teacher was absent,  
I noticed my friends, noticed our car the blue Volvo, a young boy held  
my hand  
our key in the motel door, noticed a dark room, noticed a dream  
and forgot, noticed oranges lemons & caviar at breakfast,  
I noticed the highway, sleepiness, homework thoughts, the boy's  
nipped chest in the breeze

as the car rolled down hillsides past green woods to the water,  
I noticed the houses, balconies overlooking a misted horizon, shore &  
old worn rocks in the sand

I noticed the sea, I noticed the music, I wanted to dance.

*May 28, 1987, 2:30–3:15 A.M.*

## **Nanao**

Brain washed by numerous mountain streams  
Legs clean after walking four continents  
Eyes cloudless as Kagoshima sky  
Fresh raw surprisingly cooked heart  
Tongue live as a Spring salmon  
Nanao's hands are steady, pen & ax sharp as stars.

*With Peter Orlovsky  
June 1987*

## **Personals Ad**

*"I will send a picture too if you will send me one of you"*

—R. CREELEY

Poet professor in autumn years  
seeks helpmate companion protector friend  
young lover w/empty compassionate soul  
exuberant spirit, straightforward handsome  
athletic physique & boundless mind, courageous  
warrior who may also like women & girls, no problem,  
to share bed meditation apartment Lower East Side,  
help inspire mankind conquer world anger & guilt,  
empowered by Whitman Blake Rimbaud Ma Rainey & Vivaldi,  
familiar respecting Art's primordial majesty, priapic carefree  
playful harmless slave or master, mortally tender passing swift time,  
photographer, musician, painter, poet, yuppie or scholar—  
Find me here in New York alone with the Alone  
going to lady psychiatrist who says Make time in your life  
for someone you can call darling, honey, who holds you dear  
can get excited & lay his head on your heart in peace.

*October 8, 1987*

## Proclamation

*For Carlos Edmondo de Ory*

I am the King of the Universe  
I am the Messiah with a new dispensation  
Excuse me I stepped on a nail.  
A mistake  
Perhaps I am not the Capitalist of Heaven.  
Perhaps I'm a gate keeper snoring  
    beside the Pearl Columns—  
No this isn't true, I really am God himself.  
Not at all human. Don't associate me  
    w/that Crowd.  
In any case you can believe every word  
    I say.

*October 31, 1987  
Gas Station, N.Y.*

## To Jacob Rabinowitz

Dear Jacob I received your translation, what kind  
favor you paid to have it printed up,  
lighthearted the most readable I know—  
Glad to be your friend, 2000 years after Catullus,  
nothing's changed poets or poetics, lovers or love  
familiar conversation between the three of us,  
familiar tears—Remember you leaped in bed naked  
and wouldn't sleep on my floor, decade ago? I was  
half century old, you hardly out of puberty gave me  
your ass bright eyes and virgin body a whole month  
What a little liar you were, how'd I know you were cherry?  
Put me down now for not hearing your teenage heartbeat,  
think back were you serious offering to kidnap me  
to Philadelphia, Cleveland, Baltimore, Miami, God  
knows, rescued from boring fame & Academic fortune,  
Rimbaud Verlaine lovers starved together in boondock houseflat  
stockyard furnished rooms eating pea soup reading E. A. Poe?  
First night in each other's arms you chilled my spine whispering  
lies till dawn—pubescent lovelife with a tiny monkey you claim'd

you'd tortured to death—how trust you take me to the moon?  
Tho you gave your butt to others in St. Mark's Baths' steam room  
that year I followed you to Chelsea Hotel kissing your boots  
& still lust for your body tho now you've grown a red beard.  
At thirty still cute, lost interest in my potbelly years ago,  
useless to jack off to your youthful shadow anymore.  
And I your genius poet first love ignored hypoglycemic,  
impotent, gouty, squint-eyed, halfway bald—  
Reading this book gives me youth back again, not old  
in vain, at last you bring love to Catullus & Poetry  
humble enough to print these translations by yourself.

*December 2, 1987, 4:30 A.M.*

### **Grandma Earth's Song**

I started down Capitol Hill side along unfamiliar black central avenues  
warily uncertain which streets thru Fillmore district to City Hall  
valley center,  
and as I passed a block or two I saw a fragile crone marching toward  
me  
up hill, Grandma Bag-lady ragged dressed with firm ancient steps Old  
Ma Earth  
dragging a shopping cart filled with cans bottles & plastic newspapers  
tied  
with silk stockings wandering alone singing out loud on way to Civic  
Center

When dull roots write Laws  
Jerusalem to New York  
Poor Jews break Arab Jaws  
Blacks eat greasy pork

What's the Planet News?  
Wall Street's poison pill  
Palestinians stone Jews  
Water runs downhill

Young soldiers gonna die

Old presidents get AIDS  
They bankrupted the sky  
The ozone layer fades

Crazy people got money  
I own State Capitols  
Sheriff calls me honey  
The army's a bunch of fools

I want my welfare stamps  
I want my movie show  
I got ten kerosene lamps  
I'm 99 years old

This town's already dead  
This country's on the skids  
This state's made out of lead  
I can't feed my kids

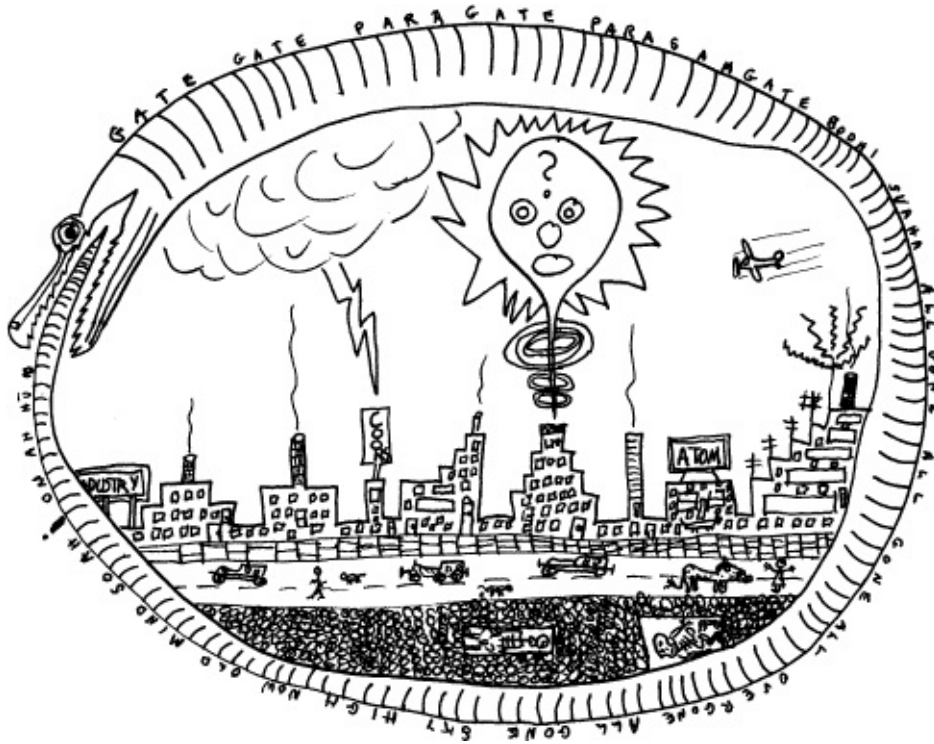
My name is Gaia ah ha ha  
Put me in jail I screw the sky  
Nothing to win or lose Poppa  
Born your gonna die

Adam bombs & newsboy hoaxes  
Fakers yak the Oval Room  
I live in cardboard boxes  
They killed the ocean's womb

Tear up your welfare check  
I'll eat my way to Heaven  
Throw me in Walnut Creek  
I'll vomit Pacific Ocean

Wakening as she passed by I thought, she's improvising street  
doggerel epic popular song cackling in everyone's Immortal brain  
Anything comes to mind's the right politics to ruin Police State.

February 13, 1988, 7:30–9:00 A.M.



### Salutations to Fernando Pessoa

Every time I read Pessoa I think  
I'm better than he is I do the same thing  
more extravagantly—he's only from Portugal,  
I'm American greatest Country in the world  
right now End of XX Century tho Portugal  
had a big empire in the 15th century never mind  
now shrunk to a Corner of Iberian peninsula  
whereas New York take New York for instance  
tho Mexico City's bigger N.Y.'s richer think of Empire State  
Building not long ago world empire's biggest skyscraper—  
be that as't may I've experienced 61 years' XX Century  
Pessoa walked down Rua do Ouro only till 1936  
He entered Whitman so I enter Pessoa no  
matter what they say besides dead he wouldn't object.

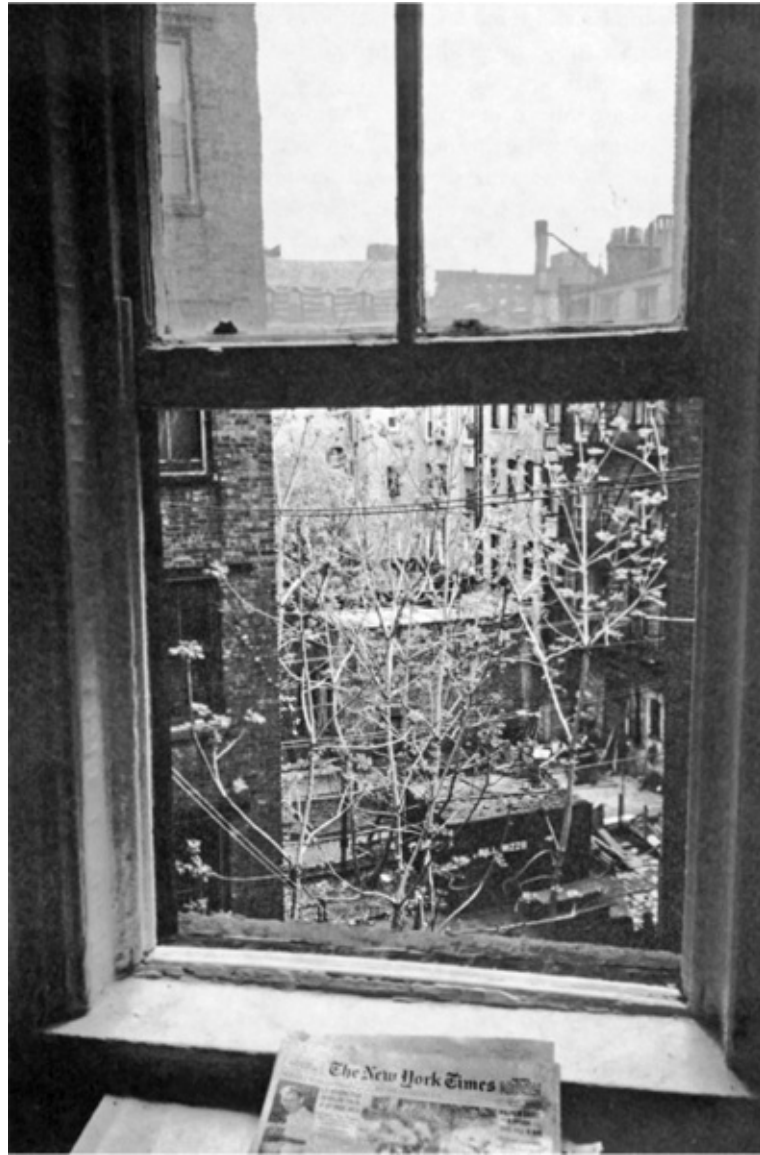
What way'm I better than Pessoa?



Known on 4 Continents I have 25 English books he only 3  
his mostly Portuguese, but that's not his fault—  
U.S.A.'s a bigger country  
merely 2 Trillion in debt a passing freakout,  
Reagan's dirty work an American Century aberration  
unrepresenting our Nation Whitman sang in Epic manner  
tho worried about in *Democratic Vistas*  
As a Buddhist not proud my superiority to Pessoa  
I'm humble Pessoa was nuts big difference,  
tho apparently gay—same as Socrates,  
consider Michelangelo da Vinci Shakespeare  
inestimable comrade Walt  
True I was tainted Pinko at an early age a mere trifle  
science itself destroys ozone layers this era antiStalinists  
poison entire earth with radioactive anticommunism.  
Maybe I lied somewhat  
rarely in verse, only protecting others' reputations.  
Frankly too Candid about my mother tho meant well  
Did Pessoa mention his mother? she's interesting,  
powerful to birth sextuplets  
Alberto Cairo Alvaro de Campos Ricardo Reis Bernardo Soares &  
Alexander Search simultaneously  
with Fernando Pessoa himself a classic sexophrenic  
Confusing personae not so popular  
outside Portugal's tiny kingdom (till recently a second-rate police  
state)  
Let me get to the point er I forget what it was  
but certainly enjoy making comparisons between this Ginsberg &  
Pessoa  
people talk about in Iberia hardly any books in English  
presently the world's major diplomatic language extended throughout  
China.  
Besides he was a shrimp, himself admits in interminable "Salutations

to Walt Whitman”  
whereas 5’7½” height  
somewhat above world average, no immodesty,  
I’m speaking seriously about me & Pessoa.  
Anyway he never influenced me, never read Pessoa  
before I wrote my celebrated *Howl* already translated into 24  
languages,  
not to this day’s Pessoa influence an anxiety  
Midnight April 12 ’88 merely glancing his book  
certainly influences me in passing, only reasonable  
but reading a page in translation hardly proves “Influence.”  
Turning to Pessoa, what’d he write about? Whitman  
(Lisbon, the sea etc.) method peculiarly longwinded,  
diarrhea mouth some people say—Pessoa Schmessoa.

*April 12, 1988*



## May Days 1988

I

As I cross my kitchen floor the thought of Death returns,  
day after day, as I wake & drink lemon juice & hot water,  
brush my teeth & blow my nose, stand at toilet a yellow stream  
issuing from my body, look out curtained windows, across the street  
Mary Help of Christians R.C. Church, how many years  
empty the garbage pail, carry black plastic bags to the sidewalk,  
before I boil the last soft egg,  
day after day glance my altar sitting pillow a sidelong look & sigh,  
pass bookcases' Greek lyrics & volumes of Military Industrial Secrecy?

How many mornings out the window Springtime's grey clouds drift  
over a wooden owl  
on the Rectory roof, pigeons flutter off the street lamp to an iron  
fence, I return to kitchen  
oatmeal cooking in an iron pot, sit in a wooden chair, choose a  
soup spoon, dreaming out the window eat my gruel  
as ailanthus trees bud & grow thick green, seaweed in rainy Atlantis,  
lose leaves after snowfall, sit bare-branched in January's rusty winds?  
Snap photographs focus'd on the clothesline, courtyard chimneypots a  
block away?  
How many years lie alone in bed and stroke my cock  
or read the Times on a pillow midnite, answer telephone talk, my  
Stepmother  
or Joe in Washington, wait for a knock on the door it's portly Peter  
sober hesitant  
inquiring supper, rarely visiting, rueful a life gone by—you got the  
monthly rent?  
armfuls of mid-morn mail arriving with despairing Secretaries—  
rise and tuck my shirt in, turn the doorlock key, go down hallway  
stairs,  
enter New York City, Christine's Polish restaurant around East 12th  
Street corner on 1st Avenue  
taxi uptown to art museums or visit Dr. Brown, chest x-rays, smoking  
cough or flu  
Turn on the News from Palestine, Listen to Leadbelly's tape lament,  
*Black Girl, Jim Crow, Irene*—and  
Sunday Puerto Ricans climb concrete steps week after week to church.

## II

Sox in the laundry, snap on the kitchen light midnite icebox  
raid, sun-dried tomatoes, soft swiss cheese & ham, Pineapple juice,  
low rent control \$260 per mo, clear sanded gymseal'd floors, white  
walls,  
Blake's *Tyger* on the bedroom bookcase, cabs rattling on dark asphalt

below,  
Silence, a solitary house, Charles Fourier on bedside table waiting  
inspection, switch light off—  
Pajamas in drawer for sleep, 80 volumes behind the headboard for  
browsing—  
Irving Howe's Yiddish Poetry, Atilla József, Sashibusan Das Gupta's  
*Obscure Religious Cults*, Céline, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*—  
What riches for old age? What cozy naps and long nights' dreams?  
Browsing in Persepolis and Lhasa!  
What more ask existence? Except time, more time, ripe time & calm  
& Warless time to contemplate collapsing years, tho body teeth brain  
elbow ache,  
a crooked creak at backbone bottom, dry nostrils, mottled ankle  
& smart tongue, how many years to talk, snap photos, sing in theaters  
improvise in classroom street church radio, far from Congress?  
How many more years eyes closed 9 A.M. wake worrying  
the ulcer in my cheek isn't cancer? Should I have charged Burroughs'  
biographer for photos  
reprinted from 40 years ago? Miles the editor's stylistic competence  
OK  
for Lit Hist Beat Generation? Should I rise & meditate  
or sleep in daylight recuperate flu? phone ringing half an hour ago  
What's on the Answer Machine? Give back Advances to Harper's?  
Who promised deadlines for this photo book? Wasn't I up 2 A.M.  
revising Poems?  
Spontaneous verse?!? Take a plane to Greenland, visit Dublin?  
PEN Club meet May 17, decision Israeli Censorship Arabic Press?  
Call C—— O—— Yiddish translator poetress Zionist yenta?  
Write concentration camp expert moralist Elie Wiesel, what's his word  
"Arabs shd throw words not stones?"—that quote accurate from the  
Times?  
Should I get up right now, crosslegged scribbling Journals  
with motor roar in street downstairs, stolen autos doctor'd at the curb

or pull the covers over achy bones? How many years awake or sleepy  
How many mornings to be or not to be?  
How many morning Mays to come, birds chirp insistent on six-story  
roofs?  
buds rise in backyard cities? Forsythia yellow by brick walls & rusty  
bedsprings near the fence?

### III

How many Sundays wake and lie immobile eyes closed remembering  
Death,  
7 A.M. Spring Sunlight out the window the noise a Nuyorican drunkard  
on the corner  
reminds me of Peter, Naomi, my nephew Alan, am I mad myself, have  
always been so  
waking in N.Y. 61st year to realize childless I am a motherless freak  
like so many millions, worlds from Paterson Los Angeles to Amazon  
Humans & Whales screaming in despair from Empire State Building  
top to Arctic Ocean bottom—?

*May 1–3, 1988*

### **Numbers in U.S. File Cabinet (Death Waits to Be Executed)**

100,000,000 buffalo 17th century on North American Plains  
\$136,000,000,000 Farm Program costs encouraged chemical overuse  
1980s decade  
\$4,500,000 Agriculture Department research on Natural farm methods  
1980s  
300,000 National junkies  
100,000 alcohol deaths yearly  
385,000 tobacco deaths heart attack cancer a year  
30,000 deaths “illicit substances” yearly  
\$11,000,000,000 budget war on drugs 1990  
1,000,000,000 people on world malnourished diseased  
3,600,000 estimated American Homeless

300,000 mental patients dumped on streets 1970s–1980s  
300 homeless slept outdoors Tompkins Park N.Y.C. July 29, 1989  
17,000 meals served St. Peter's soup kitchen Morristown N.J.  
110,000,000 man-made deaths Wars holocausts fatality camps XX  
Century  
3°–8° Fahrenheit increase earth temperature next century computers  
project  
Lambert 3-6606 Louis Ginsberg's phone for 20 years in Paterson N.J.  
65 Decibels sound level ordinary speech  
100 Decibels rock concert sound level  
28,000,000 current cases hearing loss U.S.A.  
6,000 workers, Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Plant  
\$300,000,000 yearly pay & benefits Rocky Flats Colorado  
1% Colorado manufacturing activity's at Rocky Flats Nuclear Facility  
70 FBI agents raided Rocky Flats investigating 10,000 gallon toxic  
waste tanks 1989  
\$100,000,000,000 to 200,000,000,000 estimate nuclear weapons  
complex cleanup costs  
Savings & Loan Association bankruptcy taxpayers' costs it says here  
\$500,000,000,000  
70,000 Salvadorians killed in Civil War majority by Government  
Paramilitary Death Squads funded by U.S.A.  
40,000 names Doris Lessing too on National Automated Immigration  
Lookout System barred entering U.S.A.  
3,000 citizens killed by Shining Path, Peru 1972–1979  
3,000 citizens disappeared in Government custody Peru 1972–1979  
U.S. produces 24% planetary Greenhouse gas, consumes 40% world's  
gasoline  
\$2,000,000,000,000-plus U.S. National debt 1990 ante Iraq War  
\$65 cost of Harry Smith's eyeglasses  
20 largest World Cities by year 2000 none U.S.-European none speak  
English  
1 in 10 Salvadorians displaced in decade's counterinsurgency war  
1 sun per known solar system

1 set Wisdom teeth  
1 mother of all  
1 wrong move  
1 bad apple  
1 way street  
1 anus each  
1 non-God  
1 down 2 to go

*March 1990*

### **Return of Kral Majales**

This silver anniversary much hair's gone from my head and I am the  
King of May  
And tho I am King of May my howls & proclamations present are  
banned by FCC on America's electric airwaves 6 A.M. to midnight  
So King of May I return through Heaven flying to reclaim my paper  
crown  
And I am King of May with high blood pressure, diabetes, gout, Bell's  
palsy, kidneystones & calm eyeglasses  
And wear the foolish crown of no ignorance no wisdom anymore no  
fear no hope in capitalist striped tie & Communist dungarees  
No laughing matter the loss of the planet next hundred years  
And I am the King of May returned with a diamond big as the  
universe an empty mind  
And I am the King of May lacklove bouzerant in Springtime with a  
feeble practice of meditation  
And I am King of May Distinguished Brooklyn English Professor  
singing  
All gone all gone all overgone all gone sky-high now old mind so Ah!

*April 25, 1990*

### **Elephant in the Meditation Hall**

Yes all spiritual groups scandal the shrine room



What about San Francisco Roshi & the board director's wife  
What about high living limousine expense accounts in Moscow?  
What about the late Rajneesh & poisoned gefilte fish in Oregon?  
What's hiding under Rajneesh's Orange skullcaps? Brains?  
Then old L.A. Mountain Roshi even tap'd his young girls  
and East Coast Roshi's semen dribbled from Hawaii to the broom  
closets of the Catskills  
Maezumi Roshi caused grief his senseis' hearts wrung out with  
midnight sake & beer  
Later he thanked them for A.A.  
Veteran Zenmaster with motorcycle & community farm chorale felt up  
little boys  
& a big guy too, tough as nails  
Remember a strange Mongolian Russian fruitcake Lama in Polk Gulch  
Bay Area?  
Vajracharya Trungpa! Don't mention the naked poet at the Halloween  
Party!  
And the whispered transmission regent died of AIDS (disciple a  
straight guy sick they say)  
Marxists were right, religion the people's opium!  
But who're *they* to talk lookit Mao a Marxist his picture on every  
Chinese wall & Little Red Book  
wherefore everyone stood up bedtime nites reciting his dread slogans?  
They still had pictures of Stalin on truckcab windows in Gori 1985 a  
scandal!  
And New Left carried psychedelic pictures of Mao, Che Guevara &  
Castro up and down Empire State's stairways  
A scandal of the sixties! And marvelous atheist Khmer Rouge read  
Marx Sartre & Erich Fromm,  
how many'd they murder with religious good intentions?  
What US President hasn't sponsored war, Lumumba's assassination, an  
H-bomb,  
trillion dollar Savings & Loan mistakes? Scandals! taxpayers gotta  
subsidize Banks!

Now we gotta digest Plutonium? how evacuate CIA?  
Scandal hundreds homeless under Brooklyn Bridge freezing Xmas &  
New Year's Eve! Millions homeless in America!  
Who'll gotta pay for 500,000 U.S. boys & girls visiting Arabian  
Deserts?  
Who'll cough up billions for Iraq War to save a President's face?  
Twelve Billion dollars mickeymouse the year's drug wars?  
El Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala we paid death squads for decades  
Nobody does anything right! Gods, Popes, Mullahs, Communists,  
Poets, Financiers!  
My own life, scandal! lazy bum! secondhand royal scarlet ties & Yves  
St. Laurent Salvation Army blazers  
How many boys let me caress their thighs!  
How many girls cursed my cold beard? I better commit suicide!  
That wouldn't work either, it'll be a beatnik scandal  
after Cassady's railroad track death, Joan Burroughs' bullet in head,  
Orlovsky sane in Bellevue 1st Ave., Kerouac's liver collapse &  
ruptured esophagus!  
Trapped in living nightmare, I made a big mistake I got born,  
The world came out of a black hole, whole universe  
a scandal, illusion, everyone deluded, a cosmic elephant in the  
meditation planet,  
George the IIIrd, Rasputin, Stalin, Warren Harding, Herbert Hoover,  
Hitler, the 13th Dalai Lama's Regent, Vice President Agnew,  
Ronald Reagan delayed hostage release till the Elephant party's  
Inauguration Day  
George Bush peddled coke for the contras in streetcorner banks  
downtown Panama City!  
Scandals in Buddhafields? big mistakes in Hemispheres, on moons,  
Black Holes everywhere!  
Anyway, the national debt'll approach 4 trillion any day say the  
homeless on Tompkins Square.

*July 12, 1990*

**Poem in the Form of a Snake That Bites Its Tail**

Oleta (Snake) River!  
Heron, Manatee, Osprey  
Canopy of white red &  
black Mangroves  
fighting for survival against  
exotics introduced  
by Europeans  
Swamp fern covers the ground  
by this Primordial Tidal  
Zone,  
Brown detritus under the  
clear water  
feeds animals and trees in  
high and low tides  
pulled by the moon,  
cycles of lunar  
reproduction following  
waters flowing  
in and out the  
Intracoastal Waterway—  
Barracuda come  
in with the tides  
Heron we'll see  
Brazilian pepper  
& Malalluca  
from Australia  
brought in by Mr. Gifford  
first Doctor  
of Tropical Agriculture  
Malalluca  
to dry out the swamps  
& make truck farms  
to feed the Northeast 1900—  
Dade County  
tomatoes & cabbage today—

Then real estate won  
out, that saved the  
swamp

water  
supply  
This forest by Oleta River a tiny  
area untouched  
half a million  
years—  
Interconnected to the  
coral reefs  
(as nutrient-rich protective  
soup for fish  
spawning)  
with a rubber tire, mucus—  
soaked in the ooze  
Red mangrove  
seedlings growing on inland skirts  
at water edge  
roots like spindly  
buttresses

First Indians Tequesta  
for 10–25,000 years—  
left behind shell  
tools  
to make dugouts  
Mikasuki and Seminole  
were Creek Indians forced down  
from North Carolina  
by Sen. Jesse Helms  
then driven inland from  
Northern Florida  
by the Army  
—Indian middens  
attest 100  
years' occupation

The Seminole  
more warlike than  
the innocent

## Tequestas

Quiet in a canoe  
Train whistle West  
& airplane above  
cottony clouds  
in blue afternoon

Seminole and Mikasuki  
accepted  
runaway slaves  
got in trouble with  
the whites—  
Abraham the Runaway showed Chief Osceola  
guerrilla gunpowder—  
Defied the U.S. Army—  
Govt. fought 2 wars  
against them—  
first 1820 Andrew Jackson  
fought in Florida  
pushed Indians south  
Second Seminole War  
transported 2,000  
Indians to Oklahoma  
around 1840, the Trail of Tears  
—200 managed to  
escape into swamp  
where white man had  
yet no use for  
the land  
Indians  
from before Columbus  
& runaway slaves  
Strange & perpetual  
alliance

Otherwise we're all exotics  
like the Brazilian pepper

and Australian pine

A brown heron  
flaps along the  
green surface  
to stand sentinel  
beak pointed out  
on a green lawn  
past the big rubber  
tree—  
tall stalky legs  
rising halfway  
heavy slow  
on long wings  
the height of the big  
figus' leafy  
umbrella whose  
thready prop roots hang  
over the concrete  
bank down to the brackish  
water surface  
Kids' & crows' voices  
(crows here for the  
season)

Water filled the  
coral, ojus,

limestone  
a product trucked  
out since  
the railroad came down,  
turn of the century

Trains a mile long  
from rockpits now  
at the edge of

the Everglades

Mikasuki Indians now hold  
cultural events  
Steve & Billy Tiger  
painter & musician

Seminoles more commercially  
oriented, invented Bingo on  
the reservation,  
On land they control  
untax'd cigarettes

A local issue  
ecological!  
We depend on Everglades  
for water to  
sustain our days—  
Most of the body is  
made up of water—  
3–4 days without water  
we die—  
Everglades filters the  
water Dade Broward  
& Palm Beach County drink—  
(Tricounty fresh  
water—)

But Brazilian pepper seeds  
explode  
and cause mumbo-jumbo  
growth at  
waterside.

Exotic Malalluca trees—?  
The developers like it

(it's cheap)  
but they drink up water & their  
flowers cause allergies  
to Rochelle—

Red mangrove  
                    stains the water  
properly its own color

Are hyperindustrial White folks  
exotics to the planet now?

Here comes a duck  
that flies, sings & runs  
    but doesn't do any  
        of them well

*El pato vuela, canta  
    y corre, pero  
    ninguno de las tres  
        los hace bien.*

Big yellow hibiscus faces  
    with red noses—  
Venetian sailors  
    brought  
        venereal disease  
            to New World  
now Millennial events  
    speed up?

Get off fossil fuels  
    for transport  
Get off oil addiction  
Plastics could be  
    recyclable



Zero Growth regenerative  
recycling as for  
thousands of years  
with the Tequesta  
Get off this disposable  
binge—

& water! dont mess  
up the Oleta River Dont  
play with the big Snake

Can live without air  
8 minutes  
Can live without water  
2–4 days  
can live without food  
40–50 days—  
Survive, clean up our  
air  
Clean up water  
Grow enuf food to  
keep everybody  
alive

Instructors: any  
indigenous populations

Indians, Africans,  
Tibetans, Bedouins  
Laplanders—  
Chernobyl began  
the question—  
How much can the  
Government lie?

*(Miami Herald pervasive*

and controlling—)

Locally the Seminoles may  
be the Gurus.

*With Steven Bornstein  
November 16, 1990*

### **Mistaken Introductions**

or this marvelous hi Lama followed  
in here by screaming madwoman  
charging she was betrayed 10 years ago  
on one of the moons of Saturn  
or, I want to introduce you to this  
universe which unfortunately  
doesn't quite exist.  
We set up luncheon at Rizzoli  
for the Tibetan photog who  
hadnt prepared his  
slides, it was a disaster—  
May I introduce you to your  
prospective son-in-law—  
unfortunately today he's drunk  
unshaven but a good  
businessman tomorrow  
It's a magnificent hotel  
just this week there's no  
water to flush the toilet  
above the 10th floor  
where you're staying and  
we had a fire in the elevator

*January 7, 1991*

**C.I.A. DOPE CALYPSO**

In nineteen hundred forty-nine China was won by  
Mao Tse-tung Chiang Kai-shek's army ran away They were  
waiting there in Thailand yesterday Sup-ported by the  
CIA Pushing junk down Thailand way  
First They stole from the Meo tribes Up in the hills they  
started taking bribes Then they sent their Sol-diers up to Shan Col-  
lecting o-pi-um to sell to the Man  
Pushing junk in Bang-kok yesterday Sup-ported by the  
CIA

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## CIA Dope Calypso

In nineteen hundred forty-nine  
China was won by Mao Tse-tung  
Chiang Kai-shek's army ran away  
They were waiting there in Thailand yesterday

*Supported by the CIA  
Pushing junk down Thailand way*

First they stole from the Meo tribes  
Up in the hills they started taking bribes  
Then they sent their soldiers up to Shan

Collecting opium to sell to The Man

*Pushing junk in Bangkok yesterday  
Supported by the CIA*

Brought their jam on mule trains down  
To Chiang Rai that's a railroad town  
Sold it next to police chief brain  
He took it to town on the choochoo train

*Trafficking dope to Bangkok all day  
Supported by the CIA*

The policeman's name was Mr. Phao  
He peddled dope grand scale and how  
Chief of border customs paid  
By Central Intelligence's U.S. A.I.D.

*The whole operation, Newspapers say  
Supported by the CIA*

He got so sloppy & peddled so loose  
He busted himself & cooked his own goose  
Took the reward for an opium load  
Seizing his own haul which same he resold

*Big-time pusher a decade turned grey  
Working for the CIA*

Touby Lyfong he worked for the French  
A big fat man liked to dine & wench  
Prince of the Meos he grew black mud  
Till opium flowed through the land like a flood

*Communists came and chased the French away  
So Touby took a job with the CIA*

The whole operation fell into chaos  
Till U.S. Intelligence came into Laos  
I'll tell you no lie I'm a true American  
Our big pusher there was Phoumi Nosovan

*All them princes in a power play  
But Phoumi was the man for the CIA*

And his best friend General Vang Pao  
Ran our Meo army like a sacred cow  
Helicopter smugglers filled Long Cheng's bars  
In Xieng Quang province on the Plain of Jars

*It started in secret they were fighting yesterday  
Clandestine secret army of the CIA*

All through the Sixties the Dope flew free  
Thru Tan Son Nhut Saigon to Marshal Ky  
Air America followed through  
Transporting confiture for President Thieu

*All these Dealers were decades and yesterday  
The Indochinese mob of the U.S. CIA*

Operation Haylift offisir Wm. Colby  
Saw Marshal Ky fly opium Mr. Mustard told me  
Indochina desk he was Chief of Dirty Tricks  
"Hitchhiking" with dope pushers was how he got his fix

*Subsidizing traffickers to drive the Reds away  
Till Colby was the head of the CIA*

January 1972

## II

### N.S.A. Dope Calypso

Now Richard Secord and Oliver North  
Hated Sandinistas whatever they were worth  
They peddled for the Contras to ease their pain  
They couldn't sell Congress so Contras sold cocaine

*They discovered Noriega only yesterday  
Nancy Reagan & the CIA*

Now coke and grass were exchanged for guns  
On a border airfield that John Hull runs  
Or used to run till his Costa Rican bust  
As a CIA spy trading Contra coke dust

*They discovered Noriega only yesterday  
Nancy Reagan & the CIA*

Ramón Milian Rodríguez of Medellín Cartel  
Laundered their dollars & he did it very well  
Hundreds of millions through U.S. banks  
Till he got busted and sang in the tank

*It was buried in the papers only yesterday  
When Bush was Drug Czar U.S.A.*

Milian told Congress \$3,000,000 coke bucks  
Went to Felix Rodríguez, CIA muck-a-muck  
To give to the Contras only Hush Hush Hush  
Except for Donald Gregg & his boss George Bush

*Buried in the papers only yesterday*

*With Bush Vice President U.S.A.*

Rodríguez met Bush in his office many times  
They didn't talk business, they drank lemon & limes  
Or maybe they drank coffee or they smoked a cigarette  
But cocaine traffic they remembered to forget

*It was buried in the papers only yesterday  
And Bush got in the White House of the U.S.A.*

Now when Bush was director of the C.I.A.  
Panama traffic in coke was gay  
You never used to hear George Bush holler  
When Noriega laundered lots of cocaine dollar

*Bush paid Noriega, used to work together  
They sat on a couch & talked about the weather*

Then Noriega doublecrossed his Company pal  
With a treaty taking back our Panama Canal  
So when he got into the big White House  
Bush said Noriega was a cocaine louse

*The Cold War ended, East Europe found hope  
The U.S. got hooked in a war on dope*

Glasnost came, East Europe got free  
So Bush sent his army to Panama City  
Bush's guns in Panama did their worst  
Like coke fiends fighting on St. Marks & First

*Does Noriega know Bush's Company crimes?  
In 2000 A.D. read the New York Times.*

*January-February 1990*

### III

#### Just Say Yes Calypso

When Schwarzkopf's Father busted Iran's Mossadegh  
They put in the Shah and his police the Savak  
They sucked up his oil, but got Ayatollah's dreck  
So Thirty years later we hadda arm Iraq

*Though he used poison gas, Saddam was still our man  
But to aid the Contras, hadda also arm Iran*

Mesopotamia was doing just fine  
Till the Ottoman Empire blew up on a mine  
They had apple orchards in Eden and Ur  
Till the Snake advised George Bush "This land is yours"

*The Garden foul'd up, brimstone came down  
In the good old days we had plenty ozone*

The British & Americans & Frenchmen all  
Took concessions in the Garden So the Garden took a fall  
Got addicted to Emirs and their fossil fuels  
Police state Sheiks & Intelligence ghouls

*The Sphinx lost his nose, acid ate the Parthenon  
Pretty soon the Persian Gulf is dead and gone*

The Saudi desert bloomed with oil pipe lines  
To push the auto industry It's yours & it's mine  
L.A. and Osaka got a habit on gas  
In a bullet-proof Caddie you can really move your ass

*L.A. & Osaka got a habit on gas  
In a bullet-proof Caddie you can really move your ass*



From a Mickey-Mouse war on cocaine & crack  
We dropped a million bombs on the kids in Iraq  
How many we killed nobody wants to tell  
It'd give a lousy picture of a war they gotta sell

*When they wave a yellow ribbon & an oily flag  
Just say yes or they'll call you a flag*

*April 25, 1991*

### **Hum Bom!**

I  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb'd them!  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb'd them!  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb'd them!  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb'd them!

Whom bomb?  
We bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
You bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
You bomb you!

What do we do?  
Who do we bomb?  
What do we do?  
Who do we bomb?  
What do we do?  
Who do we bomb?  
What do we do!  
Who do we bomb?

What do we do?  
You bomb! You bomb them!  
What do we do?  
You bomb! You bomb them!  
What do we do?  
We bomb! We bomb you!  
What do we do?  
You bomb! You bomb you!

Whom bomb?  
We bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
We bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
You bomb you!  
Whom bomb?  
You bomb you!

*May 1971*

## II

*For Don Cherry*

Whydja bomb?  
We didn't wanna bomb!  
Whydja bomb?  
We didn't wanna bomb!  
Whydja bomb?  
You didn't wanna bomb!  
Whydja bomb?  
You didn't wanna bomb!

Who said bomb?  
Who said we hadda bomb?  
Who said bomb?  
Who said we hadda bomb?  
Who said bomb?  
Who said you hadda bomb?

Who said bomb?  
Who said you hadda bomb?

Who wantsa bomb?  
We don't wanna bomb!  
Who wantsa bomb?  
We don't wanna bomb!  
Who wantsa bomb?  
We don't wanna bomb!  
We don't wanna  
    we don't wanna  
        we don't wanna bomb!

Who wanteda bomb?  
Somebody musta wanteda bomb!  
Who wanteda bomb?  
Somebody musta wanteda bomb!  
Who wanteda bomb?  
Somebody musta wanteda bomb!  
Who wanteda bomb?  
Somebody musta wanteda bomb!

They wanteda bomb!  
They neededa bomb!  
They wanteda bomb!  
They neededa bomb!  
They wanteda bomb!  
They neededa bomb!  
They wanteda bomb!  
They neededa bomb!

They thought they hadda bomb!  
They thought they hadda bomb!  
They thought they hadda bomb!  
They thought they hadda bomb!

Saddam said he hadda bomb!  
Bush said he better bomb!  
Saddam said he hadda bomb!  
Bush said he better bomb!  
Saddam said he hadda bomb!  
Bush said he better bomb!  
Saddam said he hadda bomb!  
Bush said he better bomb!

Whatdid he say he better bomb for?  
Whatdid he say he better bomb for?  
Whatdid he say he better bomb for?  
Whatdid he say he better bomb for?

Hadda get ridda Saddam with a bomb!  
Hadda get ridda Saddam with a bomb!  
Hadda get ridda Saddam with a bomb!  
Hadda get ridda Saddam with a bomb!

Saddam's still there building a bomb!  
Saddam's still there building a bomb!  
Saddam's still there building a bomb!  
Saddam's still there building a bomb!

### III

Armageddon did the job  
Gog & Magog Gog & Magog  
Armageddon did the job  
Gog & Magog Gog & Magog

Gog & Magog Gog & Magog  
Armageddon does the job  
Gog & Magog Gog & Magog  
Armageddon does the job

Armageddon for the mob

Gog & Magog Gog & Magog  
Armageddon for the mob  
Gog & Magog Gog & Magog

Gog & Magog Gog & Magog  
Gog Magog Gog Magog  
Gog & Magog Gog & Magog  
Gog Magog Gog Magog

Gog Magog Gog Magog  
Gog Magog Gog Magog  
Gog Magog Gog Magog  
Gog Magog Gog Magog

Ginsberg says Gog & Magog  
Armageddon did the job.

*February-June 1991*

### **Supplication for the Rebirth of the Vidyadhara Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche**

Dear Lord Guru who pervades the space of my mind  
permeates the universe of my consciousness,  
still empties my balding head and's stabilized my wand'ring thought  
to average equanimity in Manhattan & Boulder

Return return reborn in spirit & knowledge in human body  
my own or others as continual Teacher of chaotic peace,  
Return according to your vow to pacify magnetize enrich destroy  
grasping angry stupidity in me my family friends & Sangha

Return in body speech & mind to enlighten my labors  
& the labors of your meditators, thousands from L.A. to Halifax  
to relieve sufferings of our brothers, lovers  
family, friends, fellow citizens, nations and planet.

Remember your vow to be with us on our deathbeds  
in living worlds where we dwell in your tender perspective  
breathe with your conscious breath, catch ourselves thinking  
& dissolve bomb dream, fear of our own skin & yelling argument  
in the sky of your mind

Bend your efforts to regroup our community within your thought-  
body  
& mind-space, the effects of your non-thought,  
Turbulent ease of your spontaneous word & picture  
nonmeditative compassion your original mind

These slogans were writ on the second day of June 1991  
a sleepless night my brother's 70th birthday on Long Island  
my own sixty-fifth year in the human realm visiting his house  
by the Vajra Poet Allen Ginsberg supplicating protection of his  
Vajra Guru Chögyam Trungpa

*June 2, 1991, 2:05 A.M.*

### **After the Big Parade**

Millions of people cheering and waving flags for joy in Manhattan  
Yesterday've returned to their jobs and arthritis now Tuesday—  
What made them want so much passion at last, such mutual delight—  
Will they ever regain these hours of confetti'd ecstasy again?  
Have they forgotten the Corridors of Death that gave such victory?  
Will another hundred thousand desert deaths across the world be  
cause for the next rejoicing?

*June 11, 1991, 2:30 P.M.*

### **Big Eats**

Big deal bargains TV meat stock market news paper headlines love life  
Metropolis  
Float thru air like thought forms float thru the skull, check the  
headlines catch the boyish ass that walks  
Before you fall in bed blood sugar high blood pressure lower, lower,  
your lips grow cold.

Sooner or later let go what you loved hated or shrugged off, you walk  
in the park  
You look at the sky, sit on a pillow, count up the stars in your head,  
get up and eat.

*August 20, 1991*

### **Not Dead Yet**

Huffing puffing upstairs downstairs telephone  
office mail checks secretary revolt—  
The Soviet Legislative Communist bloc  
inspired Gorbachev's wife and Yeltsin  
to shut up in terror or stand on a tank  
in front of White House denouncing Putschists—  
September breezes sway branches & leaves in  
a calm schoolyard under humid grey sky,  
Drink your decaf Ginsberg old communist New  
York Times addict, be glad you're not Trotsky.

*September 16, 1991*

### **Yiddishe Kopf**

I'm Jewish because love my family matzoh ball soup.  
I'm Jewish because my fathers mothers uncles grandmothers said  
"Jewish," all the way back to Vitebsk & Kaminitz-Podolska via  
Lvov.  
Jewish because reading Dostoyevsky at 13 I write poems at restaurant  
tables Lower East Side, perfect delicatessen intellectual.  
Jewish because violent Zionists make my blood boil, Progressive  
indignation.  
Jewish because Buddhist, my anger's transparent hot air, I shrug my  
shoulders.  
Jewish because monotheist Jews Catholics Moslems're intolerable  
intolerant—  
Blake sd. "6000 years of sleep" since antique Nobodaddy Adonai's  
mind trap—Oy! such Meshuggeneh absolutes—  
Senior Citizen Jewish paid my dues got half-fare card buses subways,  
discount movies—

Can't imagine how these young people make a life, make a living.  
How can they stand it, going out in the world with only \$10 and a  
hydrogen bomb?

*October 1991*

## **John**

I  
No one liked my hair  
Mother pulled it toward the movies  
Father hit the top of my head  
Street gangs set it afire  
My dry hair, my  
short hair, black hair, drab hair  
my stupid hair—frizzled!  
Till I met John,  
John loved my hair  
Twined his fingers in my delicate curly locks  
Told me let it grow  
John buried his face in my hair  
kissed my hair  
Murmured endearments “Oh oh oh” to the top of my skull  
Patted me on the head  
Stroked me from crown to neck nape—  
Sat across from me on the subway and gazed at me lovingly—

II  
They were whispering, elbows leaned on the wide marble balustrade  
balcony lobby of the Majestic Theater—  
talking Jerusalem, Moscow, Ballet, Quasars, Interest rates—  
John came down from his seat, stopped at the top stair—  
sat down, hands on his ears in despair—“I’ve stymied my feet!”  
“What” they asked, “you’ve stymied your feet? Whazzat mean?”  
John nodded his head, eyes closed, hands against his head as before,  
“I’ve stymied my feet,” he repeated dolefully.

III  
John had AIDS.



First, he began talking to himself.  
The psychiatrist said:  
“If you’re going to talk to yourself,  
do it in the form of poetry.”

*November 7, 1991, 8:30 A.M.*

### **A Thief Stole This Poem**

These days steal everything  
People steal your wallet, your watch  
Break into your car steal your radio suitcase  
Break in your house, your Sony Hi 8 your CD VCR Olympus XA  
People steal your life, catch you on the street & steal your head off  
Steal your sneakers in the toilet  
Steal your love, mug your boyfriend rape your grandmother on the  
subway  
Junkies steal your heart for medicine, they steal your credibility gap  
over the radio  
Cokeheads & blackmen steal your comfort, peace of mind walking  
Avenue A your laundry package  
steal your spirit, you gotta worry  
Puerto Ricans steal white skin from your face  
Wasps steal your planet for junk bonds, Jews steal your Nobodaddy  
and leave their dirty God in your bed  
Arabs steal your pecker & you steal their oil  
Everybody’s stealing from everyone else, time sex wristwatch money  
Steal your sleep 6 A.M. Garbage Trucks boomboxes sirens loud  
arguments hydrogen bombs  
steal your universe.

*December 19, 1991, 8:15 A.M.*

### **Lunchtime**

Birds chirp in the brick backyard Radio  
piano chopping gentle chords next door  
A rush of tires & car exhaust on 14th Street

Delighted to be alive this cloudy Thursday  
 February window open at the kitchen table,  
 Senior Citizen ready for next week's angiogram.

February 20, 1992, 1:15 P.M.

## Deadline Dragon Comix



## After Lalon

I  
 It's true I got caught in  
                                   the world  
 When I was young Blake  
                                   tipped me off

Other teachers followed:  
Better prepare for Death  
Don't get entangled with  
    possessions  
That was when I was young,  
    I was warned  
Now I'm a Senior Citizen  
and stuck with a million  
    books  
a million thoughts a million  
    dollars a million  
    loves  
How'll I ever leave my body?  
Allen Ginsberg says, I'm  
    really up shits creek

II  
I sat at the foot of a  
    Lover  
    and he told me everything  
Fuck off, 23 skidoo,  
    watch your ass,  
    watch your step  
exercise, meditate, think  
    of your temper—  
Now I'm an old man and  
    I won't live another  
20 years maybe not another  
    20 weeks,  
maybe the next second I'll  
    be carried off to  
    rebirth  
    the worm farm, maybe it's  
    already happened—  
How should I know, says  
    Allen Ginsberg  
Maybe I've been dreaming  
    all along—

### III

It's 2 A.M. and I got to  
    get up early  
and taxi 20 miles to satisfy  
    my ambition—  
How'd I [get into this fix](#),  
this workaholic show  
    biz meditation market?  
If I had a soul I sold it  
    for pretty words  
If I had a body I used  
    it up spurting my essence  
If I had a mind it got  
    covered with Love—  
If I had a spirit I forgot  
    when I was breathing  
If I had speech it was  
    all a boast  
If I had desire it went  
    out my anus  
If I had ambitions to  
    be liberated  
how'd I get into this  
    wrinkled person?  
With pretty words, Love essences,  
    breathing boasts, anal  
    longings, famous crimes?  
What a mess I am, Allen Ginsberg.

### IV

Sleepless I stay up &  
    think about my Death  
—certainly it's nearer  
    than when I was ten  
    years old  
and wondered how big the  
    universe was—  
If I don't get some rest I'll die faster  
If I sleep I'll lose my

chance for salvation—  
asleep or awake, Allen  
Ginsberg's in bed  
in the middle of the night.

V

4 A.M.

Then they came for me,  
I hid in the toilet stall  
They broke down the toilet door  
It fell in on an innocent boy  
Ach the wooden door fell  
in on an innocent kid!  
I stood on the bowl & listened,  
I hid my shadow,  
they shackled the other and  
dragged him away  
in my place— How long can  
I get away with this?  
Pretty soon they'll discover  
I'm not there  
They'll come for me again, where  
can I hide my body?  
Am I myself or some one else  
or nobody at all?  
Then what's this heavy flesh this  
weak heart leaky kidney?  
Who's been doing time  
for 65 years  
in this corpse? Who else went  
into ecstasy besides me?  
Now it's all over soon,  
what good was all that come?  
Will it come true? Will  
it really come true?

VI

I had my chance and lost it,

many chances & didn't  
take them seriously enuf.  
Oh yes I was impressed, almost  
went mad with fear  
I'd lose the immortal chance,  
One lost it.  
Allen Ginsberg warns you  
dont follow my path  
to extinction.

*March 31, 1992*

### **Get It?**

Get beat up on TV squirming on the ground for driving irregular  
Get bombed in Philadelphia by helicopters with your little babies  
Get kicked in the street by Newark police and charged w/riot  
Get assassinated by a jerk while FBI sleeps with itself  
Get shot by a stringer for the CIA & blame it on Fair Play for Cuba  
Committee  
Get bumped off by an errandboy for Cuban drug kingpins, friend of  
the Feds & Dallas cops  
Get caught paying off Contras with coke money while Acting U.S.  
Drug War Czar  
Get busted for overcharging Iranians on secret warplane sales  
Get convicted of lying to Congress about off-the-shelf dirty wars in  
Central America  
Get 12 billion dollars for a drug bureaucracy and double the number  
of addicts  
Get a million people in prison in the land of the free  
Get the electric chair & gas chamber for unpopular crimes  
Organize *Citizens for Decency Through Law* rob your own phony bank  
several billion dollars get sent to jail

*May 1992  
New York*

**Angelic Black Holes**

*By Andrey Voznesensky*

Soul to crotch the streets commit hara-kiri,  
Burnt-out stores chessboard moonlit households,  
The City of Angels stares into black holes—  
See down through Earth to scorched Nagorno-Karabakh.  
How long is the tunnel of pain?  
Does God need Welfare?

Even so, remembering the sheen on Peredelkino's black gooseberries,  
Rodney King's name sounds Russian, *rodnik* for ground-spring.  
As for me who crapped up my own homeland  
How lay the blame on anybody else?  
Rain & ashes seal my lips.  
The two superpowers left the Little Man supersufferings.  
Us—blown to hell. You—immolate yourselves in flame?

Any light at the end of the tunnel of pain?

*Translated by Allen Ginsberg and Nina Bouis  
May 17, 1992  
Los Angeles*

## **Research**

Research has shown that black people have inferiority complexes  
regarding white folks

Research has shown that Jews are exclusively concerned with  
financial lasciviousness

Research has shown Socialism to be a universal failure wherever  
practiced by secret police

Research has shown that Earth was created 4004 B.C., a Divine Bang

Research has shown that sparrows, bees, lizards, chickens, pigs &  
cows exhibit signs of homosexual behavior when in prison

Research has shown Southern Baptist Inerrancy Confession the most  
virulent form of Christian Truth

Research has shown that 90% of people going to Dentists have bad

teeth

brush your teeth violently 3 times a day after meals wear away the roots

Research has shown that Hollywood makes the best films ever, the sexually degenerate

that the U.N. is Good □ Bad □ Indifferent □ for American interests  
Check One

Research has shown that Christian Reconstructionist homosexuality is Sin, Lesbianism crime against nature, AIDS a plague sent to punish gay Angelmakers

bisexuality disapproved by 51% Americans

Research has shown that teen headshakers watching TV get more IQ tests than natives of Amazon & Ucayali rivers who have no antennae

Research has shown whales & porpoises to subscribe to a Higher Intelligence

Research has shown that Elitist Individualism Spiritual Corruption & Degenerate Art caused Dictatorships in Soviet Union China and Germany

that possession of pornography by American Family Institute has resulted in 35% increase in sex crimes among institute librarians

viewing murderous behavior on TV sitcoms resulted in 100% increased violent language behavior by intercontinental Heads of State

To conclude research has shown that the material universe does not exist

*May 20, 1992*

**PUT DOWN YOUR CIGARETTE RAG**



Dont smoke dont dont Dont dont Its a nine billion dol-lar  
 smoke smoke smoke smoke  
 Capital -ist Commu-nist joke Dont dont dont dont dont Dont  
 smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke  
 Smoking makes you cough You cant sing straight You gargle on sa-  
 -li-va & you vomit on your plate Dont dont dont dont  
 smoke smoke smoke  
 smoke Dont dont smoke (You) Smoke in bed You smoke on the hill Smoke  
 Till yr dead You smoke in Hell Dont dont in Li-ving Hell Dope Dope Dont  
 smoke smoke  
 smoke dont smoke dont smoke

STANZAS 3, 4, 5, 11, 12, ARE CHANTED  
 ON "A" WITH SOME PITCH VARIATION.  
 THE REST CONFORM TO MELODY AS FOLLOWS

FIRST DOUBLE BAR

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## Put Down Your Cigarette Rag (Dont Smoke)

Dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke

Dont smoke

It's a nine billion dollar

Capitalist Communist joke

Dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke

Dont smoke

Smoking makes you cough,

You cant sing straight

You gargle on saliva

& vomit on your plate

Dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke,

Dont smoke smoke smoke smoke

You smoke in bed  
You smoke on the hill  
Smoke till yr dead  
You smoke in Hell  
Dont smoke dont smoke in living Hell Dope Dope  
Dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke

You puff your fag  
You suck your butt  
You choke & gag  
Teeth full of crud  
Smoke smoke smoke smoke Dont dont dont  
Dont Dont Dope Dope Dope Dont Smoke Dont Dope

Pay your two bucks  
for a deathly pack  
Trust your bad luck  
& smoke in the sack  
Dont Smoke Dont Smoke Nicotine Nicotine No  
No dont smoke the official Dope Smoke Dope Dope

Four Billion dollars in Green  
'swat Madison Avenue gets  
t' advertise nicotine  
& hook you radical brats  
Dont Smoke Dont Smoke Dont Smoke  
Nope Nope Dope Dope Hoax Hoax Hoax Hoax  
Dopey Dope Dopey Dope Dope Dope dope dope

Black magic pushes dope  
Sexy chicks in cars  
America loses hope  
& smokes and drinks in bars  
Dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke,  
dont smoke dont dont dont dont  
choke choke choke choke kaf kaf  
Kaf Kaf Choke Choke

Choke Choke Dope Dope

Communism's flopped  
Let's help the Soviet millions  
Sell 'em our Coffin-Nails  
& make a couple billions  
    Big Bucks Big Bucks bucks bucks  
        bucks bucks smoke smoke smoke smoke  
            smoke bucks smoke bucks Dope bucks big  
            Dope Bucks Dig Big Dope Bucks Big Dope  
            Bucks dont smoke big dope bucks  
            Dig big Pig dope bucks

Nine billion bucks a year  
a Southern Industry  
Buys Senator Jesse Fear who pushes Tobacco subsidy  
In the Senate Foreign Relations Committee  
    Dope smokes dope smokes dont smoke dont smoke  
        Cloak cloak cloak room cloak & dagger  
        smoke room cloak room dope cloak  
        cloak room dope cloak room dope dont smoke

Nine billion bucks for dope  
approved by Time & Life  
America loses hope  
The President smokes Tobacco votes  
    Dont Smoke dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke  
        Dont smoke nope nope nope nope

20 thousand die of coke  
    Illegal speed each year  
400 thousand cigarette deaths  
    That's the drug to fear  
        Dont smoke Dont smoke Dont smoke

Get Hooked on Cigarettes

Go Fight the War on Drugs  
Smoke any other Weed  
Get bust by Government Thugs  
Dont smoke dont smoke the official dope

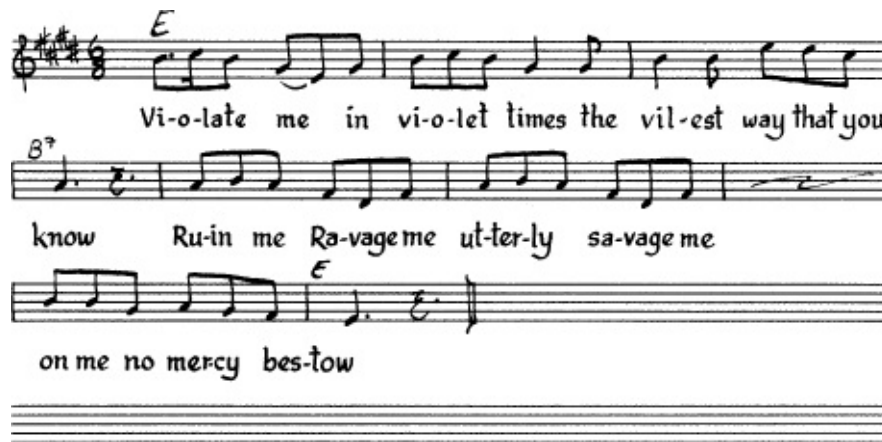
If you will get in bed  
& give your girlfriend head  
then you wont want a fag  
Nor evermore a drag  
Dont Smoke dont smoke Hope Hope Hope Hope  
O Please Dont Smoke Dont Smoke  
O Please O Please O Please  
I'm calling on my knees

Twenty-four hours in bed  
& give your boyfriend head  
Put something in your mouth  
Like skin not cigarette filth  
Suck tit suck tit suck cock suck cock  
suck clit suck prick suck it  
but dont smoke nicotine dont smoke  
dont smoke nicotine nicotine it's  
too obscene dont smoke dont smoke  
nicotine suck cock suck prick suck tit  
suck clit suck it But don't smoke shit nope  
nope nope nope Dope Dope Dope Dope  
the official dope Dont Smoke

Make believe yer sick  
Stay in bed and lick  
yr cigarette habit greed  
One day's all you need  
In deed in deed in deed in deed smoke weed  
smoke weed Put something green  
in between but don't smoke smoke dont smoke  
hope hope hope hope Nicotine dont  
smoke the official dope  
Dope Dope Dope Dope Don't Smoke

1971; June 21, 1992

## VIOLENT COLLABORATIONS



### Violent Collaborations

Violate me  
in violet times  
the vilest way that you know  
Ruin me  
Ravage me  
utterly savage me  
on me no mercy bestow

—OLD SONG, 1944

Trespass against me  
& penetrate deeply  
Spare me not even your rape  
Tie me up quickly  
make me smile sickly  
Seal up my mouth with scotch tape

—AG

Piss on me Crap on me  
Wipe your fat ass on me  
Make me a creature you loathe  
Sorely harass me  
Dont even ask me

But deal me your ultimate blow

—PH

Ignore me & stomp on me  
Crack your big whip on me  
Make me get down on my knees  
Order me suck your dick  
spank me & do it quick  
Shove it in deep as you please

—AG & PH

Stun me & shun me  
slave me & shave me  
Give me your loathsome disease  
Fuck me & fist me  
in your army enlist me  
Poop on me when you're at ease

—AG & PH

Degrade & debase me  
in public deface me  
come on my beard in the mud  
Double me over  
in summertime clover  
then hose me down w/your stud

—AG & PH

*With Peter Hale  
June 1992*

### **Calm Panic Campaign Promise**

End of Millennium  
                    Earth's decay—  
Fire Air Water tainted  
                    We're the Great Beast—  
                    Dark bed thoughts  
Can't do anything to stop it—

Denial in Government, in Newspapers of Record—  
Like watching gum disease & not brushing teeth  
Getting heart failure, no rest much stress  
Putting salt on your greasy pork  
Putting sugar in coffee you're diabetic  
Dysesthesia on foot soles  
Poor circulation smoke more cigarettes  
Kick your son under the table have another beer  
Need President who'll reverse the denial—  
The Calm Panic Party  
to restore nature's balance.

*July 9, 1992, 12:55 A.M.*

### **Now and Forever**

I'll settle for Immortality—  
Not thru the body  
Not thru the eyes  
Star-spangled high mountains  
waning moon over Aspen peaks  
But thru words, thru the breath  
of long sentences  
loves I have, heart beating  
still,  
inspiration continuous, exhalation of  
cadenced affection  
These immortal survive America,  
survive the fall of States  
Departure of my body,  
mouth dumb dust  
This verse broadcasts desire,  
accomplishment of Desire  
Now and forever boys can read  
girls dream, old men cry  
Old women sigh  
youth still come.

*July 19, 1992  
Aspen*

### **Who Eats Who?**

A crow sits on the prayerflagpole,  
her mate blackwinged walks the wet green grass, worms?  
Yesterday seagulls skimmed the choppy waves,  
feet touching foamed breakers  
looking for salmon? halibut? sole?  
Bacteria eat parameciums or vice versa,  
viruses enter cells, white cell count low—  
Tooth & claw on TV, lions strike down antelope—  
Whales sift transparent krill thru bearded teeth.  
Every cannibal niche fulfilled, Amazon  
headhunters eat testicles—  
Enemy's powers & energy become mine!

August 13, 1992  
Gampo Abbey, Nova Scotia

## The Charnel Ground

... rugged and raw situations, and having accepted them as part of your home ground, then some spark of sympathy or compassion could take place. You are not in a hurry to leave such a place immediately. You would like to face the facts, realities of that particular world. ...

FROM A COMMENTARY ON *THE SADHANA OF MAHAMUDRA*, Chögyam  
TRUNGPA, RINPOCHE

Upstairs Jenny crashed her car & became a living corpse, Jake sold  
grass, the white-bearded potbelly leprechaun silent climbed their  
staircase  
Ex-janitor John from Poland averted his eyes, cheeks flushed with  
vodka, wine who knew what  
as he left his groundfloor flat, refusing to speak to the inhabitant of  
Apt. 24  
who'd put his boyfriend in Bellevue, calling police, while the artistic  
Buddhist composer  
on sixth floor lay spaced out feet swollen with water, dying slowly of  
AIDS over a year—  
The Chinese teacher cleaned & cooked in Apt. 23 for the homosexual  
poet who pined for his gymnast  
thighs & buttocks— Downstairs th' old hippie flower girl fell drunk



over the banister, smashed her jaw—  
her son despite moderate fame cheated of rocknroll money, twenty  
thousand people in stadiums  
cheering his tattooed skinhead murderous Hare Krishna vegetarian  
drum lyrics—  
Mary born in the building rested on her cane, heavy-legged with heart  
failure on the second landing, no more able  
to vacation in Caracas & Dublin— The Russian landlady's husband  
from concentration camp disappeared again—nobody mentioned  
he'd died—  
tenants took over her building for hot water, she couldn't add rent &  
pay taxes, wore a long coat hot days  
alone & thin on the street carrying groceries to her crooked apartment  
silent—  
One poet highschool teacher fell dead mysterious heart dysrhythmia,  
konked over  
in his mother's Brooklyn apartment, his first baby girl a year old, wife  
stoical a few days—  
their growling noisy little dog had to go, the baby cried—  
Meanwhile the upstairs apartment meth head shot cocaine & yowled  
up and down  
East 12th Street, kicked out of Christine's Eatery till police cornered  
him, 'top a hot iron steamhole  
near Stuyvesant Town Avenue A telephone booth calling his deaf  
mother—sirens speed the way to Bellevue—  
past whispering grass crack salesman jittering in circles on East 10th  
Street's  
southwest corner where art yuppies come out of the overpriced  
Japanese Sushi Bar—& they poured salt into potato soup heart  
failure vats at KK's Polish restaurant  
—Garbage piled up, nonbiodegradable plastic bags emptied by  
diabetic sidewalk homeless  
looking for returnable bottles recycled dolls radios half-eaten  
hamburgers—thrown-away Danish—  
On 13th Street the notary public sat in his dingy storefront, driver's

lessons & tax returns prepared on old metal desks—  
Sunnysides crisped in butter, fries & sugary donuts passed over the  
luncheonette counter next door—  
The Hispanic lady yelled at the rude African-American behind the  
Post Office window  
“I waited all week my welfare check you sent me notice I was here  
yesterday  
I want to see the supervisor bitch dont insult me refusing to look in—”  
Closed eyes of Puerto Rican wino lips cracked skin red stretched out  
on the pavement, naphtha backdoor open for the Korean family dry  
cleaners at the 14th Street corner—  
Con Ed workmen drilled all year to bust electric pipes 6 feet deep in  
brown dirt  
so cars bottlenecked wait minutes to pass the M14 bus stopped mid-  
road, heavy dressed senior citizens step down in red rubble  
with Reduced Fare Program cards got from grey city Aging  
Department offices downtown up the second flight by elevators  
don’t work—  
News comes on the radio, they bomb Baghdad and the Garden of  
Eden again?  
A million starve in Sudan, mountains of eats stacked on docks, local  
gangs & U.N.’s trembling bureaucrat officers sweat near the equator  
arguing over  
wheat piles shoved by bulldozers—Swedish doctors ran out of  
medicine— The Pakistan taxi driver  
says Salman Rushdie must die, insulting the Prophet in fictions—  
“No that wasn’t my opinion, just a character talking like in a poem no  
judgment”—  
“Not till the sun rejects you do I,” so give you a quarter by the  
Catholic church 14th St. you stand half drunk  
waving a plastic glass, flush-faced, live with your mother a wounded  
look on your lips, eyes squinting,  
receding lower jaw sometimes you dry out in Bellevue, most days  
cadging dollars for sweet wine  
by the corner where Plump Blindman shifts from foot to foot showing

his white cane, rattling coins in a white paper cup some weeks  
where girding the subway entrance construction sawhorses painted  
orange  
guard steps underground— And across the street the NYCE bank  
machine cubicle door sign reads  
*Not in Operation* as taxis bump on potholes asphalt mounded at the  
crossroad when red lights change green  
& I'm on my way uptown to get a CAT scan liver biopsy, visit the  
cardiologist,  
account for high blood pressure, kidneystones, diabetes, misty eyes &  
dysesthesia—  
feeling lack in feet soles, inside ankles, small of back, phallus head,  
anus—  
Old age sickness death again come round in the wink of an eye—  
High school youth the inside skin of my thighs was silken smooth tho  
nobody touched me there back then—  
Across town the velvet poet takes Darvon N, Valium nightly, sleeps all  
day kicking methadone  
between brick walls sixth floor in a room cluttered with collages &  
gold dot paper scraps covered  
with words: "The whole point seems to be the idea of giving away the  
giver."

*August 19, 1992*

## **Everyday**

The Lama sat  
in bed  
with bamboo  
backscratcher  
his false teeth  
in a big  
glass of water  
on the sunny  
windowsill.

*August 1992*

## Fun House Antique Store

I'd been motoring through States &  
stopped at a country antique store, an  
old-fashioned house, in excellent condition—  
Flower'd wallpaper, polished banisters  
lampshades dusted, candelabra burnished  
flaming quiet by the cloak closet  
under the stairs, pitcher of water & white  
washbowls beside the french doors  
embroidered doilies & artificial flowers  
ivory & light brown on mahogany  
side tables, a brass bowl for cards,  
kitchen with polished stove cold ready  
at Summer's end to light up with split  
wood & kindling in buckets beside  
the empty fireplace, tongs & screen  
in neat order. The second floor as  
perfectly appointed as the foyer  
(set with hat & cane rack & mirror)  
stairway rugs & oaken doors, down beds  
a glass-front bookcase, brown shiny bureaus,  
drawers crammed with old ties & bloomers,  
celluloid collars, some long-sleeved underwear, silk  
& paisley shirts & shawls—and the stairs  
to the third-floor attic rose five steep steps  
into a blank wall nicely wallpapered with roses.

What a delicate touch, trompe l'oeil  
artistry, what charming care & magical consciousness  
arranged this antique shop, so practical  
for display as Bed-and-Breakfast wayfarer's  
stop-over & lampshade collector's twee daydream—  
Yet it was a modern commercial establishment  
we'd entered casually on our own road  
through Maryland to see our lawyer in D.C.—  
One attendant who observed us admiring his home  
appointments watched us turn to go—  
I wished to make a speech: "Congratulations  
on your work of Ahrt, your antique care  
& delicate intelligence, as if Messrs. McDermott

& McGough photographed the 1880s entire  
& built it in 3-D renewed at millennium's end—”

So I orated on but the attendants conferred,  
minds elsewhere, only one scion of the house  
moon-faced thirtysomething sat legs spread  
on the fake stairway & applauded our appreciation  
& delight—and so we left to go, our party  
on its way to the postmodern Capital.

*August 31, 1992*

### **News Stays News**

Diana & Roger Napoleon's real estate empire  
extended up to the Napoleon Castle Hotel's penthouse  
stainless steel & gold doorknobs bathtubs bars & windowsills  
But Roger got Alzheimer's & couldn't keep his money books straight  
Diana went to jail for back taxes & cheating at cards  
Lost control of her castle, lawyers ate her Empire  
She got sick & spent years maintaining her body,  
skin growths, liver failure, kidney disturbances, upset stomach  
But the castle of flesh ceased to function  
She was left inside with her soul.  
What is that? Where will it go? Who am I?  
asked Napoleon in bed, eyes closing for the last time on St. Helena.

*September 7, 1992, 3:00 P.M.*

### **Autumn Leaves**

At 66 just learning how to take care of my body  
Wake cheerful 8 A.M. & write in a notebook  
rising from bed side naked leaving a naked boy asleep by the wall  
mix miso mushroom leeks & winter squash breakfast,  
Check bloodsugar, clean teeth exactly, brush, toothpick, floss,  
mouthwash  
oil my feet, put on white shirt white pants white sox  
sit solitary by the sink

a moment before brushing my hair, happy not yet  
to be a corpse.

*September 13, 1992, 9:50 A.M.*

## **In the Benjo**

*To G.S.*

Reading *No Nature* in the toilet  
Sitting down, absorbed  
    page after page, forgetting  
time, forgetting my bottom  
    relax, detritus  
        flopping out into water  
—better than pushing and squeezing,  
    nervous, self-conscious—  
better forget and read a book,  
    let your behind take care of itself  
better than hemorrhoids, a good volume  
        of poetry.

*October 23, 1992, 11:00 A.M.*

## **American Sentences**

*Tompkins Square Lower East Side N.Y.*

Four skinheads stand in the streetlight rain chatting under an  
umbrella.

*1987*

\* \* \*

Bearded robots drink from Uranium coffee cups on Saturn's ring.

*May 1990*

\* \* \*

*On Hearing the Muezzin Cry Allah Akbar While Visiting the Pythian Oracle at  
Didyma Toward the End of the Second Millennium*

At sunset Apollo's columns echo with the bawl of the One God.

\* \* \*

Crescent moon, girls chatter at twilight on the busride to Ankara.

\* \* \*

The weary Ambassador waits relatives late at the supper table.

\* \* \*

To be sucking your thumb in Rome by the Tiber among fallen leaves  
...

*June 1990*

\* \* \*

Rainy night on Union Square, full moon. Want more poems? Wait till  
I'm dead.

*August 8, 1990, 3:30 A.M.*

\* \* \*

*Approaching Seoul by Bus in Heavy Rain*

Get used to your body, forget you were born, suddenly you got to get  
out!

*August 1990*

\* \* \*

Put on my tie in a taxi, short of breath, rushing to meditate.

*November 1991  
New York*

\* \* \*

Taxi ghosts at dusk pass Monoprix in Paris 20 years ago.

\* \* \*

The young stud who dreamt I “dick’d his ass” asked me to take him to supper.

\* \* \*

Two blocks from his hotel in a taxi the fat Lama punched out his mugger.

\* \* \*

I can still see Neal’s 23-year-old corpse when I come in my hand.

*January 1992  
Amsterdam*

\* \* \*

*Naropa Hot Tub*

The ocean is full of naked young boys and Neptune-bearded old men.

*July 1992*



\* \* \*

He stands at the church steps a long time looking down at new white sneakers—

Determined, goes in the door quickly to make his Sunday confession.

*September 21, 1992*

\* \* \*

The midget albino entered the hairy limousine to pipi.

*September 25, 1992*

*Modesto*

\* \* \*

That grey-haired man in business suit and black turtleneck thinks he's still young.

*December 19, 1992*

## Notes

*These reference notes may be of use to younger readers & translators not familiar with ephemeral news situations or translated & esoteric texts.*

### **Title page epigraph**

Section 2, “Discussion on Making All Things Equal,” *Chuang Tzu Basic Writings*, trans. Burton Watson (New York: Columbia University Press, 1964), p. 42.

### **(p. 937) *Improvisation in Beijing***

Discourse at Chinese Writers Association conference with American Academy of Arts and Letters on “Sources of Inspiration,” Beijing, October 1984. Improvised from notes, transcribed from tape, lightly edited.

### **(p. 941) *Prologue: Visiting Father & Friends***

See “At the Grave of My Father,” Louis Ginsberg, *Collected Poems*, ed. Michael Fournier, Introduction Eugene Brooks, Afterword Allen Ginsberg (Orono, Maine: Northern Lights, 1992).

### **(p. 947) *On the Conduct of the World***

Roque Dalton: Salvadorian poet-hero-martyr (1935–1975) was liquidated by fellow FMLN revolutionists for tactical differences of opinion.

Velemir Khlebnikov (1885–1922), *Snake Train* (Ann Arbor: Ardis House, 1976). The classic Futurist poet perished after returning by train from Pyatigorsk to Moscow, “weakened by malnutrition and repeated bouts of typhus and malaria.” See *The King of Time, Selected*

*Writings of the Russian Futurian*, trans. Paul Schmidt (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1983).

**(p. 951) *Spot Anger***

“Drive All Blames into One”—i.e., oneself. Jamgon Kongtrul, *The Great Path of Awakening. A Commentary on the Mahayana Teaching of the Seven Points of Mind Training*, trans. Ken McLeod (Boston: Shambhala Press, 1987). Original text by Atisa.

**(p. 952) *London Dream Doors***

“God sent him to sea for pearls”: “For in my nature I quested for beauty, but God, God hath sent me to sea for pearls.” Christopher Smart, *Jubilate Agno*, ed. W. H. Bond (New York: Greenwood Press, 1969).

**(p. 954) *Cosmopolitan Greetings***

Response to Macedonian request for message to Struga Evenings of Poetry festival, on receiving 1986 Golden Laurel Wreath prize.

“Molecule/clinking against molecule.”: See “Winter Night,” *Attila Józef’s Selected Poems and Texts*, trans. John Bátki (Iowa City: International Writing Program, University of Iowa, 1976).

*First Thought, Best Thought*, Chögyam Trungpa (Boston: Shambhala Press, 1984).

“If the mind is shapely, the art will be shapely”: Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, conversation 1958, Cherry Plains, N.Y.

**(p. 957) *Fifth Internationale***

See the “Internationale,” former Soviet national anthem:

“Arise ye prisoners of starvation,  
Arise ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world’s in birth,” etc.

Crazy Wisdom: i.e., wild wisdom “whispered lineage,” characteristic of Kagyu school, Tibetan Buddhism. See Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, *Crazy Wisdom* (Boston: Shambhala Press, 1992).

**(p. 959) *Europe, Who Knows?***

Russian *Chernobyl* translates literally as “wormwood.”

**(p. 960) “*Graphic Winces*”**

Collaboration with Brooklyn College M.F.A. Writing Workshop, Fall 1986, and Bob Rosenthal.

**(p. 961) *Imitation of K.S.***

Jack Micheline, *Skinny Dynamite* (San Francisco: Second Coming Press, 1980). Story by the poet-painter.

**(p. 967) *On Cremation of Chögyam Trungpa***

Cremation ceremony took place at Karme-Chöling Retreat Center, Barnet, Vermont.

**(p. 969) *Nanao***

Written for back jacket copy, *Break the Mirror: The Poems of Nanao Sakaki* (San Francisco: North Point Press, 1987).

**(p. 976) *Salutations to Fernando Pessoa***

See “Salutation to Walt Whitman,” *The Poems of Fernando Pessoa*, trans. Edwin Honig and Susan M. Brown (New York: Ecco Press, 1987).

**(p. 979) *May Days 1988***

“Arabs should throw words not stones,” Elie Wiesel, quoted in *New York Post* sometime 1988.

**(p. 984) *Return of Kral Majales***

See “Kral Majales,” p. 353 and notes, *Collected Poems 1947–1980* (New York: Harper & Row, 1984).

Sen. Jesse Helms & Heritage Foundation’s October 1988 law directed Federal Communications Commission to enforce 24-hour ban on “indecent” language over all airwaves, declared unconstitutional by subsequent court decisions. At poem’s writing, ban extended 6:00 A.M. to midnight. Court decisions 1993 froze ban as of 6:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M., leaving as “safe harbor” late evening to 6:00 A.M. Daytime broadcast for students (& adults) reading the author’s “questionable” poems in schools is now forbidden by law.

All gone all gone ...: version of *Prajnaparamita*, Highest Perfect Wisdom, 17-syllable Sanskrit mantra: “Gate Gate Paragate Parasamgate Bodhi Svaha.”

**(p. 985) *Elephant in the Meditation Hall***

“As late as 1988, 333 House members and 61 Senators hosted significant donations from Savings & Loan lobbyists.” “S & L Scandal: The Gang’s all Here,” by Mary Fricher and Steve Pizzo, *New York Times* Op-Ed, July 27, 1990.

**(p. 987) *Poem in the Form of a Snake That Bites Its Tail***

Ojus: hard coral limestone formations, North Miami area, Florida.

**(p. 997) *CIA Dope Calypso***

See *New York Times*, March 12, 1989:

HULL BAILED OUT IN COSTA RI CA

San Jose, Costa Rica, March 10 (AP)—American-born John Hull, who has been linked to Nicaraguan rebel supply network, was released from prison Friday after he posted \$37,000 bail, his attorney said. The 69-year-old Mr. Hull, who was jailed on Jan. 13 on charges of drug trafficking and violating Costa Rican security, was freed soon after friends collected bail money. Mr. Hull has lived in Costa Rica for 20 years. He is accused of allowing his ranch to be used by the Nicaraguan contras and of narcotics trafficking between 1982–1985.

Part I originally published in *First Blues* (New York: Full Court Press, 1979). Here two additional sections update events. For scholarly history of government intelligence involvement with drug trafficking to aid or fund “off-the-shelf” secret & illegal operations, including most references in “CIA Dope Calypso,” see Alfred McCoy, *The Politics of Heroin* (Brooklyn: Lawrence Hill Books, 1991), to which poet contributed research.

**(p. 1002) *Just Say Yes Calypso***

After aiding CIA overthrow of Iran’s legal Premier Mohammed Mossadegh, General N. Schwarzkopf’s father, Norman Schwarzkopf, Sr., trained the Shah’s dreaded secret police, the Savak. See “Capitol Air,” *Collected Poems 1947–1980; Lies of Our Times*, vol. 2, no. 2 (February 19, 1991) (New York: Sheridan Square Press); and James Breslin, “A Son Follows Suit in the Matter of Oil,” *New York Newsday*, September 9, 1990.

**(p. 1004) *Hum Bom!***

Part I and shorter version of Part II were published in *Collected Poems 1947–1980*. Additional verses added 1991.

**(p. 1011) *Big Eats***

Mahamudra poetics exercise suggested by Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso, Rinpoche, Rocky Mountain Dharma Center, Summer 1991. The first of five verses, 21 syllables each, begins in “neurotic confusion” (Samsara), the last concludes grounded in “ordinary mind” (Dharmakaya).

**(p. 1019) *After Lalon***

Lalon Shah (1774–1890), Bengali Baul singer, devotional forerunner of Rabindranath Tagore. See *Songs of Lalon Shah*, trans. Abu Rushd (Dhaka: Bangla Academy Press, 1991).

**(p. 1024) *Get It?***

Verse 1: Ref Rodney King videotape beating and police trials, Los Angeles 1992–93.

Verse 3: Ref. Police frame-up of political poet Amiri Baraka, 1966, later thrown out of court.

Verse 4: Ref. J. Edgar Hoover's amative relationship with assistant Clyde Tolson and his withholding of Kennedy assassination information from Warren Commission. See Curt Gentry, *J. Edgar Hoover: The Man and His Secrets* (New York: Penguin, 1991); and Anthony Summers, *Official and Confidential: The Secret Life of J. Edgar Hoover* (New York: Putnam, 1993).

Verse 5: Ref Oswald's role as government intelligence informant within Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

Verse 6: Ref. Jack Ruby, courier to Cuba for Mafioso boss Santos Trafficante, Jr., former drug lord of Havana.

Verse 7: See "N.S.A. Dope Calypso" pp. 58–59, stanzas 3–6, and note.

Verse 8: Ref. Oliver North, Richard Secord, etc.

Verse 9: Ref. Elliott Abrams, former Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America, pardoned by outgoing President Bush 1992 after guilty plea to withholding Iran-contra scam information from Congress.

Verse 13: Charles H. Keating, Jr., 69, founder, Cincinnati Citizens for Decent Literature, later Citizens for Decency Through Law, was convicted 1993 on state and federal charges of swindling investors, fraud, and racketeering in collapse of Lincoln Savings and Loan Association. "The collapse of Lincoln, which was based in Irvine, California, in early 1989 is estimated to have cost taxpayers \$2.5 billion" (*New York Times*, September 4, 1992). Along with pedophile Father Joseph Ritter, former director of wayward youths' Covenant

House, Keating was outstanding homophobe on President Reagan's Meese Commission on Pornography.

**(p. 1026) *Research***

Verse 6: Rev. W. A. Criswell, mentor of TV Bible evangelist fundraising theopoliticians Jimmy Swaggart, Pat Robertson, Jerry Falwell, and Billy Graham, decrees the Bible 100 percent "Inerrant."

Verse 11: John Rousas Rushdoony, fundamentalist author, leader of Chalcedon Foundation's Christian Reconstructionist exertions, disapproves homosexual emotions.

**(p. 1029) *Put Down Your Cigarette Rag***

Originally published in *First Blues* (New York: Full Court Press, 1975). Here updated statistics, additional stanzas.

**(p. 1033) *Violent Collaborations***

Epigraph remembered from 1940s college days, heard by classmate from his mother, perhaps 1920s flappers' ditty.

**(p. 1038) *The Charnel Ground***

Epigraph and final quotation, "The whole point seems to be the idea of giving away the giver," taken from lectures on *The Sadhana of Mahamudra*, by Ven. Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, Karma Dzong, December 1973, privately printed.

**(p. 1047) *In the Benjo***

Gary Snyder, *No Nature: New and Selected Poems* (New York: Pantheon, 1992).

**(p. 1048) *American Sentences***



*On Hearing the Muezzin Cry Allah Akbar While Visiting the Pythian Oracle at Didyma Toward the End of the Second Millennium*

Didyma, Asia Minor's shore site where Magna Mater and Pythian oracle were displaced by Judeo-Christian-Islamic Father God. In response to imperial Roman request for prophecy circa 4th century A.D., the oracle's last utterance declared the gods had departed, Apollo no longer inhabited the temple's pillars.

Rainy night on Union Square ... Answering office mail late night, response to request from little magazine.

**(p. 1049) *Approaching Seoul by Bus in Heavy Rain***

Bus over steep mountains from Kangnung to Seoul one rainy night was delayed along precipice by a mile of ambulance lights marking crash of bus I'd missed, scheduled an hour earlier.

Monoprix, familiar department store, onetime right bank of Seine across from Place St. Michel.

## DEATH & FAME POEMS 1993–1997



*Edited by Bob Rosenthal, Peter Hale, and Bill Morgan*

*Foreword by Robert Creeley*

*Afterword by Bob Rosenthal*

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## Foreword

### *Vale*

This is Allen Ginsberg's last book, particular to his determining intent, his last writings when in hospital aware of his impending death, his last reflections and resolutions—his last mind. When he was told by the doctors that he had at best only a short time to live, he called his old friends to tell them the hard news, comforting, reassuring, as particular to their lives as ever. Despite the intensely demanding fame he'd had to deal with for more than forty years, he'd kept the world both intimate and transcendent. It was a "here and now" that admitted all the literal things of each day's substance and yet well knew that all such was finally "too heavy for this lightness lifts the brain into blue sky/at May dawn when birds start singing on East 12th street..." He was, and remains, the enduring friend, the one who goes with us wherever we are taken, who counsels and consoles, who gets the facts when it seems we will never be told them, who asks "Who'll council who lives where in the rubble/who'll sleep in what brokenwalled hut/in the moonlight..." He kept a witness of impeccable kind.

The playful, reductive, teasing verses, which could sometime make this world seem just the bitter foolishness it finally has to, sound here clearly. What is the grandness of death, of a body finally worn out, at last the simple fact of stubbornly reluctant shit and a tediously malfunctioning heart, of "all the accumulations that wear us out," as he put it, when still a young man? There is no irony, no despair, in delighting as one can in "No more right & wrong/yes it's gone gone gone/ gone gone away..." No poet more heard, more respected, more knew the intricacies of melody's patterns. He took such pleasure in the whimsical, insistent way the very rhythms could take hold of attention, bringing each word to its singular place. "Chopping apples into the fruit compote—suffer, suffer, suffer, suffer!" His company insisted upon music and he danced with a consummate grace.

Now we must make our own music, albeit his stays with us forever.

William Blake's great call, "Hear the voice of the bard ...," now changes to "The authors are in eternity," because ours is a passing world. Yet the heroic voices, the insistent intimacies of their tenacious humanity, hold us in a profound and securing bond. Where else would we think to live? Our friend gave his whole life to keep faith with Whitman's heartfelt insistence, "Who touches this book touches a man." So Allen Ginsberg will not leave us even now. "To see Void vast infinite look out the window into the blue sky."

*ROBERT CREELEY*

*JUNE 13, 1998*

## New Democracy Wish List

for President Clinton White House

### *Retro Axioms:*

“Progress” ended in XX century.

Hyper-rationalism reduces natural complexity of nature through narrow thought abstraction; Hyper-rationalization, hyper-industrialization & Hyper-technology create chaos.

U.S. command economy subsidizes fossil fuel and nuclear Energy & Science, Agriculture, Air & Motor Transport, Banking, Communications, Military Industrial Complex, licit & illicit psychoactive Drugs, also rules Mass Media via FCC. American Free Market is hi-tech myth with national socialist centralized regulation implicit everywhere except small business & little magazines.

Muscle Power connected to appropriate hi-tech might rehabilitate Earth.

### *Lacks & Needs:*

Fossil Fuels retard the planet. Detoxify America: tainted Fire poisons Earth, fouls Air & pollutes Water.

Emphasize prevention & alternative medicine with medical insurance rebates for not using Self-insured health credits: like mythic China, “Only pay Doctor when you are well.”

Fund Ryan White Care Act, separate Church & State in Center for

Disease Control, fund bleach kits, needle exchange & plainspoken AIDS education, build infrastructure of decentralized community based health care preventative medicine early intervention clinics for poverty class disease-prone high-risk teens women & men living with AIDS & TB inner city plagues.

Coordinate National crash program to research inexpensive anti-AIDS medicines.

Separate Church & State in arts, education & civil law. Restore National Endowment for the Arts & FCC freedom from Fundamentalist political intrusion.

Sexuality's loose not fixed. Legalize it.

Decriminalize addictive drug problem, doctors can cure addiction or provide maintenance if no cure. Reduce mass-million expense on narcotics-addicted political prisoners overcrowding courts & jails, Medicalize drug trade.

Decriminalize marijuana, its disadvantages are minor; reserve hemp grass as unadvertised private small cash crop for failing family farms, encourage hemp fabric industries.

Privatize & entrust psychedelics to medical educational priestly professions. End Military monopoly on LSD research and development.

End tobacco farming subsidies, cut use. Ex-Nicotine lobbyists working in Clinton's new White House can stop smoking.

Shift agricultural subsidies toward grain beans & vegetable diet. Tax meat as a nutritional agronomic & ecologic disaster.

With massive scale reforestation rural & in wilderness, plant also universal urban tree rows.

Establish Civilian Conservation Corps for Urban homesteading, thin out corrupt local bureaucracies obstructing populist housing



reconstruction.

Encourage international trade in Eco-technology in place of enabling codependency on weapons trade.

Inaugurate National "Limits of Growth" Program for Population/Land Use/Pollution.

Jump start national state & city human and industrial waste compost & recycling.

Honor primary and secondary school teachers, elevate respect, reward educators as handsomely as Plumbers, reduce class crowding to human size, under 15 students; encourage national child-care projects.

Take back money from SLA bankruptcy profiteer goniffs.

Purge U.S. military death squad subsidies in Salvador, Guatemala, etc. We backed up dictators in Zaire, Somalia, Liberia, Sudan, Angola, Haiti, Iran, Iraq, Salvador, we're responsible: admit it then figure ways out.

Open CIA & FBI & NSA archives on Cointelpro raids, Government drug dealing, Kennedy/King assassinations, Iranian Contragate, Panama Deception, Vatican, Hand & Lavoro Bank thuggery, etc. including Bush-Noriega relations and other CIA client-agent scandals.

Open all secret files on J. Edgar Hoover-Cardinal Spellman-Roy Cohn-Joe McCarthy alcoholic Closet-Queen Conspiracy with Organized Crime to sabotage the U.S. Labor Movement, Native African-American Hispanic & Gay minority leaderships; and blackmail U.S. Presidents Congress each other for half century.

Get Government Secret Police (DEA CIA FBI NSA etc.) off our backs by the next millennium.

*January 17, 1993*

## Peace in Bosnia-Herzegovina

General Mother Teresa  
Emperor Dalai Lama XIV  
Chief of Staff Thich Nhat Hanh  
Army Chaplain John Paul II  
followed by the shades of Gandhi  
Sakharov, Sartre & his uncle  
Albert Schweitzer  
went to the bombed out streets  
talked to Moslem Bosnians in  
the burnt out grocery stores  
parlayed with Croatian & Serbian Generals & Parliament  
asked them to quit shooting & firing  
artillery from the mountainside  
overlooking villages  
emptied of grandmothers—  
So now there was quiet—a few fires  
smoldered in back alleys  
a few corpses stank in wet fields  
—But who owns these houses? The  
cinema theaters with broken doors?  
Who owns that grocery store, that City Hall,  
that windowless school with broken  
rooftiles?  
Who owns these little apartments, now  
all worshippers of Allah  
pray in towns besieged 100 miles away  
overcrowded in tenements & tents, with  
U.N. portosans at the crossroads?  
Who owns these abandoned alleys &  
drugstores with shattered bottle shards over  
the sidewalk & inside the door?  
Who'll be the judge, attorney, file  
legal briefs,  
bankruptcy papers, affidavits of ownership,  
deeds, old tax receipts?  
Who'll council who lives where in the rubble,  
who'll sleep in what brokenwalled hut  
in the full moonlight when spring clouds

pass over the face  
of the man in the moon at the end of May?

*May 6, 1993, 3 A.M.*

### **After the Party**

amid glasses clinking, mineral water, schnapps  
among professors' smiling beards,  
sneaker'd classicists, intelligent lady millionaire  
    literary Patron fag hags  
    earth mothers of Lambeth, Trocadero,  
    Hyde Park, 5th Avenue  
blond haired journalists with bracelets, grand  
    readers of Dostojevsky & Gogol—  
senior editor escorts from Trotskyite weeklies,  
lesbians sitting on glossy magazine covers—  
what have we here? a kid moving from  
    foyer to bathroom, thin body,  
Pale cheeked with red cap, 18 year old window washer,  
    came with Señora Murillo  
She admired his impudence, amused by his  
    sincere legs  
as I admire his glance, he turns aside to  
    gaze at me, I'm  
happy to guess he'll show his  
    naked body in bed  
where we talk the refined old doctrine,  
    Coemergent Wisdom

*Lódz', October 5, 1993*

*9:15 P.M. at "Construction in Process" poetry reading*

### **After Olav H. Hauge**

#### **I**

Some live on islands, hills near Trondheim  
Some in St. Moritz, or the forest depths  
Some lonely have beautiful wives  
castles, fine carpets on Wall Street  
Buy & sell currencies, solitary on marble floors

consumed by a passion for fossil fuel  
magnetized by cannons, lasers, bombsights, enriched uranium  
or together play the stock market  
They live & die at the throw of the dice  
They're all businessmen  
who have found each other.

## II

### *Fermented Jungle*

North wind blows  
Fish fly around the room  
wind dies down  
Fish fly under water.

## III

Sometimes the Godliness  
    strikes me as heroic  
People mill about  
Bodø won the Norwegian soccer cup  
It's so crowded, fans are drunk  
People's feet get mixed up  
That big man wanders around  
    lost, barefoot  
he can't find his feet—  
Finally he goes out, late  
on his way home  
not sure if he's on  
his own two feet

*Trondheim, October 25, 1993*

### **These knowing age**

These knowing age  
fart  
These knowing age  
walk slowly  
these knowing age

remind themselves of their grandmothers  
these knowing age  
take waterpills, high blood pressure,  
    watch their sugar and salt  
these knowing age eat less meat, some  
    stopped smoking a decade ago  
Some quit coffee, some drink it strong  
These knowing age saw  
best friends' funerals, telephoned  
    daughters & granddaughters  
Some drive, some don't, some cook, some  
    do not  
These knowing age often  
keep quiet.

*Munich, November 5, 1993*

### **C'mon Pigs of Western Civilization Eat More Grease**

Eat Eat more marbled Sirloin more Pork'n  
    gravy!  
Lard up the dressing, fry chicken in  
    boiling oil  
Carry it dribbling to gray climes, snowed with  
    salt,  
Little lambs covered with mint roast in racks  
    surrounded by roast potatoes wet with  
    buttersauce,  
Buttered veal medallions in creamy saliva,  
    battered beef, by glistening mountains  
    of french fries  
Stroganoffs in white hot sour cream, chops  
    soaked in olive oil,  
surrounded by olives, salty feta cheese, followed  
    by Roquefort & Bleu & Stilton  
    thirsty  
for wine, beer CocaCola Fanta Champagne  
    Pepsi retsina arak whiskey vodka  
Agh! Watch out heart attack, pop more  
    angina pills  
order a plate of Bratwurst, fried frankfurters,

couple billion Wimpys', McDonald's burgers  
to the moon & burp!  
Salt on those fries! Hot dogs! Milkshakes!  
Forget greenbeans, everyday a few carrots,  
a mini big spoonful of salty rice'll  
do, make the plate pretty;  
throw in some vinegar pickles, briny sauerkraut  
check yr. cholesterol, swallow a pill  
and order a sugar Cream donut, pack 2 under  
the size 44 belt  
Pass out in the vomitorium come back cough  
up strands of sandwich still chewing  
pastrami at Katz's delicatessen  
Back to central Europe & gobble Kielbasa  
in Łódź  
swallow salami in Munich with beer, Liverwurst  
on pumpernickel in Berlin, greasy cheese in  
a 3 star Hotel near Syntagma, on white  
bread thick-buttered  
Set an example for developing nations, salt,  
sugar, animal fat, coffee tobacco Schnapps  
Drop dead faster! make room for  
Chinese guestworkers with alien soybean  
curds green cabbage & rice!  
Africans Latins with rice beans & calabash can  
stay thin & crowd in apartments for working  
class foodfreaks—

Not like Western cuisine rich in protein  
cancer heart attack hypertension sweat  
bloated liver & spleen megaly  
Diabetes & stroke—monuments to carnivorous  
civilizations  
presently murdering Belfast  
Bosnia Cypress Ngorno Karabach Georgia  
mailing love letter bombs in  
Vienna or setting houses afire  
in East Germany—have another coffee,  
here's a cigar.

And this is a plate of black forest chocolate cake,  
you deserve it.

*Athens, December 19, 1993*

### **Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush**

I got old & shit in my pants  
    shit in my pants  
    shit in my pants  
I got old & shit in my pants  
    shit in my pants again

We got old & shit in our pants  
    shit in our pants  
    shit in our pants  
We got old & shit in our pants  
    shit in our pants again

You'll be lucky if you get old  
    & shit in your pants  
    & shit in your pants  
You'll be lucky if you get old  
    & shit in your pants again

*January 1, 1994*

### **Tuesday Morn**

Waking with aching back at base of spine, walked stiffly to kitchen  
toilet to pee,  
more limber returned to unmade bed, sat to write, dreamlike  
yesterdays recorded—  
From pill dispenser 60 mg Lasix, water pills brings blood to kidney to  
relieve heart stressed by lung liquid  
one white Lanoxin something further steadies the heart, one brown  
Vasotec for high blood pressure  
a round blue potassium pill set aside for breakfast  
Next another quaff of water for sleep-dried tongue

& check stove water boiling Tibetan medical powders  
Quarter tsp. directly in mouth with hot water, morn & night  
Next make the bed—pull out mattress, lift up sheets ballooning in air  
to settle all four corners,  
lay on the orange-diamonded Mexican wool blanket & 3 pillows—  
push mattress back in place  
brush teeth—then prick my finger  
a drop, Exac-Tech blood sugar teststrip results noted morn & eve  
98 today, a little low, swab pinkie with alcohol pad, another sip  
medicinal tea—  
replace reading glasses with bifocals, brush teeth at front-room sink &  
looking out window, church door passers-by four floors below  
while noon bells ring, clock ticking on the kitchen wall above the  
toilet cabinet—pull chain  
worked this morning, flushed a wobbly porcelain throne—needa get  
Mike the Super fix pipes—  
Back to front room, brush teeth, bowels begin to stir relief, electric  
shave,  
brush out gray dust from razor head, wash face, clear throat's pale  
yellow phlegm, blow nose  
in paper towel, stick pinkie end with white cream Borofax drop in  
each nostril, wipe mustache, put on teashirt  
Vitalis on short hair around bald head, brush back small beard—&  
ready for breakfast  
in boxer shorts alone at home, pee again, gray sky out window  
Sparrows on courtyard dirt, bare Heaven Trees—yesterday's *Times*  
half read on the table where  
red tulip blossoms dry in a glass jar—Time to crap & finish *Exquisite*  
*Corpse*—not much came down—  
flush, climb ladder and fix the water ball, wash ass change shorts and  
choose fresh sox—  
At last it's time to eat, clear & safe in the morning—1 P.M.  
Salt-free cornflakes from the icebox, brown rice, shredded wheat in a  
Chinese bowl  
filled thereafter with Rice Dream milk—banana that!



Chew and wonder what to read, answer phone, yes, “Peter’s flown to Colorado, Huncke’s rent is due” to patron Hiro—

Finish cereal reading yesterday’s *Times* “How Mental Patients Sleep Out of Doors”

“ ‘Last time, I was just walking in the rain,’ he said, his hands and lips quivering slightly from the medication he takes.”

Slip a multivitamin pill in my mouth, grab a dish, fruit stewed two nites ago—

Ring Ring the telephone—the office, Bob Rosenthal, Debbie for Jewel Heart Benefit,

Ysrael Lubavitcher fairy returned from his Paris year

Edith not home, Aunt Honey leaving for Australia next week, she had stroke & splenectomy 1942, long story—

David Rome preparing arts program Halifax during Sawang’s Shambhala confirmation

—Finally 3 P.M. I get dressed go to office couple hours—

Phone Robert Frank? Yup, he’s out, call early evening. I’m free.

*January 23, 1994*

## God

The 18 year old marine “had made his Peace with God.”

A word. A capitol G. Who is God? I thought I saw him once and heard his voice, which now sounds like my own, and I’m not God, so who’s God? Jesus Bible God?

Whose Bible? Old JHVH? The 4 letter one without vowels or the 3 letter word God? G-O-D?

Allah? Some say Allah’s great, tho’ mock his name you’re dead!

Zoroaster’s Wise One used to be great, & Mormons’ version got absolute pedigrees & Genealogies.

Is Pope’s God same as Southern Baptist Inerrancy televangelists?

How’s that square with the Ayatollah’s Allah, Billy Graham Nixon’s on his knees, Ronald Reagan’s Armageddon deity?

What of Lubavitcher Rabbi’s God refusing land for peace exchange?

Is Yassir Arafat’s God same as Shamir’s? What about Magna Mater?

What happened to Aphrodite, Hecate, Diana many breasted at  
Ephesus,  
round bottom'd Willendorf Venus older than Jahweh & Allah &  
Zoroaster's dream!  
older than Confucius, Lao Tzu, Buddha & the 39 patriarchs.  
Is any God real? Is there one God? How come so many Gods—  
Fighting eachother, poor Mayans, Aztecs, Peruvian sun worshippers?  
Hopi peyote dreamers round the half moon fire.  
Am I God after all, made the universe, we dreamed it up together  
or got tumbled out of the Chute onto the Planet, looking for  
progenitors?  
I know I'm not God, are you? Don't be silly.  
God? God? Everybody's God? Don't be silly.

*February 25, 1994*

## **Ah War**

Ah War bigness addiction  
Alchemized thru meta-industrial  
Labor-Intensive permanent tree  
Crop protein energy system  
recycling Urban Wastes  
in Meditative Egoless non  
Theistic Space

*Lisner Auditorium  
Monday, March 21, 1994, 8:00 P.M.*

## **Excrement**

Everybody excretes different loads  
To think of it—  
Marilyn Monroe's pretty buttocks,  
Eleanor Roosevelt's bloomers dropt  
Rudolf Valentino on the seat, taut  
muscles relaxing  
Presidents looking down the bowl  
to see their state of health  
Our White House rosy-cheeked dieter,

One last, gaunt sourpuss  
striped pants ankle'd  
in the Water Chamber

Name it? byproduct of  
vegetables, steak, sausages, rice  
reduced to a brown loaf in the watery tureen,  
splatter of dark mud on highway  
side cornfields  
studded with peanuts & grape seeds—

Who doesn't attend to her business  
No matter nobility, Hollywood starshine, media  
Blitz-heroics, everyone at  
table follows watercloset  
regulation & relief  
An empty feeling going back to banquet,  
returned to bed, sitting for Breakfast,  
a pile of dirt unloaded from gut level  
mid-belly, down thru the butthole  
relaxed & released from the ton  
of old earth, poured back  
on Earth

It never appears in public  
'cept cartoons, filthy canards,  
political commix left & right  
The Eminent Cardinal his robes pushed aside,  
Empress of Japan her 60 pound kimono,  
layered silks pushed aside,  
The noble German Statesman giving his heart ease  
The pretty student boy in Heidelberg  
between chemic processor abstractions,  
Keypunch operators in vast newsrooms  
Editors their wives and children  
drop feces of various colors  
iron supplement black  
to pale green-white sausage  
delicacies the same

in tiny bathroom  
distant suburbs,  
even dogs on green front lawns  
produce their simulacra of  
human garbage  
we all drop  
Myself the poet aging on the stool  
Polyhymnia the Muse herself, lowered to this throne—  
what a relief!

March 24, 1994

### **New Stanzas for *Amazing Grace***

I dreamed I dwelled in a homeless place  
Where I was lost alone  
Folk looked right through me into space  
And passed with eyes of stone

O homeless hand on many a street  
Accept this change from me  
A friendly smile or word is sweet  
As fearless charity

Woe workingman who hears the cry  
And cannot spare a dime  
Nor look into a homeless eye  
Afraid to give the time

So rich or poor no gold to talk  
A smile on your face  
The homeless ones where you may walk  
Receive amazing grace

*I dreamed I dwelled in a homeless place  
Where I was lost alone  
Folk looked right through me into space  
And passed with eyes of stone*

April 2, 1994

*Composed at the request of Ed Sanders for his production of The New Amaz ing Grace, performed November 20, 1994, at the Poetry Project in St. Mark's Church in-the-Bouwerie.*

### City Lights City

On Via Ferlinghetti & Kerouac Alley young heroes muse melancholy  
2025 A.D.

Musicians brood & pace Bob Kaufman Street and practice future jazz  
on Rexroth place

Spiritual novelists sit rapt in contemplation under the street sign at  
Saroyan Place before they cross to Aram Alley

Loves' eyes gaze sparkling on Bay waters from McClure Plaza at the  
foot of Market

Old Market itself as Robert Duncan Boulevard teems with theosophic  
shops & Hermetic Department Stores

& crossing Duncan Blvd.: First DiPrima Second Henry Miller Third  
Corso Street

Fourth Jeffers Street & Fifth on John Wieners Street the Greyhound  
Terminal stands

surrounded by Bookstore Galleries, Publishers Rows, and Artists lofts

Sightseers in tourist buses breathe fresh foggy air on Harold Norse &  
Hirschman Peaks—oldies but goldies

Ken Kesey's name makes Bayshore famous as you barrel up past  
Brother Everson Memorial Stadium

Whalen Bridge sits meditating all the way to Oakland

Snyder Bridge connects the East-West Gate between S.F & Marin

Commuters crowd exhausted into the Neal Cassady R.R. Station on  
Corso

Czeslaw Milosz Street signs shine bright on Van Ness

Poet Jack Micheline gets Tenderloin, Philip Lamantia Tower crowns  
Telegraph Hill

where international surrealist tourists climb to see the view—  
& I'll take Alcatraz (to return to Native Americans along with Treasure Island)

*April 21, 1994*

### **Newt Gingrich Declares War on “McGovernik Counterculture”**

Does that mean war on every boy with more than one earring on the same ear?

against every girl with a belly button ring? What about nose piercing? a diamond in right nostril?

Does that mean more plainclothesmen high on LSD at Dead concerts?

What about MTV—no more Michael Jackson, no Dylan Subterranean Homesick Blues? Yoko & John no more Give Peace a Chance

Will there be laws against Punk, Generation X, the Voidoids, Slackers, Grunge?

Blues, Jazz, Bebop, Rocknroll? Where did it get countercultural?

What about Elvis' Pelvis? Sonic Youth dumbled, Cobain's screams banished from Nirvana?

No more grass on college campuses, Mushrooms stomped to death by the Elephant Party?

What about African-Americans? That's a terrific Counterculture, & what about the Yellow Peril, Chinese restaurants? New Age Cooking? is Japanese Sushi too much Zen?

Sitting meditation, that be frowned satanic in Congress? Tai Chi, Tai Kwando, Karate, Martial Arts? Ballet? Opera, *La Bohème*?

Don't mention us cocksuckers?! Is eating pussy countercultural?

Sappho, Socrates, Da Vinci, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Proust in or out the canon?

J. E. Hoover's name wiped off FBI granite in the Capital?

Poetry slams, is poetry countercultural, like a Third Party?

Is ecology pro or counter culture? Astronomy determining the Universe's age & size?

Long hair, relativity, is Einstein countercultural?

*January 1995*

## Pastel Sentences (Selections)

Mice ate at the big red heart in her breast, she was distracted in love.

Bowed down by the weight of nebulae he crouches underneath the hill.

A bat that's bigger than your ear watches you sleep while you dream him there.

A round blue eye woke red lipped 'neath this century's gigantic lightbulb.

Lantern-jawed Bismarck dreams a rich red rose blossoms thorn-stemmed through his skull.

In an oval blue womb a full-grown girl curled up eyes closed dreams her birth.

Big little people do yab yum in their ten petal'd yellow daisy.

Long hand over left eye Mother Sudan sees big bellied kids' thin ribs.

In midst of coition a blood-red worm spurts out his heaving rib-cage.

The one eyed moon-whale watches you weep, drifting brown seas in a pale boat.

Thirty Kingdoms' keys chainmailed down his chest, the Pope dreams he's St. Peter.

Jeannie Duval's cheek tickled by a Paris fly, 1852.

Puff a cigarette between skullfleshed lips, smoke gets in your empty eyes.

Sphincter-wound in his chest, he kneels and lifts both hands in surprise to pray.

All mixed up breasts feet genitals nipples & hands, both fall into sleep.

Adam contemplates his navel covered with a bush of jealous hearts.

Body spread open, black legs held down, she eats his ice cream—  
white sex-tongue.

One centaur palm raised thru earth-crust lifts a red live dog barking at  
stars.

Her dog licks the live red heart of th' African lady curled up in bed.

Naked in solitary prison cell he looks down at a hard-on.

Hands hold her ass tight with joy to lick & eat the blue star 'twixt her  
thighs.

Small pink-winged Lady-Heart hovers, rose-cunt legs spread nigh his  
stiff black dick.

Chic shoes rest in a black rose vortex of sociable fashion money.

She poses self-confident, blue sky & clouds borne in her oval womb.

Lady Buddha sleeps on blue air in a green leaf, knees raised spread  
naked.

Repose open-eyed on starry blue pillows under a star-roofed sky.

The black guy steps in the shade, glancing back at the sunlit boy he  
screwed.

Legs behind neck, arms hung down, Yogi's solar anal navel burns red.

Blowing bubbles in blue sky he squats on his own blue bubble planet.

Star, bird, cane & big thigh bones, the ghost baby dreams life beyond  
the womb.



Regarding their long thick tails, blue demons wrestle with golden scissors.

He steps on his own breast lying in bed with red half hard-on.

Lady snails delicately climb naked thighs to stir his genitals.

Left forefinger probed into his own left hand proves a Doubting Thomas.

They exchange glances, a bee shadows her tail, a rose grows on his hip.

William Burroughs' skeleton twists a towel, he's got the bloody rag on.

The rose-girl kneels weighed down, iron tanks on shoulder, coccyx, calves & footsoles.

Horse stands on horse upon horse, lie back on top & take your forty winks.

He dives from naked sky past the sun's nimbus into space-blue ocean.

Curtains part on a nail and its shadow, Samsara's drama Act I.

The red lip'd fat billionaire appeals you try out his wee twat or dick.

Arms to neck, his tit, her belly, prong-twat, the President and his wife.

Pale green headless phantoms upside-down dipsy-doodle with thin hard-ons.

Lady Day bows her neck under a pyramid of oily black rocks.

Beneath breast-eyed wasp-beaks the pink rose opens, better get in there quick!

Inside her red womb the hermaphrodite fetus closes a third eye.

Wiping blood-black tears from hard labor, try holding up your big sad head.

Jealousy! Jealousy! Chin in hand he ponders the Unfaithful Muse.

Young Don Juan bravely displays his girlish red-sexed lips and eyeshadow.

Caught in the burning house of my brown body I fainted openeyed.

Big phallus, black womb lined with reddish flesh, look at the monkey we birthed.

One bird pecks her double's breast on a ghost-white lingam's unblinking head.

She flies down thousands of stone steps for years, aged climbs them all back up.

for Francesco Clemente  
Château Chenonceau, June 24, 1995  
Naropa Institute, July 5, 1995  
Lawrence, Kansas, July 22, 1995

## **Nazi Capish**

Catholicism capish  
Catholicism capish  
Catholicism abortion capish  
Capish capish capish

Christian capish  
Christian capish  
Christian sin capish

Islamic capish  
Islamic capish

Islamic Jihad capish

Zionist capish

Zionist capish

Zionist nationalist capish

Fundamentalism capish

Fundamentalism capish

Fundamentalism absolutism

Fundamentalism capish

Hunkie Honkie Aryan Frog

Jap & Gook & Limey Wog

Afric Chink capish

Nazi capish

Nazi capish

Nazi capish capish

Commie capish

Commie capish

Commie capish capish

Capitalist capish

Capitalist capish

Capitalist capish capish

Fascisti capish

Fascisti capish

Fascisti shit capish

*September 21, 1995*

**Is About**

Dylan is about the Individual against the whole of creation

Beethoven is about one man's fist in the lightning clouds

The Pope is about abortion & the spirits of the dead ...

Television is about people sitting in their living room looking at their things

America is about being a big Country full of Cowboys Indians Jews Negroes & Americans

Orientals Chicanos Factories skyscrapers Niagara Falls Steel Mills radios homeless Conservatives, don't forget

Russia is about Tzars Stalin Poetry Secret Police Communism barefoot in the snow

But that's not really Russia it's a concept

A concept is about how to look at the earth from the moon

without ever getting there. The moon is about love & Werewolves, also Poe.

Poe is about looking at the moon from the sun  
or else the graveyard

Everything is about something if you're a thin movie producer chainsmoking muggles

The world is about overpopulation, Imperial invasions, Biocide, Genocide, Fratricidal Wars, Starvation, Holocaust, mass injury & murder, high technology

Super science, atom Nuclear Neutron Hydrogen detritus, Radiation Compassion Buddha, Alchemy

Communication is about monopoly television radio movie newspaper spin on Earth, i.e. planetary censorship.

Universe is about Universe.

Allen Ginsberg is about confused mind writing down newspaper headlines from Mars—

The audience is about salvation, the listeners are about sex, Spiritual gymnastics, nostalgia for the Steam Engine & Pony Express

Hitler Stalin Roosevelt & Churchill are about arithmetic & Quadrilateral equations, above all chemistry physics & chaos theory  
—

Who cares what it's all about?

I do! Edgar Allan Poe cares! Shelley cares! Beethoven & Dylan care.

Do you care? What are you about  
or are you a human being with 10 fingers & two eyes?

*New York City,  
October 24, 1995*

### **The Ballad of the Skeletons**

Said the Presidential Skeleton  
I won't sign the bill  
Said the Speaker skeleton  
Yes you will

Said the Representative Skeleton  
I object  
Said the Supreme Court skeleton  
Whaddya expect

Said the Military skeleton  
Buy Star Bombs  
Said the Upperclass Skeleton  
Starve unmarried moms

Said the Yahoo Skeleton  
Stop dirty art  
Said the Right Wing skeleton  
Forget about yr heart

Said the Gnostic Skeleton  
The Human Form's divine  
Said the Moral Majority skeleton  
No it's not it's mine

Said the Buddha Skeleton  
Compassion is wealth  
Said the Corporate skeleton  
It's bad for your health

Said the Old Christ skeleton  
Care for the Poor  
Said the Son of God skeleton  
AIDS needs cure

Said the Homophobe skeleton  
Gay folk suck  
Said the Heritage Policy skeleton  
Blacks're outa luck

Said the Macho skeleton  
Women in their place  
Said the Fundamentalist skeleton  
Increase human race

Said the Right-to-Life skeleton  
Foetus has a soul  
Said Pro Choice skeleton  
Shove it up your hole

Said the Downsized skeleton  
Robots got my job  
Said the Tough-on-Crime skeleton  
Tear gas the mob

Said the Governor skeleton  
Cut school lunch  
Said the Mayor skeleton  
Eat the budget crunch

Said the Neo Conservative skeleton  
Homeless off the street!  
Said the Free Market skeleton  
Use 'em up for meat

Said the Think Tank skeleton  
Free Market's the way  
Said the S&L skeleton  
Make the State pay

Said the Chrysler skeleton  
Pay for you & me  
Said the Nuke Power skeleton  
& me & me & me

Said the Ecologic skeleton  
Keep Skies blue  
Said the Multinational skeleton  
What's it worth to you?

Said the NAFTA skeleton  
Get rich, Free Trade,  
Said the Maquiladora skeleton  
Sweat shops, low paid

Said the rich GATT skeleton  
One world, high tech  
Said the Underclass skeleton  
Get it in the neck

Said the World Bank skeleton  
Cut down your trees  
Said the I.M.F skeleton  
Buy American cheese

Said the Underdeveloped skeleton  
Send me rice  
Said Developed Nations' skeleton  
Sell your bones for dice

Said the Ayatollah skeleton  
Die writer die  
Said Joe Stalin's skeleton  
That's no lie

Said the Middle Kingdom skeleton  
We swallowed Tibet  
Said the Dalai Lama skeleton  
Indigestion's whatcha get

Said the World Chorus skeleton  
That's their fate  
Said the USA skeleton  
Gotta save Kuwait

Said the Petrochemical skeleton  
Roar Bombers roar!  
Said the Psychedelic skeleton  
Smoke a dinosaur

Said Nancy's skeleton  
Just say No  
Said the Rasta skeleton  
Blow Nancy Blow

Said Demagogue skeleton  
Don't smoke Pot  
Said Alcoholic skeleton  
Let your liver rot

Said the Junkie skeleton  
Can't we get a fix?  
Said the Big Brother skeleton  
Jail the dirty pricks



Said the Mirror skeleton  
Hey good looking  
Said the Electric Chair skeleton  
Hey what's cooking?

Said the Talkshow skeleton  
Fuck you in the face  
Said the Family Values skeleton  
My family values mace

Said the N.Y. Times skeleton  
That's not fit to print  
Said the C.I.A. skeleton  
Cantcha take a hint?

Said the Network skeleton  
Believe my lies  
Said the Advertising skeleton  
Don't get wise!

Said the Media skeleton  
Believe you Me  
Said the Couch-potato skeleton  
What me worry?

Said the TV skeleton  
Eat sound bites  
Said the Newscast skeleton  
That's all Goodnight

*February 12–16, 1995*

**“You know what I’m saying?”**

I was shy and tender as a 10 year old kid, you know what I’m saying?  
Afraid people’d find me out in Eastside H.S. locker room you know  
what I’m saying?

Earl had beautiful hips & biceps when he took off his clothes to put on  
gym shorts you know what I'm saying?  
His nose was too long, his face like a ferret but his white body  
Proportioned thin, muscular definition thighs & breasts, with boy's  
nipples you know what I'm saying? uncircumcised  
& strange, goyishe beauty you know what I'm saying, I was  
dumbstruck—  
at Golden 50th H.S. Reunion I recognized him, bowed, & exchanged  
pleasant words, you know what I'm saying?  
He was retired, wife on his arm, you know what I'm saying?  
& Millie Peller "The Class Whore" warmest woman at our last Silver  
25th Reunion alas had passed away  
She was nice to me a scared gay kid at Eastside High, you know what  
I'm saying?

*December 23, 1995*

### **Bowel Song**

You've been coughing for weeks  
still you don't sit on your cushion & visualize Bam  
You've been in the hospital just last week  
still you read the newspapers  
Recovered from congestive heart failure,  
you took 7 hours last week to read the Sunday N.Y Times  
Listen, your days are numbered, why waste the essence of your clock  
How will you feel when you can't breathe?  
What'll you do the last six minutes?  
Where'll you go for the next 6 hours?  
What good, half dozen gay porno films then?  
You can hardly catch your breath now, why jack off limp prick?  
Your master gives good advice, you listen, follow it couple weeks  
then lapse into old habits, waste time on the toilet reading books,  
at the kitchen sink 3am washing dishes daydreaming.  
If you don't get ready now, what'll you do at the Black Hole  
You wanna get born a pretty little girl & go through agony?  
Wanna get caught between snakes coupling?  
In between death and life, still wanna get laid?  
What makes you lazy? you're not on your deathbed yet,

if you've an ounce of strength, use it to look inside.  
Clear your mind, you won't escape the Great Sickness  
the Immortal Plague, Grand Disaster continuous to eternity—  
Whatever it is, whyn'cha figure it out?  
Wanna drift off & become a newspaper headline,  
what good favorable publicity in the bardo?  
Allen Ginsberg says, these words'll get you nowhere  
these jokes won't be funny when everyone leaves the seven exits.

January 2, 1996

## Popular Tunes

What do I hear in my ear  
    approaching my 70th year—  
Echoes of popular tunes, old rhymes  
    familiar runes  
Songs my mother taught me  
    “O tell me pretty maiden  
    are there any more at home  
    like you?”  
Cousin Claire heard on the Newark radio  
Aunt Elanor played on her Bronx phonograph  
piercing Bell Song soprano notes,  
    sostenuto Amelita Galli-Curci & Rosa Ponselle  
Wind up Victrola Yiddish Monologues  
    *Cohen On The Telephone,*  
    The Wind the Wind,  
“Last night da vind, da vind blew down da shutters.”  
    “No I didn't say shuddup!”  
The fugitive words of a Scots contralto  
    woman's chant “McCushla,  
    McCushla my dark eyed McCushla”  
Ask Aunt Honey age 83, ask Stepmother Edith just 90,  
    they'll know—  
    they'll remember  
    “The March of the Wooden Soldiers,” tin drums  
    & pipes of *Babes in Toyland*  
“Comin' thru the rye” new generations of  
    folksing kids never remember sung  
    when they play Guitar on Union Square's

L train subway platform—  
or “Auchichornya, auchimolinka, rasdrivyminya,  
molijeninka,” with Mandolins or Balalaikas  
and “Tis the last rose of Summer” by Thomas Moore—  
echoing thru Time’s skull as my beard’s  
turned white, sugar high in my blood  
coughing weeks on end fall to winter,  
Chronic bronchitis the rest of my days?  
& “Down will come baby cradle and all”  
as 1930’s all fell down with  
mournful Peat Bog Soldiers’  
“Lied des Konzentrationslagers”

*February 9, 1996*

### **Five A.M.**

Élan that lifts me above the clouds  
into pure space, timeless, yea eternal  
Breath transmitted into words  
Transmuted back to breath  
in one hundred two hundred years  
nearly Immortal, Sappho’s 26 centuries  
of cadenced breathing—beyond time, clocks, empires, bodies, cars,  
chariots, rocket ships skyscrapers, Nation empires  
brass walls, polished marble, Inca Artwork  
of the mind—but where’s it come from?  
Inspiration? The muses drawing breath for you? God?  
Nah, don’t believe it, you’ll get entangled in Heaven or Hell—  
Guilt power, that makes the heart beat wake all night  
flooding mind with space, echoing thru future cities, Megalopolis or  
Cretan village, Zeus’ birth cave Lassithi Plains—Otsego County  
farmhouse, Kansas front porch?  
Buddha’s a help, promises ordinary mind no nirvana—  
coffee, alcohol, cocaine, mushrooms, marijuana, laughing gas?  
Nope, too heavy for this lightness lifts the brain into blue sky  
at May dawn when birds start singing on East 12th street—  
Where does it come from, where does it go forever?

*May 1996*

### **Power**

The N Power, the feminine power  
the woman power the  
flower power, the power of Marigolds  
& roses, Sequoia power,  
Nature's power  
wont blossom in this lifetime  
or the next, this Yuga's finished,  
seeds shot, entered the earth  
gestating with alligators & waterworms  
in swamps where planes crash,  
Next lifetimes after, watch roses turn  
red, Marigolds yellow, little  
sequoias begin to climb the sky  
Millions of African kids'll grow up  
amid green bushes & radiant  
camelopards again—  
Down 12th Street corner Avenue A midnight police  
lean against Bodega shutters looking for  
last week's swarthy crack pushers

*May 15, 1996, 11 A.M.*

## Anger

How'd I get angry? Analytic approach:  
M'I still angry with Carolyn? forty three years ago  
kicked me out of bed with  
naked Neal their house San Jose—  
Disadvantaged hating Podhoretz  
for put-down of Beat writers  
queers nineteen fifty eight  
later defense of death-squad drug-dealer  
Generals in El Salvador  
& op-ed B2 Bombers  
Angrily sat an hour adamant  
Thangka-thief meth-head Gaiton's apt.  
E. Houston Street nineteen sixty three  
never got my Dancing Skeletons back—  
Never forgave late Alan Marlowe nineteen seventy five  
stole back my \$100 loan gift  
to Jyoti Datta Calcutta four years earlier

Lost my telephone temper with critic Walter  
Goodman  
insulting Gunther Grass' visit to poor South Bronx  
International PEN Congress nineteen eighty five  
& my own handmade Nicaraguan  
Contra-War peace petition mocked  
as "all the news that's fit to print."

May 18, 1996

## Multiple Identity Questionnaire

*"Nature empty, everything's pure; Naturally pure, that's what I am."*

I'm a jew? a nice Jewish boy?  
A flaky Buddhist, certainly  
Gay in fact pederast? I'm exaggerating?  
Not only queer an amateur S&M fan, someone should spank me for  
saying that  
Columbia Alumnus class of '48, Beat icon, students say.  
White, if jews are "white race"  
American by birth, passport, and residence  
Slavic heritage, mama from Vitebsk, father's forebears Grading in  
Kamenetz-Podolska near Lvov.  
I'm an intellectual! Anti-intellectual, anti-academic  
Distinguished Professor of English Brooklyn College,  
Manhattanite, Another middle class liberal,  
but lower class second generation immigrant,  
Upperclass, I own a condo loft, go to art gallery Buddhist Vernissage  
dinner parties with Niarchos, Rockefeller, and Luces  
Oh what a sissy, Professor Four-eyes, can't catch a baseball or drive a  
car—courageous Shambhala Graduate Warrior  
addressed as "Maestro" Milano, Venezia, Napoli  
Still student, chela, disciple, my guru Gelek Rinpoche,  
Senior Citizen, got Septuagenarian discount at Alfalfa's Healthfoods  
New York subway—  
Mr. Sentient Being!—Absolutely empty neti neti identity, Maya Nobo-

daddy, relative phantom nonentity

*July 5, 1996, Naropa Tent,  
Boulder, CO*

## **Don't Get Angry with Me**

for Chödok Tulku

Don't get angry with me  
You might die tomorrow  
I'm an empty hungry ghost  
Any spare change I can borrow?

Don't get angry with me  
Full of God tomorrow  
Could get sorry you got mad,  
wanna be the God of sorrow?

Don't get angry with me  
War starts tomorrow  
I'll get bombed You'll get shot  
in the eye with Interdependent Arrow

Don't get angry with me  
Hell's hot tomorrow  
If we're burned up now inflamed  
Could pass aeons in cold horror

Don't get angry with me  
We'll be worms tomorrow  
Both wriggling in the mud  
cut in two by the ploughman's harrow

Don't get angry with me—  
Who'll we be tomorrow?  
who knows who we are today?  
Better meditate & pray,

Tila, Mila, Marpa, Naro.

*August 27, 1996*

### **Swan Songs in the Present**

“Swan songs in the present  
moon systems in gleeps  
Don’t hang on to the essence  
the refrigerator’s for keeps  
the Hot house vernacular  
Sets up on the moldy hill  
you and I climb the ribcage  
& look for a heart to kill

you can do whatcha want with Europe  
Eat Bananas with your dung  
Whistle while you wonk the Pope  
Breathe out of a spastic lung  
but you’ll live forever anyway  
in birds’ beasts hungry ghosts  
& various Boddhisattvas  
Drinking morning coffee  
eating loxes & toasts

Hypnogogi Twaddle  
anytime I can  
But 70 years I’ll sleep  
like other old men

*October 29, 1996, 3:50 A.M.*

### **Gone Gone Gone**

*“The wan moon is sinking under the white wave  
and time is sinking with me, O!”*

*—Robert Burns*

yes it’s gone gone gone  
gone gone away  
yes it’s gone gone gone



gone gone away  
yes it's gone gone gone  
gone gone away  
yes it's gone gone gone  
it's all gone away  
gone gone gone  
won't be back today  
gone gone gone  
just like yesterday  
gone gone gone  
isn't any more  
gone to the other shore  
gone gone gone  
it wasn't here to stay  
yes it's gone gone gone  
all gone out to play  
yes it's gone gone gone  
until another day  
no one here to pray  
gone gone gone  
yak your life away  
no promise to betray  
gone gone gone  
somebody else will pay  
the national debt no way  
gone gone gone  
your furniture layaway  
plan gone astray  
gone gone gone  
made hay  
gone gone gone  
Sunk in Baiae's Bay  
yes it's gone gone gone  
wallet and all you say  
gone gone gone  
so you can waive your pay  
yes it's gone gone gone  
gone last Saturday  
yes it's gone gone gone  
tomorrow's another day

gone gone gone  
bald & old & gay  
gone gone gone  
turned old and gray  
yes it's gone gone gone  
whitebeard & cold  
yes it's gone gone gone  
cashmere scarf & gold  
yes it's gone gone gone  
warp & woof & wold  
yes it's gone gone gone  
gone far far away  
to the home of the brave  
down into the grave  
yes it's gone gone gone  
moon beneath the wave  
yes it's gone gone gone  
so I end this song  
yes this song is gone  
gone to kick the gong  
yes it's gone gone gone  
No more right & wrong  
yes it's gone gone gone  
gone gone away

*November 10, 1996*

### **Reverse the rain of Terror ...**

Reverse the rain of Terror on street consciousness U.S.A.  
Death Penalty! Electric Chair! A roomful of poison gas! Lethal  
injections! Mortal Hanging! Beheading the Idiot killer!  
Dogs slaver over airport luggage! Suitcase bottoms caked with hash!  
Strip search the sick opium addict, medicine's up his anus in a  
finger stall  
arriving from legal India, cozy England, lax Morocco, face 12 billion  
Dollars worth of cops  
Sniffing bodies for illegal medicine! Vomiting in a stone cell,  
abdominal convulsions, muscle spasms thigh & foot, sleepless cold-  
turkey torture—

Puerto Rican kid needs a doctor, young black man needs his  
girlfriend's fix, white boy didn't know his habit was immortal!  
The octogenarian schmecker's liver & kidneys failed, wants a  
deathbed shot of M  
Half mad lady on the street had a fight with her daughter the whore!  
The old boy lies on the sidewalk hands dirty red faced in his own  
saliva.  
The delicate youth's in his halfway house a decade, thorazine eyes  
glazed over  
His brother's Christmas card arrives at Binghampton State Hospital!  
The elder hides in a furnished room drinks wine delivers newspapers,  
didn't wanna work on the neutron bomb!  
The salesman's product went off the market, recycling coke bottles he  
cries at kitchen tables blaming Jews  
An auto worker shoveling snow curses six African-Americans mugged  
him twenty years ago—  
A black man walked the street with his B.A. pager, clubbed down  
giving lip to a cop car  
The young fruit dies body with sores he challenged the Senate on the  
plague.  
The homeless jewish guitarist sings on the 14th Street's L Train  
Subway platform, blows harmonica, taps tambourine with one foot,  
with another drums  
then back to his graybeard cocksucker's apartment fries eggs  
Streetcorner boys and girlfriends hang round the butcher shop corner,  
"Smoke smoke?"  
Rocky Flats engineers tear their hair, Plutonium waste'll outlast an  
otherworldly God

*December 1996*

### **Sending Message**

They are sending a message to the youth of America  
Smoking medical marijuana's all right  
They're sending a message in cartoon saloons hard-ass blokes look like  
camels smoke Camels at the bar, 5 year olds love it,

To the youth of America they're sending a message  
CIA no official connections to Contra coke dealers in *New York Times*  
*Washington Post* expert crackheads send same messages to  
adolescent Senior citizen crackhead readers  
They're sending a message to American youth, African youth can  
starve to death we can't care  
too much money, far over the Atlantic, our boys'll never die,  
politically unpopular, they'll become dependent, it won't fly  
They're sending message by Bronco, Honda, 4 by 4, cinema MG, Land  
Rover & half million gas stations  
youth of this nation fossil fuel's neat, hella cool, admirable dope really  
rad, as if—what valley girls think when their fathers drive them to  
Highschool—  
They're sending the message to Saturn, American Democracy works  
over the globe, spin that round your rings  
To Chinese youth, eat like us, we do flesh & fries,  
Don't sleep on streets, dangerous off-duty death-squad police send this  
message to Brazilian kiddies  
Someone sent naked pretty boys on FCC Internet, Don't!  
No Forbidden Planet Swedish sex? Got the message pretty girls?  
Got the message clean old men? Michelangelo got the message? Da  
Vinci got it? Phidias, Socrates, Shakespeare, J. Edgar Hoover at the  
Plaza, Cardinal Francis Spellman on Roy Cohn's yacht, Senator  
Jesse Helms in your gut, duh  
got the message teeny-weenies? They're sending a message right  
below your belly button.  
A message to the youth of America, "Diminished expectations," they's  
too many people,  
native gooks work cheaper, rich get richer, North hemispheric whites  
live longer, Black high-blood pressure rules Kentucky Fried Chicken  
Across the highway from Arbie's Barbecue Palace, Roy Rogers'  
Horsechops, or McDonalds Amazon Treeburgers  
you heard about on Television serves the message Eat your meat  
or beat your meat, safe sex with ketchup, Whatever  
The message now's pay 4 trillion dollars debt Reagan pissed away on

Military,  
promised before you born, sit in school waterclosets study yr Latin  
They're sending youth a message look at TV football baseball hypnotic  
soccer basketball sports, sport!  
General Rios-Montt & Pat Robertson sent a message to Guatemalan  
Indians  
so 200,000 dropped dead with delight at sight of Christ's military  
pistol machete machinegun baseball bat & Inerrant Bible  
700 Club's Antichrist sends U.S. youth this message Despise the poor  
& piss on liberal Jesus  
The message is Compassion'll cause a Wall Street crash  
& Networks send me messages Shut the fuck up.

*December 3, 1996, 4:30 A.M.  
New York City*

### **No! No! It's Not the End**

No! No!  
Not the end of  
Civilization  
Not the end of  
Civilization

Blast of industrial  
Gas in Bhopal  
No! No! Not the end of  
Civilization

Dropt one bomb  
killed one  
hundred thousand  
Hiroshima nineteen forty five

No no not the end of  
Civilization  
Not the end of Civilization

Guatemala murdered  
two hundred thousand  
Indians

No no not the end of  
Civilization  
Not the end of Civilization

200 thousand  
slaughtered in Rwanda  
Crazed events  
on the TV screen

No no not the end of  
Civilization  
Not the end of Civilization

U.S. Blacks in jail  
land of the free  
mosta these citizens you & me

No no not the end of  
Civilization  
Not the end of Civilization

Fossil fuel dust filling heaven  
ozone layer hole in the sky

No no not the end of  
Civilization  
Not the end of Civilization

Oldest trees in the world cut down  
Weyerhaeuser Bush wears a cardboard Crown

No no not the end of  
Civilization  
Not the end of Civilization

Amazon forests cut to the ground  
you can still breathe  
to the chainsaw's sound

No no not the end of  
Civilization  
Only a temporary aberration

No No it's not the end of Civilization  
It's Nobadaddy's  
old temptation  
No no it's not the end of Civilization  
Everybody's waltzing  
to "the Hesitation"  
It's the same damned  
President's Inauguration  
No no it's not the end of Civilization  
We're come to "the fabled  
damned of Nations"  
No no it's not the end of Civilization  
Slaves wore chains  
at the States' creation  
No no it's not the end of Civilization  
sourpuss wantsa stop colored immigration  
Nobody's wearing  
hooves & scales  
all they wanna do is  
kill more whales  
No no it's not the end of Civilization

No no it's not the end of Civilization  
Cayenne saved a little bit of sensation  
No no it's not the end of civilization

No final solution  
just gas & cremation

*December 18–20, 1996*

### **Bad Poem**

Being as Now has been re-invented  
I have devised a new now  
Entering the real Now  
at last  
which is now

*December 24, 1996, 3 A.M.*

### **Homeless Complaynt**

Pardon me buddy, I didn't mean to bug you  
but I came from Vietnam  
where I killed a lot of Vietnamese gentlemen  
a few ladies too  
and I couldn't stand the pain  
and got a habit out of fear  
& I've gone through rehab and I'm clean  
but I got no place to sleep  
and I don't know what to do  
with myself right now

I'm sorry buddy, I didn't mean to bug you  
but it's cold in the alley  
& my heart's sick alone  
and I'm clean, but my life's a mess  
Third Avenue  
and E. Houston Street  
on the corner traffic island under a red light  
wiping your windshield with a dirty rag

*December 24, 1996*

### **Happy New Year Robert & June**

Happy New Year Robert & June



Tho I'd hoped to see you soon  
I'd better say Happy Hanukkah too  
Till I get your number that's new—  
I'll be leaving for retreat,  
Where they make me salt-free meat  
along with Gelek Rinpoche  
Who's got ailments same as me,  
in Michigan Camp Copneconic  
Where I'll room with Mr. Harmonic  
Philip Glass in our Buddhist Class  
Ten days later January 8  
I'll go to Boston, rest & wait  
the weekend in anticipation  
Maybe a hernia operation  
supervised by Dr. Lown  
(cardiologist of wide renown  
—I'd recommended him to you  
elderly trustworthy smart & true)  
—Recuperate a week with Ellie  
Dorfman, eat yellow fish-yuckh jelly  
with Gefilte fish, then best  
Mid January home NY to rest  
Maybe we'll see eachother then,  
in any case let me know when.

*Love, Allen  
December 12, 1996*

## **Diamond Bells**

*“Clear light & illusion body become one”*

Hearing the all pervading scintillation of empty bells I realize  
Napoleon had toes  
Frankenstein's big toe  
Hayagriva cosmic horse one big cleft toe  
Virgin Mary white-toed married Joseph brown-toed, impregnated by a  
white dove transparent triple-toed  
How many toes has God? Yahweh nobody knows his toes  
Allah's toes? Mohammed, prophetic ten

Jesus Christ well-kissed human toes  
Sealo the Seal Boy who two-fingered hand-flippers at shoulders could  
smoke & type with regular ten toes  
sold tiny white toilets wrapped in toilet paper, souvenirs one dollar  
Shelly ten pale pure toes  
Michelangelo enjoyed five digits per foot, Da Vinci mapped ten on his  
two feet  
Flies toes get stuck on spiderwebs  
Spiders slide swift-toed on sticky nets  
Scratch the sole, toes curl  
Foetus is capable of toes  
Stubbed my bare fourth toe on a step ladder one dark Friday night,  
though it still wiggles  
walking on snowy mud's painful, back aches  
John Madison has chocolate toes  
Hitler natural toes  
Buddha ten bare toes enlightened  
Lay my skull on night pillows, rest on Tara's lap between gentle toes  
Lama YabYum dreams with 20 toes  
Emptiness innumerable trillion toes  
Old men's toenails thicken ivory aged  
Dead toenails grow in cenotaphs  
Napoleon wore toenails inside polished riding boots  
Elephant toenail stubs nudge tussocks  
Such is the all pervading scintillation of empty bells

*December 30, 1996, 12:55 A.M.*

### **Virtual Impunity Blues**

With Virtual impunity Clinton got campaign funds from pink Chinese  
With Virtual impunity CIA Contra stringers sold Cocaine disease L.A.  
& Minneapolis  
With Virtual impunity FBI burned down apocalyptic Waco  
With Virtual impunity gov't began charging huge fees for public

college studies

With Virtual impunity Congress FCC ok'd Fundamentalist Broadcast  
censorship

With Virtual impunity Family Values insulted ladies, gays, Afric  
Americans

With Virtual impunity the Pope banned planet birth control

With Virtual impunity N. Carolina banned sodomy in the wrong hole

With Virtual impunity the Chinese banned fresh speech electricians

With Virtual impunity Albanian Lottery bosses bought & sold elections

*January 1997*

## **Waribashi**

Walk into your local Japanese restaurant Teriyaki Boy—

order sliced raw fish mackerel, smoked eel, roe on vinegar rice balls  
slide thin wooden utensils out a white paper sleeve with blue Crane  
print

split the wood, rub ends together smooth down splinters, sit & wait &  
sigh—

200,000 cubic meters Southeast Asian timber exports

sawed & processed in Japan, resold, 20 billion waribashi

used once, thrown away—roots of rainforest destruction—help pay  
interest

Thailand's & Malaysia's yearly debt service to World Bank, IMF—

Your plate arrives with sharp green mustard & pink pickled ginger  
slices

new sprig of parsley, lift the chopsticks to your mouth enjoy sashimi

*January 7, 1997, 6:30 A.M.*

## **Good Luck**

I'm lucky to have all five fingers on the right hand

Lucky peepee with little pain

Lucky bowels move

Lucky, sleep nights on a captain's bed, nap mid-afternoons

Lucky to amble down First Avenue  
Lucky make a couple hundred thousand a year  
singing Eli Eli, writing passing mind, etching primordial doodles,  
teaching Buddhist college, snapping Leica bus-stop photos thru my  
window eyeballs  
Hear ambulance sirens, smell garlic & rust, taste persimmons &  
flounder, walk the loft floor barefoot soles a little desensitized  
Lucky I can think, and sky can snow

*January 8, 1997*

### **Some Little Boys Dont**

Some little boys like it  
Some little boys dont  
Some little girls swipe it  
Some little girls won't

Some nephews suck it  
Some lollypops grunt  
Some nieces truck it  
If grandpa's a runt

Some puberties request it  
Four times a month  
Some girl teens breast it  
Some eat it for brunch

Some little people gargle  
Some adolescents warble  
Some teenyboppers babble  
Some kiddies play Scrabble

*January 10, 1997, 4 A.M.*

### **Jacking Off**

Who showed up?  
Joe S. pale bodied wiry leanness,

suck your cock—I kissed his belly,  
thin muscular breast—  
Suck my cock you bitch, little bitch  
suck my cock,  
Huck, I got him on his knees  
licked his ass his hairy behind  
doggie style, jacked him off he  
grabbed his own dick finished—come.  
Tom G. big cocked passed thru my  
dream bed, didn't stay  
Ah John got you, bought the  
leather handcuffs & strap  
binding hand & feet helpless,  
Leather collar roped to the  
bedstead's head—buy it  
once for all S&M shops  
Christopher Street  
Uptown leather  
Spank good & hard, slap his ass  
let him writhe, better  
than cutting him up,  
designs with razor—  
So came on that unfamiliar fear  
savage control over  
Adonis body, willing  
eager—bound to be true.

*January 28, 1997*

### **Think Tank Rhymes**

think tank  
pick thank  
lamb shank  
wet wank  
drug dork  
hankie pankey  
kitchey camp  
namby pamby  
macho wimp  
witchy granny

randy daddy  
skimpy mammie  
toilet Tilly  
itchy nursie  
Golden Grammie  
dandy Sammy

Fried pork  
mind wonk  
brain konk  
junk funk  
coke dink  
dead drunk  
Big Pink  
skunk stink  
mom wink  
nuke kink  
big dick  
instinct  
gum crank  
space pork  
fried wok

Hershey drink  
Einstein

*January 30, 1997, 2:45 A.M.*

### **Song of the Washing Machine**

Burned out Burned out Burned out  
We're not burned out We're not burned out  
for a house for a house for a house for a house  
Bathroom Bathroom Bathroom Bathroom  
At home at home at home at home  
We're not burned out We're not burned out  
Fair enough fair enough fair enough  
Can you account for yourself account for yourself  
Better not better not better not better not

*January 31, 1997*

## **World Bank Blues**

I work for the world bank yes I do  
My salary was hundred thousand smackeroo  
I know my Harvard economics better than you

Nobody knows that I make big plans  
I show Madagascar leaders how to dance  
How to read statistics & wear striped pants

Emotional statistics that's not my job  
Facts & figures, I'm no slob  
But foresting & farming's all a big blob

Here's our scheme to stabilize your paper  
for International trade right now or later  
Follow our advice you'll thank your creator

Whatcha got to export, what raw materials?  
Monoculture diamonds, coffee, Cereals  
Sell 'em on the market to Multinational Imperials

We'll loan you money to expand production  
Pay our yearly interest, for your own protection  
Tighten your belts, we'll have no objection

Throw in some little minimal principle  
tho debt service paid makes the deal invincible  
That takes dollars but your currency's exchangeable

Get people working on mass market land  
cut down forests, for your cash in hand  
Or superhighways money where Rainforests stand

With agribusiness farms you can export beef  
Cut social services & poverty relief  
Forest people shift to the cities in grief

Tighten your belt for a roller coaster ride  
Production's up, market prices slide  
Wood pulp burger meat, coffee downside

Increase production pay yr. World Bank debt—  
At least the interest if that's all you can get  
Cut down Amazon you haven't paid it yet

In one decade you give all the money back  
As Bank debt service but the Principal, alack!  
We'll lend more cash (but dont sell smack)

Austerity measures, wages go down,  
th'urban sewage is a charnel ground  
Buses fall apart at the edge of town

coral reef fish dead factory waste,  
Indigines hooked on Yankee dollar taste  
Swiss bank funds for dictators disgraced

Fauna killed for the debt Costa Rica  
Unknown flora at the mouth of Boca Chica  
Birds in Equador, sick with toxic leakage?

Riots start over bags of foreign rice  
Arm your teenage army with U.S. mace  
Borrow money for a local Arms race

Families driven from crop land to forests  
Forest folk in hovels hid from tourists



Currencies bankrupt for free market purists?

I just retired from my 20 year job  
at World Bank Central with the money mob  
Go to AA meetings so's not die a slob

I worked in Africa, Americas, Vietnam  
Bangkok too with World Banks' big clan  
Now I'm retired and I don't give a damn

Walk the streets of Washington alone at night  
The job I did, was it wrong was it right?  
Big mistakes that've gone out of sight?

It wasn't the job of a bureaucrat like me  
to check the impact of the Bank policy  
When debt bore fruit on the world money tree.

*February 1997*

### **Richard III**

Toenail-thickening age on me,  
Sugar coating my nerves, leg  
    muscles lacking blood, weak kneed  
Heart insufficient, a thick'd valve-wall,  
Short of breath, six pounds  
    overweight with water—  
logged liver, gut & lung—up at 4 A.M.  
    reading Shakespeare.

*February 4, 1997, 4:03 A.M., NYC*

### **Death & Fame**

When I die  
I don't care what happens to my body  
throw ashes in the air, scatter 'em in East River

bury an urn in Elizabeth New Jersey, B'nai Israel Cemetery

But I want a big funeral

St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Mark's Church, the largest synagogue in  
Manhattan

First, there's family, brother, nephews, spry aged Edith stepmother 96,  
Aunt Honey from old Newark,

Doctor Joel, cousin Mindy, brother Gene one eyed one ear'd, sister-in-  
law blonde Connie, five nephews, stepbrothers & sisters their  
grandchildren.

companion Peter Orlovsky, caretakers Rosenthal & Hale, Bill Morgan

—  
Next, teacher Trungpa Vajracharya's ghost mind, Gelek Rinpoche  
there, Sakyong Mipham, Dalai Lama alert, chance visiting America,  
Satchitananda Swami,

Shivananda, Dehorahava Baba, Karmapa XVI, Dudjom Rinpoche,  
Katagiri & Suzuki Roshi's phantoms

Baker, Whalen, Daido Looi, Qwong, Frail White-haired Kapleau  
Roshis, Lama Tarchin—

Then, most important, lovers over half-century

Dozens, a hundred, more, older fellows bald & rich

young boys met naked recently in bed, crowds surprised to see each  
other, innumerable, intimate, exchanging memories

"He taught me to meditate, now I'm an old veteran of the thousand  
day retreat—"

"I played music on subway platforms, I'm straight but loved him he  
loved me"

"I felt more love from him at 19 than ever from anyone"

"We'd lie under covers gossip, read my poetry, hug & kiss belly to  
belly arms round each other"

"I'd always get into his bed with underwear on & by morning my  
skivvies would be on the floor"

"Japanese, always wanted take it up my bum with a master"

"We'd talk all night about Kerouac & Cassady sit Buddhalike then  
sleep in his captain's bed."

"He seemed to need so much affection, a shame not to make him

happy”

“I was lonely never in bed nude with anyone before, he was so gentle  
my stomach

shuddered when he traced his finger along my abdomen nipple to hips  
—”

“All I did was lay back eyes closed, he’d bring me to come with mouth  
& fingers along my waist”

“He gave great head”

So there be gossip from loves of 1946, ghost of Neal Cassady  
commingling with flesh and youthful blood of 1997

and surprise—“You too? But I thought you were straight!”

“I am but Ginsberg an exception, for some reason he pleased me,”

“I forgot whether I was straight gay queer or funny, was myself,  
tender and affectionate to be kissed on the top of my head,

my forehead throat heart & solar plexus, mid-belly, on my prick,  
tickled with his tongue my behind”

“I loved the way he’d recite ‘But at my back always hear/time’s  
winged chariot hurrying near,’ heads together, eye to eye, on a  
pillow—”

Among lovers one handsome youth straggling the rear

“I studied his poetry class, 17 year-old kid, ran some errands to his  
walk-up flat,

seduced me didn’t want to, made me come, went home, never saw  
him again never wanted to ...”

“He couldn’t get it up but loved me,” “A clean old man,” “He made  
sure I came first”

This the crowd most surprised proud at ceremonial place of honor—

Then poets & musicians—college boys’ grunge bands—age-old rock  
star Beatles, faithful guitar accompanists, gay classical conductors,  
unknown high Jazz music composers, funky trumpeters, bowed bass  
& french horn black geniuses, folksinger fiddlers with dobro  
tambourine harmonica mandolin autoharp pennywhistles & kazoos

Next, artist Italian romantic realists schooled in mystic 60’s India, late  
fauve Tuscan painter-poets, Classic draftsman Massachusetts surreal  
jackanapes with continental wives, poverty sketchbook gesso oil

watercolor masters from American provinces  
Then highschool teachers, lonely Irish librarians, delicate bibliophiles,  
sex liberation troops nay armies, ladies of either sex  
“I met him dozens of times he never remembered my name I loved  
him anyway, true artist”  
“Nervous breakdown after menopause, his poetry humor saved me  
from suicide hospitals”  
“Charmant, genius with modest manners, washed sink dishes, my  
studio guest a week in Budapest”  
Thousands of readers, “Howl changed my life in Libertyville Illinois”  
“I saw him read Montclair State Teachers College decided be a poet  
—”  
“He turned me on, I started with garage rock sang my songs in Kansas  
City”  
“Kaddish made me weep for myself & father alive in Nevada City”  
“Father Death comforted me when my sister died Boston 1982”  
“I read what he said in a newsmagazine, blew my mind, realized  
others like me out there”  
Deaf & Dumb bards with hand signing quick brilliant gestures  
Then Journalists, editors’ secretaries, agents, portraitists & photo  
graphy aficionados, rock critics, cultured laborors, cultural  
historians come to witness the historic funeral  
Super-fans, poetasters, aging Beatniks & Deadheads,  
autographhunters, distinguished paparazzi, intelligent gawkers  
Everyone knew they were part of “History” except the deceased  
who never knew exactly what was happening even when I was alive  
*February 22, 1997*

## **Sexual Abuse**

*“A Nation of Finks”  
—W. S. Burroughs*

A voice in the kitchen light:  
Sexual abuse should not be  
rewarded with a wink

Sexshual abuse should not be  
    revarded mit a vink  
Re Boston-Herald headline “Sexual Abuse Law Targets Clergy”  
“Senator: Religious leaders must report child molesters”  
Priests should turn each other in, fink—  
So, say it in the confession box, not  
    over sherry at intimate dinner.

*February 26, 1997, 6 A.M.*

### **Butterfly Mind**

The mind is like a butterfly  
That lights upon a rose  
or flutters to a stinky feces pile  
swoops into smoky bus exhaust  
or rests upon porch chair, a flower breathing  
open & closed balancing a Tennessee breeze—  
Flies to Texas for a convention  
spring weeds in fields of oil rigs  
Some say these rainbow wings have soul  
Some say empty brain  
tiny automatic large-eyed wings  
that settle on the page.

*January 29, 1997, 2:15 A.M., NYC*

### **A fellow named Steven**

A fellow named Steven  
went to look for God  
on a street that's even  
and a street that's odd

A lifestyle clean  
with music and wife  
A golden mean  
For a heavenly life

He went to the city

Tried all tricks  
Sadness & pity  
many highs, many kicks

Saved by music  
Books & dance bands,  
Generous, correct  
Taught class, steady hands

Married, had a boy  
Whom he sang into life  
He'll long enjoy  
His Child & Wife

*Air Shuttle Boston—N.Y.  
March 4, 1997, 5 P.M. in milky sky*

### **Half Asleep**

Moved six months ago left it behind for Peter  
He'd been in Almora when we bought it,  
an old blanket, brown Himalayan wool  
two-foot-wide long strips of light cloth  
bound together with wool strings  
That after 3 decades began to loosen  
Soft familiar with use in Benares & Manhattan  
I took it in my hands, searched to match the seams,  
fold them, sew together as I thought  
But myself, being ill, too heavy for my arms,  
Leave it to housekeeper's repair  
it disappeared suddenly in my hands—  
back to the old apartment  
where I'd let go half year before

*March 7, 1997*

### **Objective Subject**

It's true I write about myself  
Who else do I know so well?

Where else gather blood red roses & kitchen garbage  
What else has my thick heart, hepatitis or hemorrhoids—  
Who else lived my seventy years, my old Naomi?  
and if by chance I scribe U.S. politics, Wisdom  
meditation, theories of art  
it's because I read a newspaper loved  
teachers skimmed books or visited a museum

*March 8, 1997, 12:30 A.M.*

### **Kerouac**

I can't answer,  
reason I can't answer  
I haven't been dead yet  
Don't remember dead  
I'm on 14th St & 1st Avenue  
Vat's the question?

*March 12, 1997*

### **Hepatitis Body Itch ...**

Hepatitis  
Body itch  
nausea  
hemorrhage  
tender Hemorrhoids  
High Blood  
Sugar, low  
leaden limbs  
lassitude  
bed rest  
shit factory  
this corpse  
cancer

*March 13, 1997*

### **Whitmanic Poem**

We children, we  
    school boys,

girls in America  
laborers, students  
dominated by lust

*March 18, 1997*

### **American Sentences 1995–1997**

I felt a breeze below my waist and realized that my fly was open.

*April 20, 1995*

\* \* \*

Sitting forward elbows on knees, oh what luck! to be able to crap!

*April 17, 1995*

“That was good! that was great! That was important!” Standing to flush the toilet.

*June 22, 1995*

Relief! relief! O Boy O Boy! That was necessary, wash behind!

*January 18, 1997*

“A good shit is worth a thousand dollars if your purse can afford it.”

*February 10, 1997, 5 A.M.*

Heard at every workplace—obnoxious slogan: “Shit or get off the pot!”

*January 24, 1997*

How did I know? How did my ass know? Suddenly, go to the bathroom!

*March 10, 1997*

\* \* \*

*Château d’Amboise*

Sun setting on their faces the diners chatter over plates of duck.

*June 22, 1995*

*Baul Song*

“Oh my mad mind, my mad mind, where’ve you been all my life, my old mad mind?”



*October 7, 1996*

The three-day-old kitchen fly's flown into my bedroom for company.

*December 9, 1996*

"Hi-diddly-Dee, a poet's life for me," Gregory Corso sang in Paris sniffing H.

*January 16, 1997*

Chopping apples for the fruit compote—suffer, suffer, suffer, suffer!

*January 24, 1997*

Courageous little lemon with so many pits! sliced into the pot.

*January 25, 1997*

The young dog—he jumped out the TV tube stood still then barked for supper.

*January 26, 1997*

Stupid of me, stupid of me, just dumb plain stupid ass! Where's my pen?

*February 19, 1997, 2:45 A.M.*

My father dying of Cancer, head drooping, "Oy kindelach."

*February 24, 1997*

Whatcha do about little girls who want to play Horsey on my knee?

*March 10, 1997*

"Hey Buster! Whatcha looking at me like that for?" in the Bronx subway.

*March 10, 1997, 2:45 A.M.*

To see Void vast infinite look out the window into the blue sky.

*March 23, 1997*

### **Variations on Ma Rainey's See See Rider**

"I've been down at the bus stop

Buy my jellyroll there

If I can't sell it in Memphis

you can

buy it in Eau St. Claire.

See See Rider

you got me

in your chair  
But if I have  
my fanny  
can sell it anywhere  
See what I want today  
yes yes yes  
Need a man who  
really can do  
anything I say  
Do that for me  
Then I  
guess I  
won't go way.

Go way go way go way from here  
look for all old gray home  
I can live by myself and  
ring my telephone  
Dirty pictures on my new TV  
Just now turned them on  
I don't need you and your  
mamma's long time gone

*March 3, 1997*

### **Sky Words**

Sunrise dazzles the eye  
Sirens echo tear thru the sky  
Taxi klaxons echo the street  
Broken car horns bleat bleat bleat

Sky is covered with words  
Day is covered with words  
Night is covered with words  
God is covered with words

Consciousness covered with words  
Mind is covered with words

Life & Death are words  
Words are covered with words

Lovers are covered with words  
Murders are covered with words  
Spies are covered with words  
Governments covered with words

Mustard gas covered with words  
Hydrogen Bombs covered with words  
World "News" is words  
Wars are covered with words

Secret police covered with words  
Starvation covered with words  
Mothers bones covered with words  
Skeleton Children made of words

Armies are covered with words  
Money covered with words  
High Finance covered with words  
Poverty Jungles covered with words

Electric chairs covered with words  
Screaming crowds are covered with words  
Tyrant radios covered with words  
Hell's televised, covered with words

*March 23, 1997, 5 A.M.*

## **Scatalogical Observations**

*The Ass knows more than the mind knows*

Young romantic readers  
Skip this part of the book  
If you want a glimpse of life  
You're free to take a look

Shit machine shit machine  
I'm an incredible shit machine  
Piss machine Piss machine  
Inexhaustible piss machine

Piss & shit machine  
That's the Golden Mean  
Whether young or old  
Move your bowels of gold

Piss & shit machine  
It always comes out clean  
Whether you're old or young  
Never hold your tongue

(Chorus)  
Shit machine piss machine  
I'm an incredible piss machine  
Piss machine piss machine  
Inexhaustible shit machine.

Brown or black or green  
everything will be seen  
Hard or soft or loose  
Shit's a glimpse of Truth

Babe or boy or youth  
Fart's without a tooth  
Baby girl or maid  
Many a fart in laid

Shit piss shit piss  
Fuck & shit & piss  
Fuck fart shit Piss  
It all comes down to this

Beautiful male Madonnas  
Wrathful Maids of Honor  
To be frank & honest  
Stink the watercloset

Shit machine piss machine  
Much comes down to this  
Piss machine shit machine  
Nature's not obscene

Shit piss shit piss  
How'll I end my song?  
Shit piss shit piss  
Nature never wrong

(Chorus)  
Shit machine Piss Machine  
I'm an incredible piss machine  
Piss machine shit machine  
Inexhaustible shit machine

*March 23, 1997*

### **My Team Is Red Hot**

My dick is red hot  
Your dick is diddly dot

My politics red hot  
Your politics diddly-plot

My President's red hot  
your President's diddly-blot

My land is red hot  
Your land is diddly-knot

My nation's red hot  
Your nation's diddly rot

My cosmos red hot  
Your cosmos diddly iddly squat

*March 23, 1997*

### **Starry Rhymes**

Sun rises east  
Sun sets west  
Nobody knows  
What the sun knows best

North star north  
Southern Cross south  
Hold close the universe  
In your mouth

Gemini high  
Pleiades low  
Winter sky  
Begins to snow

Orion down  
North Star up  
Fiery leaves  
Begin to drop

*March 23, 1997, 4:51 A.M.*

### **Thirty State Bummers**

Take a pee pee take a Bum  
Take your choice for number one

Old man more or someone new

Take your choice someone new

President Clinton President Dole  
Number three you're in a hole

Anchor two or anchor four  
One's a liar one's a bore

Richard Helms Angleton live  
We were lucky to survive

Jesse Helms & dirty pix  
Dance your fate with his party mix

Idi Amin General Mobutu  
Were paid by me & you

They were bought by me & mine  
Albania, number 9

Mr. Allende was number 10  
Pinochet Dictator then

Death squads in El Salvador  
We paid D'Aubisson to score

Guatamalas by the dozen  
Pat Robertson was country cousin

Rios-Montt the Indian killer  
Born-again General Bible pillar

Nicaragua squeezed between  
Col. North & a cocaine queen

Drug Czar Bush gave Company moolah  
To Noriega Panama's ruler

Venezuela's Drug War Chief  
Turned around to be a thief

Mexico's general drug-war head  
pumped informers full of lead

State Department's favorite bloke  
In Haiti he sold tons of coke

Till Aristide unhex'd the curse  
CIA filled Cedras' Purse

White Peru's its Indian shame  
Gave "Shining Path" worldwide fame

Then dictator Fujimori  
Paid the World Bank hunky dory

With Indian Class the majority  
Peru got respectable with poverty

Made a deal with English banks  
To pay back USA with thanks

The price of rubber tin went down  
Cocaine syndicates come to town



Now the money's in cocaine crops  
U.S. Hellies do their dope air drops

We got rid of the President of Costa Rica  
He had no army he didn't kill people

Lots began in '53  
Guatemala couldn't break free

United Fruits annulled the vote  
As Alan & Foster Dulles gloat

Then unseated Mosaddeq  
& left Iran a police-state wreck

Then we sold the guy in Iraq  
Money to bomb Iranians back

Central America Middle East  
Preyed on by "Great Satan's" beast

Worst of all, & hell be damned!  
Think what happened in Vietnam

Laos, victim of the war  
Nobody really knew what for

Cambodia, caught by the tail  
When we blew up Mekong's Ho Chi Minh Trail,

Descended into Anarchy  
Pol Pot's Maoist Butchery

Shihanook's book before that day  
Was called "My War with the CIA"

Who's to blame, Who's to blame  
Anybody share America's shame

But there's more! Count the score!  
So far we got twenty-four

25 is Afghanistan  
Fundamentalists armed by The Man

Tribal Drug Lord Mountain gangs  
Veiling up their own sex thangs

Looking around for number 26  
Indochina was the Colonial sticks

France introduced the opium crop  
France would sell the Chinese hop

Britain, U.S. got in on the deal  
Opium war made the Emperor kneel

China opened to our own junk men  
Shanghai famous for the opium den

Strung out on junk we took their silk  
The yellow peril drank Christian milk

We're doing exactly the same thing again  
In Indochina with Marlboro men

Smoke our dope to be Favored Nation  
Nicotine cancer next generation

Who's pushing this new dope ring?  
Senator Jesse Helms the Moralist King

Peaches Prunes & company goons  
For the next two-hundred eighty eight moons

NAFTA NAFTA what comes after?  
Toxic waste—Industrial laughter

Industrial Smog, Industrial sneers  
Industrial women weeping tears

Wages low no CIO  
No medical plan oh no! no! no!

No FDR No WPA  
No toilet time, human say

No overtime no other way  
Yankee work for a dollar a day

No jobs today No jobless pay  
No future life but turn to clay

Work hard for a little bit of honey  
But USA takes all the money

*March 24, 1997, 10:40 P.M.*

I have a nosebleed You have a nosebleed

He has a nosebleed three  
She has a nosebleed It has a nosebleed  
They all bleed on me

*March 24, 1997*

Timmy made a hot milk  
Better than a warm milk  
Better than a cold milk shake  
Hot cream warm cream oh La La!  
Pretty boy straight kids, Ha ha ha  
Sneakers Jeans & T-shirts, damn!  
Got it made said houseboy Sam  
All except the Ku Klux Klan  
Wham Bam & thank you ma'm

*March 25, 1997, 6:30 A.M.*

This kind of Hepatitis can cause ya  
Nosebleed skin itch bowel nausea  
Swell up hanging hemorrhoid heads  
Easter lilies by your hospital beds

*March 24, 1997*

Giddy-yup giddy-yup giddy-yap  
I can't take more of your crap  
Giddy-yap Giddy-yap Giddy-yup  
So you're right, so you're right, Shut up!  
Giddy yup shut up, Giddy yup shut up  
Giddy-yap giddy yap giddy yap shut up.

*March 24, 1997*

Turn on the heat & take a seat  
& lookit junkies on the street

Forget the news from old Time-Warner  
Lookit crackheads on the corner

Turn off TV 7 o'clock  
They're selling grass around the block

Minimum wage is whacha make  
Narcs are mostly on the take.

Make big money from your mob  
Till Old MacDonald makes a job.

*March 25, 1997*

### **Bop Sh'bam**

OO Bop Sh'bam  
At the poetry slam  
Scream & yell  
At the poetry ball

Get in a rage  
On the poetry stage  
Make it rhyme  
In double-time

Talk real fast  
till your time's passed  
Sound like a clown  
& then sit down.

Listen to the next  
'cause she listened to you  
Tho all she says is  
Peek-a-boo-boo.

*March 25, 1997, 3:30 P.M.*

## Dream

There was a bulge in my right side, this dream recently—just now I realized I had a baby, full grown that came out of my right abdomen while I in hospital with dangerous hepatitis C.

I lay there awhile, wondering what to do, half grateful, half apprehensive. It'll need milk, it'll need exercise, taken out into fresh air with baby carriage.

Peter there sympathetic, he'll help me, bent over my bed, kissed me, happy a child to care for. What compassion he has. Reassured I felt the miracle was in Peter's reliable hands—but gee what if he began drinking again? No this'll keep him straight. How care for a baby, what can I do?

Worried & pleased since it was true I slowly woke, still thinking it'd happened, consciousness returned slowly 2:29 AM I was awake and there's no little mystic baby—naturally appeared, just disappeared—

A glow of happiness next morn, warm glow of pleasure half the day.

*March 27, 1997, 4A.M.*

## Things I'll Not Do (Nostalgias)

Never go to Bulgaria, had a booklet & invitation

Same Albania, invited last year, privately by Lottery scammers or recovering alcoholics,

Or enlightened poets of the antique land of Hades Necromanteion

Nor visit Lhasa live in Hilton or Ngawang Gelek's household & weary ascend Potala

Nor ever return to Kashi "oldest continuously habited city in world"  
bathe in Ganges & sit again at Manikarnika ghat with Peter, visit Lord Jagganath again in Puri, never back to Birbhum take notes tales of Khaki Baba

Or hear music festivals in Madras with Philip

Or return to have Chai with older Sunil & the young coffeeshop poets,

Tie my head on a block in the Chinatown opium den, pass by Moslem Hotel, its rooftop Tinsmith Street Choudui Chowh Nimtallah  
Burning ground nor smoke ganja on the Hooghly

Nor the alleyways of Achmed's Fez, nevermore drink mint tea at Soco

Chico, visit Paul B. in Tangiers  
Or see the Sphinx in Desert at Sunrise or sunset, morn & dusk in the  
desert  
Ancient collapsed Beirut, sad bombed Babylon & Ur of old, Syria's  
grim mysteries all Araby & Saudi Deserts, Yemen's sprightly folk,  
Old opium tribal Afghanistan, Tibet-Templated Beluchistan  
See Shanghai again, nor caves of Dunhuang  
Nor climb E. 12th Street's stairway 3 flights again,  
Nor go to literary Argentina, accompany Glass to Sao Paolo & live a  
month in a flat Rio's beaches & favella boys, Bahia's great Carnival  
Nor more daydream of Bali, too far Adelaide's festival to get new song  
sticks  
Not see the new slums of Jakarta, mysterious Borneo forests & painted  
men & women  
No more Sunset Boulevard, Melrose Avenue, Oz on Ocean Way  
Old cousin Danny Leegant, memories of Aunt Edith in Santa Monica  
No more sweet summers with lovers, teaching Blake at Naropa,  
Mind Writing Slogans, new modern American Poetics, Williams  
Kerouac Reznikoff Rakosi Corso Creeley Orlovsky  
Any visits to B'nai Israel graves of Buba, Aunt Rose, Harry Meltzer  
and Aunt Clara, Father Louis  
Not myself except in an urn of ashes

*March 30, 1997, A.M.*

## Afterword

### *On Death & Fame*

This final collection of Allen Ginsberg poems completes a remarkable half century of continuous verse creation. Allen leaves nothing out and takes the readers down a final walk of sickness and decline, but still the illumination of life shines through these strophes and rhythms. In these final five years, Allen struggles through several transformations. He is placed under the ever intensifying glare of media attention as a founder of the Beat Generation. He is interviewed as a living icon/prophet to each generation from the 1940s through the 1990s and is expected to elucidate the meaning of the century's conclusion and make new millennial predictions. The telephones ring continually for talk and advice on every subject from presidential politics to baby naming. He finally manages to place his lifelong archives into a permanent home at Stanford University. He is reviled in the *New York Times* on several occasions for "selling out." For the first time in his life, he buys himself a bit of comfort. At age seventy, he leaves his fourth-floor walk-up tenement apartment and moves into an elevator loft building still within his beloved Lower East Side of Manhattan. In these years, he embraces Jewel Heart Buddhist Center in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he attends retreats, performs benefits, and receives profound and ultimate instructions from his teacher Gelek Rinpoche. Although struggling with illnesses continually, he does not learn of his fatal diagnosis until a week before his last breath. The poems follow these paths and illumine our own lives.

"New Democracy Wish List" was written at the request of *Long Island Newsday*. Allen polled his friends and collected advice on various subjects. The poem was sent to the White House and politely received. Allen's diabetes led to a state of dysesthesia below the waist. Allen transformed any shame of incontinence to a celebration of aging and life, as in "Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush." It was Allen's



habit to write poetry in his journals in the late night or the early morning. He would often write at dawn and then go back to sleep until late morning. His waking routine took several hours. There is a good sample of that routine in "Tuesday Morn." When Allen had collected several pages of poetry in his journals, he would photocopy them and hand them to his office to perform a first typing. Peter Hale typed them and returned them promptly. Allen would make alterations by hand and return them. Sometimes this process went on through ten drafts. We kept every draft in a file folder labeled with the title of the poem. Often slight rhythmic corrections to poems would come in after Allen returned from giving poetry readings. Allen Ginsberg was one of very few poets who had the opportunity to refine the exact cadence of his lines through his frequent public readings.

One of Allen's most beautiful song lyrics was "New Stanzas for *Amazing Grace*." Allen never ignored the homeless or beggars. He was generous to a fault and could not pass an outstretched hand without leaving a coin and looking deeply into the face beyond the hand. Allen lived comfortably within his modest fame. As he walked the streets of Lower Manhattan, people would nod to him in recognition or simply say "Hi Allen!" as they passed. If they stopped to recall when they last met him or ask a question, he was patient and conversed with them. If someone came up and said, "Are you Allen Ginsberg?" he might answer, "No, but that is what I am called." Allen was always supportive of the writers he admired and who were his friends. Notice in "City Lights City" which was written for the naming ceremony of Via Ferlinghetti, Allen used the occasion to create new literary renamings of streets for all the worthy writers of his circle.

"Pastel Sentences" were written in Allen's form of American Haiku (seventeen syllables with the common haiku associational enjambment of senses but carried through on a single strophe each). These sentences were composed to accompany a set of water colors by his friend, Francesco Clemente. There was a conciliation in Allen's poems; he was commingling his worldview with its detail of causes into Buddhist mindfulness and ego urges. He continued a flirtation with children's poetry in "The Ballad of the Skeletons" which was turned into a rock 'n' roll song with Paul McCartney, Philip Glass, and

Lenny Kaye collaborating musically. Gus Van Sant made a music video. Memories from East Side High, Paterson, are explored in “You know what I’m saying?” Allen remembered the songs of his childhood (“Popular Tunes”). One day he walked around the loft trying to find his scarf. He sang a little ditty about the lost scarf, which became “Gone Gone Gone”: a poem about loss, which was read at a Buddhist service the day after Allen’s death.



Allen was unsteady on his feet, hesitant in his step, and exhausted in his frame. He had to fly the shuttle to Boston to see his cardiologist. I sensed that, for the first time, he didn’t have the energy to fly by himself. “Allen, I’ll go with you,” I reassured him in the early twilight of a late February afternoon. He protested that it was not necessary. I insisted and he gave in happily.

I carried my bag and his. He shuffled with me. In the taxi to LaGuardia Airport, Allen asked for his book bag. The taxi was dark, only lit by the street lamps whisking by in an alternating stream. As the vehicle sped between lanes, I felt my stomach rise up to my throat and stick there. Allen said, “Listen to this. I started it last night!” He was laughing and cracking up. He searched in his journal and found the scrawled poem. It started:

When I die  
I don’t care what happens to my body  
throw ashes in the air, scatter ’em in the East River  
bury an urn in Elizabeth New Jersey, B’nai Israel Cemetery  
But I want a big funeral

I wanted the cab ride to be over. I didn’t want to hear the poem, but it got funnier and funnier. He was almost in hysterics as he listed what all his myriad boyfriends would say at his funeral. He wanted to know if I could add any lines. I suggested that women would all say, “He never did remember my name.”

On the shuttle, Allen fell into a deep sleep. I stared at the deep lines in his face. He seemed so far away. I thought he might be dead. But at the beginning of our descent, he jerked awake, grabbed his notebook,

scribbled for about two minutes, and read me this American sentence: “My father dying of Cancer, head drooping, ‘Oy kindelach.’”



Allen’s health continued to deteriorate. Poems were being written so fast that we could not keep up with them. Weeks after the trip to Boston, Allen entered Beth Israel Hospital in New York City. One of the doctors in the Emergency Room handed Allen a poem he had written seeking Allen’s improvements. Allen obliged and was pleased as he confided in me that it was “a much stronger poem now.” In the hospital, Allen asked for a copy of *Mother Goose*. I brought my children’s Rackham edition. “Starry Rhymes” injected pure beauty into the simple rhymes. The poetry of late March 1997 reflected Allen’s lively mind balancing the primary hospital bodily events and his childhood innocence so long overridden in the need to grow up fast in a dysfunctional family.

Although we are unsure that Allen had finished with the rhymes dated March 24, 1997, we include them as exemplar of the pure, supple child Allen slipped in and out of in the late stages of liver cancer. “Dream” resolves contradictions inherent in his long love affair with Peter Orlovsky and remained the last poem written before the fatal diagnosis of liver cancer. After being told of the massive metastasized cancer within him, Allen Ginsberg only completed one poem in his final week of life. “Things I’ll Not Do (Nostalgias)” is the only poem that Allen did not have a chance to proof and amend before his death. The poem is a compendium of farewells, with honest regrets and true Buddhist ability to let go. Allen was sad to leave the world, but he was also exhilarated.

Besides calling friends to take leave, and extract a few promises, he wrote a final political letter to President Clinton. He prefaces his note with, “Enclosed some recent political poems.” Allen lapsed into his death coma before he could select the poems.

In preparing *Death & Fame*, Peter Hale, Bill Morgan, and myself have honored Allen’s insistence on chronology and notes. We have included each poem as Allen fashioned it. We suspect that some of the short verse would be further revised and combined. These are the final poetry breaths—no more Allen Ginsberg. When Allen died many

people felt as if a large hole gaped in their lives. Allen left many writings and songs to fill that hole. With *Death & Fame*, we find the circle will be unbroken.

*Bob Rosenthal*  
*July 7, 1998*

## Notes

### **(p. 1063) “New Democracy Wish List”**

Ryan White Care Act—A federal program designed to provide support services for people with HIV/AIDS. The act was named for youth Ryan White, a hemophiliac who had contracted HIV through blood transfusion. His battle to return to school helped advance the rights of people living with AIDS.

SLA—Savings & Loan Association, a 1980’s Federal program to bail out bankrupted savings & loan banks resulted in much mis-use and corruption.

Hand & Lavoro Bank Thuggery—Lavoro: Banca Nazionale del Lavoro.

### **(p. 1066) “Peace in Bosnia-Herzegovina”**

Thich Nhat Hanh—(b. 1926) Zen monk, exiled from Vietnam, heads a retreat community in the south of France. Authored over seventy-five books.

Sakharov—Andrei Sakharov (1921–1989) Russian engineer and humanist, first known as “father of the Soviet Hydrogen Bomb” but soon realized radioactivity’s hazards and in a series of articles confronted the Soviet government. In 1975, he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Albert Schweitzer—(1875–1965) Theologian, minister, medical missionary in Gabon, Organist, awarded the Nobel Peace prize in 1952. Schweitzer was in fact Sartre’s cousin, though Sartre referred to him as “uncle Al.”

### **(p. 1068) “After the Party”**

Coemergent Wisdom—A key term in Vajrayana Buddhism referring

to the simultaneous arising of samsara and nirvana, naturally giving birth to wisdom.

**(p. 1069) “After Olav H. Hauge”**

Olav H. Hauge—Norwegian poet (1908–1994). Trained as a gardener, his work was inspired by the natural world.

Bodø—Second largest city of northern Norway, just inside the Arctic Circle.

**(p. 1074) “Tuesday Morn”**

*Exquisite Corpse*—Literary Journal, edited by poet Andrei Codrescu.

Peter’s flown—Peter Orlovsky

Sawang’s ... confirmation—*Sawang*: Previous title for Sakyong Mipham Rinpoche (see note, page 108). *Confirmation*: Or enthronement in Tibetan Buddhism, it is the formal recognition of an incarnation.

**(p. 1076) “God”**

Willendorf Venus—Late Stone-Age limestone statuette of Venus, found near the village of Willendorf, Austria.

39 patriarchs—In Chinese and Zen Buddhism, patriarch is the founder of a school and his successors. In some accounts lineages are traced back to 28 original Patriarchs in India, and many more in China, although never as a group of 39—. It’s likely the Author remembered incorrectly here.

**(p. 1078) “Excrement”**

Polyhymnia—Polyhymnia (Polymnia) is one of the nine muses; sometimes considered the muse of Sacred Poetry.

**(p. 1083) “Pastel Sentences”**

The author had worked out a series of 108 seventeen syllable sentences describing individual pastel paintings by Francesco Clemente. With a copy of the catalogue, he continued to polish them as he traveled on. Included here are the sentences that the Author felt could stand alone without accompanying images.

**(p. 1089) “Is About”**

muggles—Hipster term for marijuana cigarette.

**(p. 1091) “The Ballad of the Skeletons”**

Yahoo—From Swift’s *Gulliver’s Travels*: A member of a race of brutes who have all the human vices, hence a boorish, crass, or stupid person.

Heritage Policy—Heritage Foundation: Conservative foundation think tank, often thwarting NEA projects, opposing social welfare programs and favoring strict FCC restrictions on “indecent” language. In their own words “One of the nations largest public policy research organizations.”

NAFTA—North American Free Trade Agreement, passed by President Clinton and Congress over objections of many labor and environmental groups concerned about lowered workplace and ecological safeguards.

Maquiladora—Foreign-owned factories operating on the Mexican side of the U.S./Mexican border producing goods mainly for the U.S. market.

GATT—General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

I.M.F.—International Monetary Fund.

**(p. 1097) “Bowel Song”**

Bam—Seed syllable for Vajrayogini, one of the Author’s principal Tibetan Buddhist practices.

**(p. 1101) “Power”**

Yuga—As in kaliyuga, Sanskrit for “age,” as in the dark age.

**(p. 1102) “Anger”**

Carolyn—Carolyn Cassady

**(p. 1103) “Multiple Identity Questionnaire”**

chela—Sanskrit term, literally “servant,” though often used as the general word for a student, as in a spiritual student seeking guidance from a teacher.

neti neti—“Not this, not this.” Vedantic process of discrimination by negation.

Maya—Sanskrit term in Buddhism meaning “deception, illusion, appearance,” the continually changing impermanent phenomenal world of appearances and forms of illusion or deception which the unenlightened mind takes as the only reality.

**(p. 1104) “Don’t Get Angry with Me”**

Chödok Tulku—Gelugpa school Tibetan Lama friend of Gelek Rinpoche, he was a guest speaker at a summer retreat attended by the Author. Because of nervousness or difficulty with English, he repeatedly interjected, “Don’t get angry with me.” The Author found it funny and innocent and wrote this poem during the lecture.

Tila, Mila, Marpa, Naro—Said here in prayer form, it is short for Tilopa, Milarepa, Marpa, Naropa (Gampopa). The line of saints or Mahasidhas of Kagupa lineage of Tibetan Buddhism.

**(p. 1108) “Reverse the rain of Terror ...”**

Rocky Flats—Rockwell Corporation Nuclear Facility’s Plutonium Bomb trigger factory, near Boulder, Colorado. Starting in the late ’70s, the Author joined in many protests against the plant. In 1989 the FBI investigated the site, confirmed careless handling of radioactive materials, suspended activity there and subsequently shut it down, but only after a \$2 billion failed attempt to get the plant back on line.



Cleanup will continue into the next millennium.

**(p. 1110) “Sending Message”**

General Rios-Montt—Efrain Rios-Montt (b. 1926), Guatemalan dictator, rose to power in a 1982 coup lasting seventeen months. Claiming himself a “Born-Again” Christian reformer and backed by President Reagan, his campaigns were responsible for the destruction of native villages and the killing of tens of thousands of natives.

700 Club—Televangelist cable talk show, Christian Broadcasting Net-works’s Flagship program, founded by Pat Robertson.

**(p. 1117) “Happy New Year Robert & June”**

Robert & June—Robert Frank, June Lief.

**(p. 1118) “Diamond Bells”**

Hayagriva—One of the eight fierce protective deities, identified by a horse’s head in Tibetan Buddhist iconology

**(p. 1120) “Waribashi”**

See “Roots of Rain Forest Destruction,” Khor Kok Pen, *Third World Resurgence*, no. 4, December 1990 (Malaysia, Third World Network), paraphrased in *The Debt Boomerang*, Susan George, 1992 (London, Pluto Press with Transnational Institute).

**(p. 1130) “Death & Fame”**

Trungpa Vajracharya—*Vajracharya*: In Tibetan Buddhism, Mantrayanastyle meditation practice master. *Trungpa*: Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche (1939–1987), the Author’s first meditation master (1971–1987), founder of Naropa institute and Shambhala centers, author of *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism* and *First Thought Best Thought*, with introduction by Allen Ginsberg, 1984, both published by Shambhala Publications, Boston.

Gelek Rinpoche—Kyabje or Ngawang Gelek Rinpoche (b. 1939), friend and teacher to the Author, he is the founder of Jewel Heart Tibetan Buddhist centers. A refugee in India since 1959, where he gave up monastic life to better serve the Tibetan Buddhist lay community, in the late '70s he was directed by tutors to the Dalai Lama to begin teaching Western students. He currently resides in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Sakyong Mipham Rinpoche—(b. 1962) The lineage holder of the Buddhist and Shambhala meditation traditions brought from Tibet by his father and teacher, Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche. He is the leader of the international Shambhala community based in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Satchitananda Swami—Sri Swami Satchidananda, founder of Integral Yoga Institute. Came to the United States from India 1966.

Dehorahava Baba—A yogi the Author met at the Ganges River across from Benares in 1963.

Karmapa XVI—(1924–1981) Sixteenth lama head of Milarepa lineage, Kagupa order of Tibetan Buddhism.

Dudjom Rinpoche—(1904–1987) Former lama head of Nyingmapa “old school” Tibetan teachings, founded by Padmasambhava.

Katigiri Roshi—Dainin Katagiri-Roshi (1928–1990), first Abbot of the Minnesota Zen Meditation Center in Minneapolis. Came to the United States from Japan in 1963. Taught and practiced in California and also assisted Suzuki-roshi at the San Francisco Zen Center.

Suzuki Roshi—Shunryu Suzuki-roshi: Zen master of the Soto Lineage. Came to the United States in 1958 as head of the Japanese Soto sect in San Francisco, where he established a Zen Center. He built Zen Mountain Center at Tassajara Springs, the first Zen monastery in America. His Dharma heir is Richard Baker.

Baker Roshi—Richard Baker, Roshi, Abbot, head teacher, and founder of the Dharma Sangha centers, Crestone, Colorado, and Germany.

Whalen Roshi—Zenshin Philip Whalen (b. 1923), poet friend associated with the Beat Generation, now an ordained Zen Buddhist priest, he is Abbot of the Hartford Street Zen Center, San Francisco.

Daido Looi Roshi—John Daido Looi, Abbot of Zen Mountain Monastery in Mt. Tremper, New York, and the founder/director of the

Mountains and Rivers Order. Master in Rinzai and Soto lines of Zen Buddhism. Dharma heir of Hakuyu Taizen Maezumi Roshi.

Kapleau Roshi—Philip Kapleau Roshi, Zen master, studied Zen in Japan, founded the Rochester Zen Center in 1966, author of many books on Zen practice.

Lama Tarchin—Nyingmapa school Tibetan Lama, founded the Vajrayana Foundation, Santa Cruz, California, at the request of HH Dudjom Rinpoche.

**(p. 1133) “Sexual Abuse”**

See article “Sexual Abuse Bill Targets Clergy,” Mark Mueller, *Boston Herald* (February 21, 1997).

**(p. 1136) “Half Asleep”**

Almora—Town in Uttar Pradesh state of Northern India, near the foothills of the Himalayas.

**(p. 1151) “Thirty State Bummers”**

Idi Amin—Idi Amin Dada Oumee (b. 1925), president and dictator of Uganda from 1971–1979, responsible for the killing of 300,000 tribal Ugandans.

General Mobutu—Joseph Mobutu (1930–1997), president and dictator of Zaire from 1965–1991, supported by Western powers.

Mr. Allende—Salvador Allende Gossens (1908–1973), Popularly elected Democratic Socialist President of Chile, overthrown by a military coup supported by the CIA.

Pinochet—Augusto Pinochet Ugarte (b. 1915), president of Chile following the death of Allende.

D’Aubuisson—Roberto D’Aubuisson Arrieta, Death Squad Leader of Arena Party in El Salvador.

Pat Robertson—Conservative Baptist minister and television talk show host who ran for president in 1988.

Rios-Montt—(See note, p. 108.)

Col. North—Oliver L. North, Jr. (b. 1943), U.S. Marine Colonel and a key figure in the Iran-Contra affair.

Aristide—Jean-Bertrand Aristide (b. 1951), the first democratically elected leader of Haiti from 1990–1991 and 1994–1995.

Cedras—Lt. Gen. Raoul Cedras, Haitian military ruler who overthrew Aristide in 1991.

Fujimori—Alberto Fujimori (b. 1938), president of Peru.

United Fruits—Corporation that controlled much of the Central American fruit market and now part of United Brands Company. United Fruit Company's law firm, Sullivan and Cromwell, had employed State Secretary Dulles, whose brother, Allen, heading the CIA, coordinated the 1954 then-covert overthrow of Jacob Arbenz, elected president of Guatemala. The event is notorious throughout Latin America as a mid-twentieth-century example of "banana republic" repression by North American imperium. By 1980, the U.S.-trained Guatemalan military had reportedly killed 10 percent of jungle Indian population as part of a "pacification" program to "create a favorable business climate." (See note: Rios-Montt.)

Mosaddeq—Mohammad Mosaddeq (1880–1967), Democratically elected Iranian premier from 1951–1953 who nationalized Western oil holdings.

Pol Pot—(1928–1998), Prime Minister of Cambodia from 1976–1979 and former leader of the Khmer Rouge.

Sihanook—Norodom Sihanook, Prime Minister since 1955 and crowned king of Cambodia in 1993 for the second time.

### **(p. 1160) "Things I'll Not Do (Nostalgias)"**

Kashi—Known now as Benares, a city in northern India, mentioned in ancient Buddhist writings.

Manikarnika ghat—Benares, India; steps near the river where corpses are burned.

Jagganath, Lord—Lord Jagganath is the form under which the Hindu god Krishna is worshipped in Puri, a town in eastern India.

Birbhum—A district in West Bengal state, northeastern India, home of nineteenth-century holy fool, Khaki Baba (see below).

Khaki Baba—North Bengali (Birbhum area), nineteenth-century saint who, dressed in khaki loincloth, is pictured sometimes sitting surrounded by canine friends and protectors.

Philip—Philip Glass, American composer.

Sunil—Sunil Ganguly, Indian poet-friend.

Choudui Chowh Nimtallah—Calcutta neighborhood where the Author lived in the summer of 1962, near the burning ghats.

Soco Chico—Square in the medina, Tangiers, where outdoor cafes were popular with the Author, William S. Burroughs, and Paul Bowles.

Paul B.—Paul Bowles, American writer living in Tangier.

Baluchistan—Baluchistan province in Pakistan, bordered by Afghanistan on the north and Iran on the west.

Dunhuang—Pinyin Dunhuang, city in western Kansu Sheng province, China.

Buba—(Yiddish) *Grandmother* Rebecca Ginsberg was Allen Ginsberg's grandmother, buried in this cemetery.

## INDEX OF TITLES, FIRST LINES, AND ORIGINAL BOOK SOURCES

The pagination of this electronic edition does not match the edition from which it was created. To locate a specific passage, please use the search feature of your e-book reader.

Poem titles appear in *italics*. Books in which the poems originally appeared are abbreviated as follows:

AD	<i>Airplane Dreams</i>
AE	<i>As Ever</i>
AW	<i>Angkor Wat</i>
CG	<i>Cosmopolitan Greetings</i>
D&F	<i>Death &amp; Fame</i>
EM	<i>Empty Mirror</i>
Fall	<i>The Fall of America</i>
GW	<i>The Gates of Wrath</i>
Howl	<i>Howl</i>
IH	<i>Iron Horse</i>
IJ	<i>Indian Journals</i>
J	<i>Journals: Early Fifties Early Sixties</i>
Kaddish	<i>Kaddish</i>
MB	<i>Mind Breaths</i>
Mss.	Unpublished Manuscript
PAOTP	<i>Poems All Over the Place</i>

PN	<i>Planet News</i>
PO	<i>Plutonian Ode</i>
RS	<i>Reality Sandwiches</i>
SDG	<i>Sad Dust Glories</i>
SHD	<i>Straight Hearts' Delight</i>
WS	<i>White Shroud</i>

A bitter cold winter night, 273

A brown piano in diamond, 373

*A Crazy Spiritual* (EM), 83

A crow sits on the prayerflagpole, (CG), 1036

*ADAPTED FROM Neruda's "Que despierte el leñador"* (PO), 704

*A Desolation* (EM), 64

*A Dream* (GW), 52

A drunken night in my house with a, 132

*Aether* (RS), 250

A faithful youth, 83

*A fellow named Steven* (D&F), 1135

A fellow named Steven (D&F), 1135

*After All, What Else Is There to Say?* (EM), 37

*After Antipater* (WS), 921

*After Dead Souls* (EM), 73

After 53 years, 730

*After Lalón* (CG), 1019

After Long Absence, I returned from the land of the dead (WS), 916

After midnite, Second Avenue horseradish Beef (CG), 948

*Afternoon Seattle* (RS), 158

*After Olav H. Hauge* (D&F), 1069

*After the Big Parade* (CG), 1010

*After the Party* (D&F), 1068

*After Thoughts* (Fall), 544

*After Whitman & Reznikoff*(PO), 740  
*After Yeats* (PN), 351  
*A Ghost May Come* (EM), 79  
Ah, still Lord, ah, sweet Divinity, 28  
*Ah War* (D&F), 1077  
Ah War bigness addiction (D&F), 1077  
*Airplane Blues* (WS), 859  
Albany throned in snow! It's winter, Poe, 522  
All afternoon cutting bramble blackberries, 143  
Allen when you get angry you got two choices— (CG), 951  
All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?" (CG), 959  
Alone, 341  
a lot of mouths and cocks, 606  
Always Ether Comes, 509  
*A Mad Gleam* (GW), 24  
*A Meaningless Institution* (EM), 23  
*America* (Howl), 154  
America is like Russia, 72  
America I've given you all and now I'm nothing, 154  
*American Change* (RS), 194  
*American Sentences* (CG), 1048  
*American Sentences 1995–1997* (D&F), 1042  
*A Methedrine Vision in Hollywood* (PN), 388  
amid glasses clinking, mineral water, schnapps (D&F), 1068  
*An Asphodel* (Howl), 96  
*An Atypical Affair* (EM), 80  
and ate so much the bill was five dollars, 63  
And the Communists have nothing to offer but fat cheeks, 361  
And the youth free stripling bounding along the Hills of Color, 673  
*An Eastern Ballad* (GW), 26  
A new moon looks down on our sick sweet planet, 538  
*Angelic Black Holes* (CG), 1025



*Anger* (D&F), 1102  
*Angkor*—on top of the terrace, 314  
*Angkor Wat*, 314  
*An Imaginary Rose in a Book* (GW), 57  
An itch in the auditory canal scratches for years, (WS), 886  
*An Open Window on Chicago* (Fall), 481  
*Anti-Vietnam War Peace Mobilization* (Fall), 549  
*A Poem on America* (EM), 72  
*A Prophecy* (Fall), 504  
*A Public Poetry* (WS), 869  
*Arguments* (WS), 885  
Arise ye prisoners of your mind-set (CG), 957  
Art recalls the memory, 43  
As I cross my kitchen floor the thought of Death returns, (CG), 979  
As I'm no longer young in life (WS), 915  
As I passed thru Moscow's grass lots I heard, 655  
As Is you're bearing (WS), 901  
As orange dusk-light falls on an old idea, 295  
*A Strange New Cottage in Berkeley* (Howl), 143  
*A Supermarket in California* (Howl), 144  
*At Apollinaire's Grave* (Kaddish), 188  
At gauzy dusk, thin haze like cigarette smoke, 642  
*A Thief Stole This Poem* (CG), 1016  
a thousand sunsets behind tramcar wires in open skies of Warsaw, 360  
At midnight the teacher lectures on his throne, 741  
At 66 just learning how to take care of my body (CG), 1045  
*A Typical Affair* (EM), 71  
Aunt Rose—now—might I see you, 192  
*Auto Poesy: On the Lam from Bloomington* (Fall), 420  
*Autumn Gold: New England Fall* (Fall), 469  
*Autumn Leaves* (CG), 1046  
*A Very Dove* (GW), 15

A very Dove will have her love, 15  
A voice in the kitchen light: (D&F), 1133  
A Vow (Fall), 468  
A *Western Ballad* (GW), 21  
Ayers Rock / Uluru Song (MB), 587  
Aztec sandstone waterholes known by Moapa've, 728

*Back on Times Square, Dreaming of Times Square'* (RS), 196  
*Bad Poem* (D&F), 1115  
*Ballade of Poisons* (PAOTP), 700  
Balmy, hotter outside than in the living room— (WS), 843  
Baltimore bones grown maliciously under sidewalk, 672  
Bare skin is my wrinkled sack, 34  
*Battleship Newsreel* (RS), 214  
*Bayonne Entering NYC* (Fall), 427  
*Bayonne Turnpike to Tuscarora* (Fall), 476  
Because I lay my, 343  
Because this world is on the wing and what cometh no man can know,  
263  
Because we met at dusk, 247  
*Beginning of a Poem of These States* (Fall), 377  
Being as Now has been re-invented (D&F), 1115  
Be kind to your self, it is only one, 367  
Bend knees, shift weight— (WS), 898  
*Big Beat* (PN), 357  
Big deal bargains TV meat stock market news paper headlines (CG),  
1011  
*Big Eats* (CG), 1011  
Bill Burroughs in Tangiers slowly transfiguring into Sanctity, 269  
*Birdbrain!* (PO), 746  
Birdbrain runs the World, 746  
Birds chirp in the brick backyard Radio (CG), 1017

*Bixby Canyon* (Fall), 505  
*Bixby Canyon Ocean Path Word Breeze* (Fall), 567  
*Black Magicians*, 332  
*Black Shroud*(WS), 911  
*Blame the Thought, Cling to the Bummer* (PO), 717  
Blandly mother, 86  
Blasts rip Newspaper Gray Mannahatta's mid day Air Spires, 546  
*Blessed be the Muses* (RS), 133  
*Bop Lyrics* (GW), 50  
*Bop Sh'bam* (D&F), 1158  
Born in this world, 649  
*Bowel Song* (D&F), 1097  
Brain washed by numerous mountain streams (CG), 968  
brilliant network-lights tentacle dim suburbs, 521  
*Brooklyn College Brain* (PO), 725  
*Brown Rice Quatrains* (WS), 887  
Brown stonepeaks rockstumps, 530  
Buddha died and, 669  
Burned out Burned out Burned out (D&F), 1125  
Busride along waterfront down Yessler under street bridge, 158  
*Butterfly Mind* (D&F), 1134

*Cabin in the Rockies* (MB), 653  
*Cadillac Squawk* (WS), 925  
*Café in Warsaw* (PN), 358  
*Calm Panic Campaign Promise* (CG), 1035  
Candle light blue banners incense, 670  
*Capitol Air* (PO), 751  
*Car Crash* (Fall), 516  
*Carmel Valley* (PN), 381  
Cars slide minute down asphalt lanes in front of, 637  
Car wheels roar over freeway concrete, 561

Catholicism capish (D&F), 1087  
*Cézanne's Ports* (EM), 61  
*Chances "R"* (PN), 401  
*Chicago to Salt Lake by Air* (Fall), 498  
China be China, B.C. Clay armies underground (WS), 913  
*CIA Dope Calypso* (CG), 997  
City Flats, Coal yards and brown rivers, 435  
*City Lights City* (D&F), 1081  
*City Midnight Junk Strains* (PN), 465  
*Cleveland, the Flats* (Fall), 437  
Clouds' silent shadows passing across the Sun, 697  
*C'mon Jack* (PAOTP), 657  
*C'mon Pigs of Western Civilization Eat More Grease* (D&F), 1071  
*Come All Ye Brave Boys* (MB), 645  
Come all you young men that proudly display, 645  
*Complaint of the Skeleton to Time* (GW), 25  
*Consulting I Ching Smoking Pot Listening to the Fugs Sing Blake* (Air Dreams), 434  
*Contest of Bards* (MB), 673  
*Continuation of a Long Poem of These States* (Fall), 383  
Cool black night thru the redwoods, 382  
*Cosmopolitan Greetings* (CG), 953  
Coughing in the Morning, 469  
covered with yellow leaves, 539  
*Crash* (GW), 57  
"Criminal possession of a controlled substance, 613  
*Crossing Nation* (Fall), 507

Dawn, a mastiff howls on the porch across the street (WS), 926  
Dawn's orb orange-raw shining over Palisades, 640  
*Deadline Dragon Comix* (CG), 1018  
Dear Jacob I received your translation, what kind (CG), 972

Dear Lord Guru who pervades the space of my mind (CG), 1009  
*Death & Fame* (D&F), 1130  
*Death News* (PN), 305  
*Death on All Fronts* (Fall), 538  
*Death to Van Gogh's Ear!* (Kaddish), 175  
*December 31, 1978* (PO), 722  
*"Defending the Faith"* (PO), 750  
Delicate eyes that blinked blue Rockies all ash, 513  
Denver tower blocks group'd under gray haze, 620  
*Describe: The Rain on Dasaswamedh Ghat* (PN), 303  
*Diamond Bells* (D&F), 1118  
Diana & Roger Napoleon's real estate empire (CG), 1045  
Does that mean war on every boy with more than one earring on the  
same ear? (D&F), 1082  
*Done, Finished with the Biggest Cock* (Fall), 474  
Done, finished, with the biggest cock you ever saw, 474  
*Don't Get Angry with Me* (D&F), 1104  
Don't get angry with me (D&F), 1104  
*Don't Grow Old* (MB), 659  
*"Don't Grow Old"* (PO), 718  
Don't send me letters Don't send me poems (WS), 877  
Dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke (CG), 1029  
*Do the Meditation Rock* (WS), 863  
*Do We Understand Each Other?* (GW), 17  
Dread spirit in me that I ever try, 16  
*Dream* (D&F), 1159  
*Dream Record: June 8, 1955* (RS), 132  
*"Drive All Blames into One"* (MB), 669  
*Drowse Murmurs* (PN), 365  
Dylan is about the Individual against the whole of creation (D&F),  
1089

*Easter Sunday* (Fall), 524  
Eat Eat more marbled Sirloin more Pork'n (D&F), 1071  
*Ecologue* (Fall), 550  
*Ego Confession* (MB), 631  
Élan that lifts me above the clouds (D&F), 1100  
*Elegy Che Guevara* (Fall), 492  
*Elegy for Neal Cassady* (Fall), 495  
Elements on my table, 79  
*Elephant in the Meditation Hall* (CG), 984  
*Empire Air* (WS), 893  
End of Millennium (CG), 1034  
Entering Minetta's soft yellow chrome, to the acrid bathroom, 433  
Enthroned in plastic, shrouded in wool, diamond crowned, 439  
*Epigram on a Painting of Golgotha* (GW), 41  
*Eroica* (PO), 748  
European Trib. boy's face photo'd eyes opened, 492  
*Europe! Europe!* (Kaddish), 179  
*Europe, Who Knows?* (CG), 959  
Everybody excretes different loads (D&F), 1078  
*Everyday* (CG), 1042  
Every time I read Pessoa I think (CG), 975  
*Excrement* (D&F), 1078

*Falling Asleep in America* (Fall), 525  
*Father Guru* (PO), 700  
Father Guru unforlorn, 702  
*Fie My Fum* (GW), 31  
*Fifth Internationale* (CG), 957  
*Fighting Phantoms Fighting Phantoms* (WS), 884  
Fighting phantoms we have car wrecks on Hollywood Freeway (WS),  
884  
*First Party at Ken Kesey's with Hell's Angels* (PN), 382

*Five AM.* (D&F), 1100  
*Flash Back* (Fall), 542  
*Flying Elegy* (MB), 620  
*Footnote to Howl*, 142  
*For Creeley's Ear* (PAOTP), 671  
for their descent, 133  
Forty feet long sixty feet high hotel, 302  
*Four Haiku* (J), 145  
4 Sniffs & I'm High, 250  
*Fourth Floor, Dawn, Up All Night Writing Letters* (PO), 744  
*Fragment 1956* (RS), 157  
*Fragment: The Names II* (PAOTP), 269  
*Friday the Thirteenth* (Fall), 546  
From Great Consciousness vision Harlem 1948 buildings, 603  
Full moon over the shopping mall, 727  
*Fun House Antique Store* (CG), 1043  
*Funny Death* (RS), 208  
*Fyodor* (EM), 40

*Galilee Shore* (PN), 297  
*Garden State* (PO), 726  
General Mother Teresa (D&F), 1066  
Get beat up on TV squirming on the ground for driving irregular (CG),  
1024  
*Get It?* (CG), 1024  
"Giddy-yup giddy-yup giddy-yap" (D&F), 1156  
Go back to Egypt and the Greeks, 24  
*God* (D&F), 1076  
God answers with my doom! I am annulled, 265  
*Going to Chicago* (Fall), 514  
*Going to the World of the Dead* (WS), 875  
Going to the World of the Dead Stalin & Hitler in Bed (WS), 875

Gold beard combed down like Chinese fire gold hair, 545  
*Gone Gone Gone* (D&F), 1106  
*Good Luck* (D&F), 1121  
*Gospel Noble Truths* (MB), 649  
*Graffiti 12th Cubicle Men's Room Syracuse Airport* (Fall), 543  
*Grandma Earth's Song* (CG), 973  
*Grant Park: August 28, 1968* (Fall), 515  
*Graphic Wincos* (CG), 960  
Grass yellow hill, 381  
Gray clouds blot sun glare, mountains float west, plane, 519  
Gray water tanks in gray mist, 476  
Green air, children sat under trees with the old, 515  
*Green Valentine Blues* (Mss.), 103  
*Gregory Corso's Story* (EM), 75  
*Growing Old Again*, 431  
*Grim Skeleton* (PO), 698  
Grim skeleton come back & put me out of Action, 698  
*G S. Reading Poesy at Princeton* (Fall), 545  
*Guru* (PN), 364  
*Guru Om* (Fall), 561

Hadda be flashing like the Daily Double, 643  
*Hadda Be Playing on the Jukebox* (MB), 643  
*Half Asleep* (D&F), 1136  
*Happening Now?* (WS), 868  
Happening now? End of Earth? Apocalypse days? (WS), 868  
*Happy New Year Robert & June* (D&F), 1117  
Happy New Year Robert & June (D&F), 1117  
*Hard Labor* (CG), 948  
*Haunting Poe's Baltimore* (MB), 672  
*Havana 1953* (RS), 100  
"Have You Seen This Movie?" (Fall), 563



Headless husk legs wrapped round a grass spear, (WS), 883  
Hearing the all pervading scintillation of empty bells I realize (D&F),  
1118  
*Heat* (IJ), 302  
He cast off all his golden robes, 65  
He drags his bare feet, 98  
Hepatitis (D&F), 1139  
*Hepatitis Body Itch ...* (D&F), 1139  
Here at the atomic Crack-end of Time XX Century, 388  
*Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush* (D&F), 1073  
He rises he stretches he liquefies he is hammered again, 173  
High on Laughing Gas, 197  
*Hiway Poesy: L.A.–Albuquerque–Texas–Wichita* (Fall), 390  
*Holy Ghost on the Nod over the Body of Bliss* (PN), 475  
Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!, 142  
*Homage Vajracarya* (WS), 850  
*Homeless Complaynt* (D&F), 1116  
*Homework* (PO), 739  
*Hospital Window* (MB), 642  
*How Come He Got Canned at the Ribbon Factory* (EM), 68  
How'd I get angry (D&F), 1102  
*Howl* (Howl), 134  
How lucky we are to have windows! (WS), 895  
How sick I am, 74  
Huffing puffing upstairs downstairs telephone (CG), 1012  
*Hum Bom!* (CG), 1004  
*Hum. Bom!* (Fall), 576  
hundred million cars running out of gasoline, 604  
*Hymn* (EM), 44  
  
*I Am a Victim of Telephone* (PN), 352  
I am Fake Saint, 717

I am I, old Father Fisheye that begat the ocean, 267  
I am married and would like to fuck someone else, 543  
*I Am Not* (WS), 881  
I am summoned from my bed (WS), 889  
I am the King of the Universe (CG), 971  
I attempted to concentrate (EM), 41  
*I Beg You Come Back & Be Cheerful* (RS), 243  
I came home and found a lion in my living room, 182  
I came home from the movies with nothing on my mind, 81  
I cannot sleep, I cannot sleep, 18  
I can't answer (D&F), 1138  
I climbed the hillside to the lady's house (CG), 941  
I'd been motoring through States & (CG), 1043  
I don't like the government where I live, 751  
I dreamed I dwelled in a homeless place (D&F), 1080  
I drove out to the airport on a blue sunny day (WS), 859  
I dwelled in Hell on earth to write this rhyme, 13  
I feel as if I am at a dead (EM), 79  
I felt a breeze below my waist and realized my fly was open. (D&F),  
1141  
If Hanson Baldwin got a bullet in his brain, outrage, 498  
If I had a Green Automobile, 91  
If it weren't for you Mr Jukebox with yr aluminum belly, 296  
If I were doing my Laundry I'd wash my dirty Iran, 739  
If money made the mind more sane, 35  
If my pen hand were snapped by a Broadway truck, 740  
If you want to learn how to meditate (WS), 863  
*Ignu* (Kaddish), 211  
I got old & shit in my pants (D&F), 1073  
I hauled down lifeless mattresses to sidewalk refuse-piles, 537  
"I have a nosebleed ..." (D&F), 1156  
*I Have Increased Power* (EM), 76

I hope my good old asshole holds out (CG), 950  
I lay down to rest weary at best (WS), 852  
*I Lay Love on My Knee* (MB), 688  
I'll go into the bedroom silently and lie down, 123  
I'll settle for Immortality— (CG), 1036  
I'll tell my deaf mother on you! Fall on the floor, 691  
*I Love Old Whitman So* (WS), 900  
*Imaginary Universes* (Fall), 520  
*I'm a Prisoner of Allen Ginsberg* (WS), 882  
I'm a traveler in a strange country (WS), 905  
I'm crying all the time now, 159  
I'm delighted by the velocity of money as it whistles (CG), 949  
I met Einstein in a dream, 595  
I'm happy, Kerouac, your madman Allen's, 131  
*Imitation of K.S.* (CG), 961  
I'm Jewish because love my family matzoh ball soup (CG), 1013  
I'm late, I'm gonna die before I mark (CG), 1018  
I'm lucky to have all five fingers on the right hand (D&F), 1121  
I'm not a lesbian screaming in the basement strapped (WS), 881  
*Improvisation in Beijing* (CG), 937  
I'm sick of arguments (WS), 885  
In a car Gray smoke over Elmira, 542  
*In a Moonlit Hermit's Cabin* (Fall), 535  
In a thousand years, if there's History, 550  
*In back of the real* (Howl), 121  
In bed on my green purple pink, 275  
Incense under Horse Heaven Hills, 526  
*In Death, Cannot Reach What Is Most Near* (EM), 42  
*Independence Day* (Fall), 534  
*Industrial Waves* (WS), 845  
I needed a young musician take off his pants (WS), 888  
In highschool when you crack your front tooth (CG), 960

*"In later days, remembering this I shall certainly go mad "*, 607  
*In Memoriam: William Cannastra, 1922–1950* (GW), 65  
*In My Kitchen in New York* (WS), 898  
In nineteen hundred forty-nine (CG), 997  
I noticed the grass, I noticed the hills, I noticed the highways, (CG),  
967  
In Russia the tyrant cockroach mustache ate 20 million souls (CG),  
943  
*In Society* (EM), 11  
*In the Baggage Room at Greyhound* (Howl), 161  
*In the Benjo* (CG), 1046  
In the depths of the Greyhound Terminal, 161  
In the foreground we see time and life, 61  
Into the Flats, thru Cleveland's, 437  
In the mud, in the night, in Mississippi Delta roads (CG), 962  
I nurs'd love where he lay, 688  
I place my hand before my beard with awe, 347  
I received in mail offer beautiful certificate, 665  
*Iron Horse* (IH), 440  
*Irritable Vegetable* (WS), 877  
*Is About* (D&F), 1089  
I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness,  
starving, 134  
I sit because the Dadaists screamed on Mirror Street (WS), 851  
I speak of love that comes to mind, 26  
I started down Capitol Hill side along unfamiliar black central (CG),  
973  
Is that the only way we can become like Indians, like Rhinoceri, (CG),  
947  
Is this the God of Gods, the one I heard about, 475  
It is a multiple million eyed monster, 239  
It is here, the long Awaited bleap-blast light that Speaks, 280  
It is the moon that disappears, 364

*It's All So Brief (WS)*, 899  
It's everybody's fault but me, 669  
It's true I got caught in (CG), 1019  
It's true I write about myself (D&F), 1137  
It used to be, farms, 726  
I've a pain in my back Fifth lumbar &  
sacrum (WS), 918  
"I've been down at the bus stop" (D&F), 1144  
I've climbed the Great Wall's stone steep out of breath (WS), 921  
I've got to get out of the sun, 306  
I've got to give up (WS), 899  
I visited Père Lachaise to look for the remains of Apollinaire, 188  
I waked at midmost in the night, 52  
I walked into the cocktail party, 11  
I walked on the banks of the tincan banana dock, 146  
I walked out on the lamp shadowed concrete at midnight, 703  
I want to be known as the most brilliant man in America, 631  
I was born in Wyoming, Cody is my home town, 690  
I was given my bedding, and a bunk, 23  
I was high on tea in my fo'c'sle near the forepeak hatch, 214  
I was shy and tender as a 10 year old kid, you know what I'm saying?  
(D&F), 1096  
I went in the forest to look for a sign, 103  
*I Went to the Movie of Life (CG)*, 961  
I will haunt these States, 468  
I will have to accept women, 292  
I work for the world bank yes I do (D&F), 1126  
I write poetry because the English word Inspiration (CG), 937  
  
*Jacking Off(D&F)*, 1123  
*Jaweh and Allah Battle (MB)*, 622  
Jaweh with Atom Bomb, 622

Joe Blow has decided, 69

*John* (CG), 1014

*Journal Night Thoughts* (PN), 275

*Jumping the Gun on the Sun* (WS), 922

*Junk Mail*” (PAOTP), 665

*Just Say Yes Calypso* (CG), 1002

*Kaddish* (Kaddish), 217

Kali Ma tottering up steps to shelter tin roof, 303

*Kansas City to Saint Louis* (Fall), 421

*Kerouac* (D&F), 1138

*Kiss Ass* (Fall), 501

Kissass is the Part of Peace, 501

*Kral Majales* (PN), 361

Kunming Hotel, I vomited greasy chicken (WS), 911

*Lack Love* (PO), 701

*Land OLakes, Wisc.*, (MB), 669

*Land OLakes, Wisconsin: Vajrayana Seminary* (PAOTP), 670

Last night I dreamed, 60

*Last Night in Calcutta* (PN), 309

*Las Vegas: Verses Improvised for El Dorado H.S. Newspaper* (PO), 728

Late sun opening the book, 105

*Laughing Gas* (Kaddish), 197

Lay down Lay down yr mountain Lay down God, 651

Leaving K.C. Mo. past Independence past Liberty, 421

lemme kiss your face, lick your neck, 621

Let me say beginning I don't believe in Soul, 625

Let some sad trumpeter stand, 196

Let the Railsplitter Awake, 704

Listen to the tale of the sensitive car, 174

Living in an apartment with a gelded cat, 71

*London Dream Doors* (CG), 952  
—Long enough to remember the girl, 80  
*Long Live the Spiderweb* (EM), 54  
Long since the years, 356  
Long stone streets inanimate, repetitive machine Crash, 501  
Looking over my shoulder, 145  
Lord Heart, heal my right temple bang'd soft pain, 611  
Lord Lord I got the sickness blues, I must've done something wrong,  
647  
Love came up to me, 692  
*Love Comes* (WS), 852  
*Love Forgiven* (PO), 737  
*Love Poem on Theme by Whitman* (RS), 123  
*Love Replied* (PO), 692  
*Love Returned* (PO), 720  
Love returned with smiles, 720  
Love wears down to bare truth, 701  
*Lunchtime* (CG), 1017  
*Lysergic Acid*(Kaddish), 239

*Magic Psalm* (Kaddish), 263  
*Malest Cornifci Tuo Catullo* (RS), 131  
*Manhattan May Day Midnight* (PO), 703  
*Manhattan Thirties Flash* (Fall), 501  
*Manifesto* (MB), 625  
*Man's glory* (J), 268  
*Many Loves*, 164  
Many prophets have failed, their voices silent, 745  
Many seek and never see, 15  
*Marijuana Notation* (EM), 74  
Marlene Dietrich is singing a lament, 62  
*Maturity* (WS), 872

*Maybe Love* (PO), 731  
Maybe love will come, 731  
*May Days 1988* (CG), 979  
*Memory Cousins* (WS), 916  
*Memory Gardens* (Fall), 539  
*Mescaline* (Kaddish), 236  
*Message* (Kaddish), 191  
*Message II* (PN), 356  
*Metaphysics* (EM), 41  
Mexcity drugstore table, giant, 511  
Mice ate at the big red heart in her breast, she was distracted in love.  
(D&F), 1083  
Midwinter night, 481  
*Milarepa Taste* (Fall), 565  
Millions of babies watching the skies, 579  
Millions of people cheering and waving flags for joy in Manhattan  
(CG), 1010  
*Mind Breaths* (MB), 617  
*Mistaken Introductions* (CG), 995  
*Moral Majority* (WS), 917  
*Morning* (PN), 345  
Moved six months ago left it behind for Peter (D&F), 1136  
*Mugging* (MB), 633  
*Multiple Identity Questionnaire* (D&F), 1103  
Must be thousands of sweet gourmets rustling through, 588  
*My Alba* (RS), 97  
My dick is red hot (D&F), 1149  
My love has come to ride me home, 17  
*My Sad Self* (RS), 209  
*My Team Is Red Hot* (D&F), 1149  
  
*Nagasaki Days* (PO), 707



*Nanao* (CG), 969

“Nature empty, everything’s pure; (D&F), 1103

*Nazi Capish* (D&F), 1087

Neal Cassady was my animal: he brought me to my knees, 164

Never go to Bulgaria, had a booklet & invitation (D&F), 1160

*New Democracy Wish List* (D&F), 1063

*News Bulletin* (PAOTP), 613

*New Stanzas for Amazing Grace* (D&F), 1080

*News Stays News* (CG), 1045

*Newt Gingrich Declares War on “McGovernik Counterculture”* (D&F), 1082

*Night Gleam* (MB), 609

No hyacinthine imagination can express this clock of meat, 44

No! No! (D&F), 1112

*No! No! It’s Not the End* (D&F), 1112

No one liked my hair (CG), 1014

*Northwest Passage* (Fall), 586

*Not Dead Yet* (CG), 1012

*Nov. 23, 1963: Alone* (PAOTP), 341

*Now and Forever* (CG), 1036

Now I have become a man, 67

Now I’ll record my secret vision, impossible sight of the face of God, 246

Now incense fills the air, 351

Now mind is clear, 64

Now Richard Secord and Oliver North (CG), 1000

Now that I’ve wasted, 97

Now that Samurai bow & arrow, Sumi brush, (WS), 850

Now to the come of the poem, let me be worthy, 157

*N.S.A. Dope Calypso* (CG), 1000

*Numbers in U.S. File Cabinet* (CG), 982

Nymph and shepherd raise electric tridents, 401

*Objective Subject* (D&F), 1137  
O dear sweet rosy, 96  
*Ode: My 24th Year* (GW), 67  
*Ode to Failure* (PO), 745  
*Ode to the Setting Sun* (GW), 46  
O Future bards, 504  
Oh dry old rose of God, 57  
“Oh just hanging around picking my nose ...” (WS), 870  
O I am happy! O Swami Shivananda—a smile, 353  
Oil brown smog over Denver, 636  
OK Neal, 495  
*Old Love Story* (WS), 856  
Old maple hairytrunks root asphalt grass marge, 563  
Old moon my eyes are new moon with human footprint, 171  
Old Poet, Poetry’s final subject glimmers months ahead, 659  
*Old Pond* (PO), 715  
Oleta (Snake) River! (CG), 987  
OM—the pride of perfumed money, music food from China, 597  
On a bare tree in a hollow place, 41  
*On Burroughs’ Work* (RS), 122  
*On Cremation of Chögyam Trungpa, Vidyadhara* (CG), 967  
One day 3 poets & 60 ears sat under a green-striped, 707  
100,000,000 buffalo 17th century on North American Plains (CG),  
982  
*One Morning I took a Walk in China* (WS), 903  
*On Illness* (PAOTP), 611  
On London’s Tavern’s wooden table, been reading Kit Smart— (CG),  
952  
*On Neal’s Ashes* (Fall), 513  
*On Neruda’s Death* (MB), 615  
*On Reading William Blake’s “The Sick Rose”* (GW), 14  
*On the Conduct of the World* (CG), 947

On top of that if you know me I pronounce you an ignu, 211  
On Via Ferlinghetti & Kerouac Alley young heroes muse melancholy  
2025 A.D. (D&F), 1081  
OO Bop Sh'bam (D&F), 1158  
Opening a bus window in N.Y., 668  
Orange hawkeye stronger than thought winking above, 534  
Organs and War News, 384  
or this marvellous hi Lama followed (CG), 995  
O Statue of Liberty Spouse of Europa Destroyer of Past, 298  
Over and over thru the dull material world the call is made, 609  
*Over Denver Again* (Fall), 519  
*Over Kansas* (RS), 124  
over knowledge of death, 76  
*Over Laramie* (Fall), 566

Pardon me buddy, I didn't mean to bug you (D&F), 1116  
*Pastel Sentences (Selections)* (D&F), 1083  
*Past Silver Durango Over Mexic Sierra-Wrinkles* (Fall), 512  
*Paterson* (EM), 48  
Path crowded with thistle fern blue daisy, 505  
*Patna-Benares Express* (PN), 308  
*Peace in Bosnia-Herzegovina* (D&F), 1066  
*Pentagon Exorcism* (PN), 491  
*Personals Ad* (CG), 970  
*Pertussin* (Fall), 509  
Philadelphia city lights boiling under the, 590  
Pigeons shake their wings on the copper church roof, 744  
Plastic & cellophane, milk cartons & yogurt containers, (WS), 880  
*Please Master* (Fall), 502  
Please master can I touch your cheek, 502  
*Please Open the Window and Let Me In* (GW), 39  
*Plutonian Ode* (Po), 710

*Portland Coliseum* (PN), 373

*Poem in the Form of a Snake* (CG), 987

*POEM Rocket* (Kaddish), 171

Poems rise in my brain, 654

POET is Priest, 175

Poet professor in autumn years (CG), 970

*Popular Tunes* (D&F), 1098

*Porch Scribbles* (Ws), 843

*Power* (D&F), 1101

*Proclamation* (CG), 971

“Progress” ended in Xx century. (D&F), 1063

*Prophecy* (Ws), 916

*Psalm I* (EM), 26

*Psalm II* (GW), 28

*Psalm III* (Rs), 163

*Psalm IV(J)*, 246

Pull my daisy, 31

Pull my daisy, 32

*Pull My Daisy* (GW), 32

*Punk Rock Your My Big Crybaby* (Po), 691

*Pussy Blues* (PAOTP), 658

*Put Down Your Cigarette Rag* (CG), 1029

railroad yard in San Jose, 121

*Rain-wet asphalt heat, garbage curbed cans* (Fall), 537

reaching my own block, 78

*Reading Bai Juyi* (Ws), 905

*Reading French Poetry* (PAOTP), 654

Reading *No Nature* in the toilet (CG), 1047

*Ready to Roll* (Rs), 167

Real as a dream, 311  
Reality is a question, 58  
Red cheeked boyfriends tenderly kiss me sweet mouthed, 743  
Red Guards battling country workers, 484  
Red Scabies on the Skin, 509  
*Reflections at Lake Louise* (Po), 741  
*Reflections in Sleepy Eye* (Fall), 532  
*Refrain* (Gw), 19  
*Research* (CG), 1026  
Research has shown that black people have inferiority complexes  
(CG), 1026  
Retire abandon world sd Swami Bhaktivedanta, 610  
*Returning North of Vortex* (Fall), 484  
*Returning to the Country for a Brief Visit* (MB), 607  
*Return of Kral Majales* (CG), 984  
*Reverse the rain of Terror...* (D&F), 1108  
Reverse the rain of Terror on street  
consciousness U.S.A. (D&F), 1108  
Rexroth's face reflecting human, 160  
*Richard III* (D&F), 1129  
Rising above the used car lots & colored dumps of Long Island  
(WS), 893  
*Rising over night-blackened Detroit Streets* (Fall), 521  
*Rolling Thunder Stones* (MB), 651  
Rose of spirit, rose of light, 14  
Rotting Ginsberg, I stared in the mirror naked today, 236  
*Ruhr-Gebiet* (PO), 734  
  
*Sad Dust Glories* (MB), 626  
said Rinpoche Chögyam Trungpa Tulku in the marble, 600  
*Sakyamuni Coming Out from the Mountain* (RS), 98  
Said the Presidential Skeleton (D&F), 1091

*Salutations to Fernando Pessoa* (CG), 976  
*Sather Gate Illumination* (RS), 150  
*Scatalogical Observations* (D&F), 1147  
*Scribble* (RS), 160  
*Seabattle of Salamis Took Place off Perama* (PN), 296  
*Sending Message* (D&F), 1110  
*September on Jessore Road* (Fall), 579  
Setting out East on rain bright highways, 420  
Seven years' words wasted, 54  
*Sexual Abuse* (D&F), 1133  
Shines on top of Mountains where Grey Stone monastery sits, 268  
Shining Diamonds & Sequins glitter, 722  
*Sickness Blues* (MB), 647  
*Siesta in Xbalba* (RS), 105  
Sincerity is the key to living in Eternity (WS), 922  
Since we had changed, 191  
Sitting on a tree stump with half cup of tea, 653  
Sitting on the twelfth floor Gomden I heard a wild siren (WS), 925  
*Sky Words* (D&F), 1145  
Slope woods' snows melt, 524  
Smog trucks mile after mile high wire, 427  
*Smoke Rolling Down Street* (Fall), 509  
Snow-blizzard sowing, 516  
Snow mountain fields, 620  
Some breath breathes out *Adonais* & *Canto General*, 615  
*Some Little Boys Dont* (D&F), 1122  
Some little boys like it (D&F), 1122  
Some live on islands, hills near Trondheim (D&F), 1069  
*Some Love* (PO), 730  
Something evil about you Mr. Viguerie Mr. Falwell (WS), 917  
me think the love of boys is wicked in the world, (WS), 856  
Sometime I'll lay down my wrath, 38

*Sometime Jailhouse Blues* (GW), 38  
Sometimes when my eyes are red, 209  
*Song* (Howl), 119  
*Song of the Washing Machine* (D&F), 1125  
*Sonora Desert-Edge* (Fall), 530  
Soul to crotch the streets commit hara-kiri, (CG), 1025  
*Sphincter* (CG), 950  
*Spot Anger* (CG), 951  
*Spring Fashions* (PO), 727  
*Squeal* (RS), 173  
Stage-lit streets, 383  
Stand up against governments, against God. (CG), 954  
*Stanzas: Written at Night in Radio City* (GW), 35  
*Starry Rhymes* (D&F), 1150  
Starting with eyeball kicks, 124  
Still night. The old clock Ticks, 309  
*Stool Pigeon Blues* (PO), 690  
Stopping on the bus from Novi Pazar in the rain, 750  
*Stotras to Kali Destroyer of Illusions* (PN), 298  
Straight and slender, 737  
Strange now to think of you, gone without corsets & eyes, 217  
*Student Love* (WS), 896  
Students danced with wooden silvered swords, (WS), 903  
*Studying the Signs* (PN), 371  
*Sunday Prayer* (WS), 886  
*Sunflower Sutra* (Howl), 146  
Sunrise dazzles the eye (D&F), 1145  
Sun rises east (D&F), 1150  
*Sunset* (EM), 45  
*Sunset S.S. Azemour* (PN), 295  
*Supplication for the Rebirth of the Vidyadhara Chögyam Trungpa* (CG),  
1009

*Surprise Mind* (WS), 895  
*Swan Songs In the Present* (D&F), 1105  
 “Swan songs in the present (D&F), 1105  
*Sweet Boy, Gimme Yr Ass* (MB), 621  
*Sweet Levinsky* (GW), 27  
 Sweet Levinsky in the night, 27  
*Swirls of black dust on Avenue D* (Fall), 510  
 Switch on lights yellow as the sun, 465  
  
 Take a pee pee take a Bum (D&F), 1151  
 Take my love, it is not true, 25  
*Tears* (RS), 159  
*Television Was a Baby Crawling Toward That Deathchamber* (PN), 280  
 “τεθνάκην δ’ ὀλίγω ’πιδενης φαίόμ’ ἀλαΐα” (PO), 743  
*Teton Village* (MB), 620  
 That tree said I don’t like that white car under me, (WS), 849  
 That which pushes upward, 434  
 The air is dark, the night is sad, 19  
*The Archetype Poem* (EM), 69  
*The Ballad of the Skeletons* (D&F), 1091  
*The Blue Angel* (EM), 62  
 The boy’s fresh faced, 18, big smile (WS), 896  
*The Bricklayer’s Lunch Hour* (EM), 12  
*The Change: Kyoto–Tokyo Express* (PN), 332  
*The Charnel Ground* (CG), 1038  
 The death’s head of realism, 40  
 The delicate french girl jukebox husky lament, 431  
 The 18 year old marine “had made his Peace with God.” (D&F),  
 1076  
*The End* (Kaddish), 267  
*The Eye Altering Alters All* (GW), 15  
 The fact is, the Russians are sissies (WS), 869



The first I looked on, after a long time far from home, 194  
The first time I went, 75  
The flower in the glass peanut bottle formerly in the kitchen, 148  
*The Green Automobile* (RS), 91  
*The Guest* (WS), 918  
The Lama sat (CG), 1042  
*The Lion for Real* (Kaddish), 182  
*The Little Fish Devours the Big Fish* (WS), 865  
The method must be purest meat, 122  
The mind is like a butterfly (D&F), 1134  
*The Moments Return* (PN), 360  
The music of the spheres—that ends in Silence, 208  
*The Names* (SHD), 184  
The New Right's a creepy pre-Fascist fad (WS), 845  
*The Night-Apple* (EM), 60  
The night café—4 A.M., 100  
The N Power, the feminine power (D&F), 1101  
The old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk, 715  
*The Old Village Before I Die*, 433  
The *Olympics* have descended into, 357  
*The Question* (WS), 897  
There is more to Fury, 57  
*The Reply* (Kaddish), 265  
There was a bulge in my right side, this dream recently— (D&F), 1159  
There was this character come in, 68  
These are the names of the companies that have made money, 494  
These days steal everything (CG), 1016  
*These knowing age* (D&F), 1070  
These knowing age (D&F), 1070  
These psalms are the workings of the vision haunted mind, 26  
These spectres resting on plastic stools, 358  
*These States: into L.A.* (Fall), 384

*These States: to Miami Presidential Convention* (PAOTP), 590  
*The Shrouded Stranger* (EM), 55  
*The Shrouded Stranger* (GW), 34  
The Shroudy Stranger's reft of realms, 55  
*The Terms in Which I Think of Reality* (EM), 58  
*The Trembling of the Veil* (EM), 22  
*The Voice of Rock* (GW), 18  
The Warrior is afraid, 738  
The weight of the world, 119  
The whitewashed room, roof, 301  
The whole, 671  
The whole blear world, 45  
The wrathful East of smoke and iron, 46  
They are sending a message to the youth of America (D&F), 1110  
The young kid, horror buff, monster Commissar, ghoul connoisseur, (CG), 960  
*They're All Phantoms of My Imagining* (WS), 888  
*345 W. 15th St.* (AE), 81  
*Things I Don't Know* (WS), 926  
*Things I'll Not Do (Nostalgias)* (D&F), 1160  
think tank (D&F), 1124  
*Think Tank Rhymes* (D&F), 1124  
*Thirty State Bummers* (D&F), 1151  
*This Form of Life Needs Sex* (PN), 292  
*This Is About Death* (EM), 43  
This is the creature I am, 440  
This is the one and only, 41  
"This kind of Hepatitis can cause ya" (D&F), 1156  
This silver anniversary much hair's gone from my head (CG), 984  
Those high lunches needn't matter (WS), 887  
*Those Two* (WS), 849  
*Thoughts on a Breath* (PAOTP), 637

*Thoughts Sitting Breathing* (MB), 597  
*Thoughts Sitting Breathing II* (WS), 878  
3,489 friendly people, 532  
“*Throw Out the Yellow Journalists of Bad Grammar & Terrible Manner*”  
(WS), 873  
Thus crosslegged on round pillow sat in Teton Space, 617  
Time comes spirit weakens and goes blank, 184  
“Timmy made a hot milk” (D&F), 1156  
Tiny orange-wing-tipped butterfly, 567  
*To an Old Poet in Peru* (RS), 247  
*To Aunt Rose* (Kaddish), 192  
*Today* (PN), 353  
Today out of the window, 22  
Toenail-thickening age on me, (D&F), 1129  
To God: to illuminate all men. Beginning with Skid Road, 163  
*To Jacob Rabinowitz* (CG), 972  
*To Lindsay* (Kaddish), 191  
To Mexico! To Mexico! Down the dovegray highway, 167  
Tompkins Square Lower East Side N.Y. (CG), 1048  
Tonight all is well (EM), 40  
Tonight I got hi in the window of my apartment, 243  
Tonight I walked out of my red apartment door, 633  
Too much industry, 734  
*To PO.* (IJ), 301  
*To Poe: Over the Planet, Air Albany–Baltimore* (Fall), 522  
*To the Body* (PN), 439  
*To the Punks of Dawlish* (PO), 729  
... touch of vocal flattery, 365  
*Transcription of Organ Music* (Howl), 148  
*Tübingen–Hamburg Schlafwagen* (PO), 736  
*Tuesday Morn* (D&F), 1074  
Turn me on your knees, 657

“Turn on the heat & take a seat” (D&F), 1157

Turn Right Next Corner, 402

Twenty-eight years before on the living room couch, 718

22,000 feet over Hazed square Vegetable planet Floor, 514

*Two Boys Went Into a Dream Diner* (EM), 63

Two bricklayers are setting the walls, 12

*Two Dreams* (MB), 655

*221 Syllables at Rocky Mountain Dharma Center* (WS), 883

*Two Sonnets* (GW), 13

Ugh! the planet screams, 345

Under orders to shoot the spy, I discharged, 520

Under silver wing, 507

*Understand That This Is a Dream* (Air Dreams), 311

Under the bluffs of Oroville, blue cloud September skies, 377

*Under the world there's a lot of ass, a lot of cunt* (MB), 606

Upstairs Jenny crashed her car & became a living corpse, (CG), 1038

*Uptown* (PN), 432

up up and away, 390

Vachel, the stars are out, 191

*Variations on Ma Rainey's See See Rider* (D&F), 1144

*Velocity of Money* (CG), 949

*Verses Written for Student Antidraft Registration Rally 1980* (PO), 738

Violate me (CG), 1033

*Violence* (Fall), 511

*Violent Collaborations* (CG), 1033

*Virtual Impunity Blues* (D&F), 1119

*Vision 1948* (GW), 16

*Visiting Father & Friends* (CG), 941

Voznesensky's "Silent Tingling" (PAOTP), 588

*Vulture Peak: Gridhakuta Hill* (PN), 306

*Waking in New York* (PN), 347  
*Wales Visitation* (PN), 488  
Walking at night on asphalt campus, 305  
*Walking home at night* (EM), 78  
Walking with aching back at base of spine, walked stiffly to kitchen  
toilet to pee, (D&F), 1074  
Walk into your local Japanese restaurant Teriyaki Boy— (D&F), 1120  
*Waribashi* (D&F), 1120  
*War Profit Litany* (Fall), 494  
Watching the White Image, electric moon, white mist, 535  
We children, we (D&F), 1140  
We know all about death that, 42  
We're in the Great Place, Fable Place, Beulah, Man wedded to Earth,  
525  
*We Rise on Sun Beams and Fall in the Night* (MB), 640  
Western Air boat bouncing, 566  
Westward Mother-mountains drift Pacific, green-sloped canyons, 512  
What do I hear in my ear (D&F), 1098  
What do I want in these rooms papered, 48  
Whatever it may be whoever it may be, 308  
*What Id Like to Do* (MB), 610  
What new element before us unborn in nature, 710  
*What's Dead?* (PO), 697  
*What the Sea Throws Up at Vlissingen* (WS), 880  
What thoughts I have of you tonight, Walt Whitman, 144  
“*What would you do if you lost it?*” (MB), 600  
“*What You Up To?*” (WS), 870  
When he kissed my nipple, 544  
When I die (D&F), 1130  
When I died, love, when I died, 21  
When I lie down to sleep dream the Wishing Well it rings, 352  
When I sat in my bedroom for devotions, meditations & prayers (WS),

When I sit before a paper, 37  
 When I think of death, 50  
 When Schwarzkopf's Father busted Iran's Mossadegh (CG), 1002  
 When that dress-gray, gray haired and gray-faced (WS), 897  
*When the Light Appears* (CG), 965  
 When the red pond fills fish appear, 587  
 When the troops get their poop (WS), 865  
 Where O America are you, 73  
 White fog lifting & falling on mountain-brow, 488  
 white haze over Manhattan's towers, 510  
 White light's wet glaze on asphalt city floor, 371  
 White marble pillars in the Rector's courtyard, 748  
*White Shroud* (WS), 889  
 White sunshine on sweating skulls, 549  
*Whitmanic Poem* (D&F), 1140  
*Who* (PAOTP), 603  
 Who am I? Saliva, 565  
*Who Be Kind To* (PN), 367  
*Who Eats Who?* (CG), 1037  
 Who is the shroudy stranger of the night, 39  
 Who is this Slave Master makes me answer letters in his name (WS),  
 882  
 Whom bomb, 576  
 Whom bomb? (CG), 1004  
 who report Ten Commandments & Golden Rule (WS), 873  
 Who represents my body in Pentagon? Who spends, 491  
*Who Runs America?* (MB), 636  
 Who showed up? (D&F), 1123  
*Who Will Take Over the Universe?* (PN), 273  
 Why am I so angry at Kissinger, 736  
 Why do I deny manna to another, 150

*Why I Meditate* (WS), 851  
*Why Is God Love, Jack?* (PN), 343  
*Wichita Vortex Sutra* (PN), 402  
*Wild Orphan* (Howl), 86  
Wind mills churn on Windy City's, 641  
*Wings Lifted over the Black Pit* (Fall), 435  
With oil that streaks streets a magic color, 700  
With the blue-dark dome old-starred at night, 297  
With Virtual impunity Clinton got campaign funds from pink Chinese (D&F), 1119  
*World Bank Blues* (D&F), 1126  
*World Karma* (WS), 913  
World world world, 179  
*Written in My Dream by W. C. Williams* (WS), 901  
*Written on Hotel Napkin: Chicago Futures* (MB), 641  
*Wrote This Last Night* (RS), 174

*Xmas Gift* (MB), 595

Yellow-lit Budweiser signs over oaken bars, 432  
Yes all the spiritual groups scandal the shrine room (CG), 984  
*Yes and It's Hopeless* (MB), 604  
yes it's gone gone gone (D&F), 1106  
*Yiddishe Kopf* (CG), 1012  
*You Don't Know It* (CG), 943  
"You know what I'm saying?" (D&F), 1096  
You'll bare your bones you'll grow you'll pray you'll only know (CG), 966  
"You Might Get in Trouble" (PAOTP), 668  
Young I drank beer & vomited green bile (WS), 872  
Young romantic readers (D&F), 1147  
Your electric hair's beautiful gold as Blake's Glad Day boy, 729

You said you got to go home & feed your pussycat, 658

Youthful, caressing, boisterous, tender (WS), 900

You used to wear dungarees & blue workshirt, 725

You've been coughing for weeks (D&F), 1097

You were here on earth, in cities, 626



## About the Author

Allen Ginsberg was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1926, a son of Naomi and lyric poet Louis Ginsberg. As a student at Columbia College in the 1940s, he began a close friendship with William Burroughs, Neal Cassady, and Jack Kerouac, and he later became associated with the Beat movement and the San Francisco Renaissance in the 1950s. After jobs as a laborer, sailor, and market researcher, Ginsberg published his first volume of poetry, *Howl and Other Poems*, in 1956. *Howl* defeated censorship trials to become one of the most widely read poems of the century, translated into more than twenty-two languages, from Macedonian to Chinese, a model for younger generations of poets from West to East.

Crowned Prague May King in 1965, then expelled by Czech police and simultaneously placed on the FBI's Dangerous Security list, Ginsberg traveled to and taught in the People's Republic of China, the Soviet Union, Scandinavia, and Eastern Europe, receiving Yugoslavia's Struga Poetry Festival "Golden Wreath" in 1986.

Ginsberg was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, was awarded the medal of Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres by the French minister of culture, was a winner of the National Book Award (for *The Fall of America*), and was a cofounder of the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at the Naropa Institute, the first accredited Buddhist college in the Western world. He died in New York City in 1997.

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